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AN INCIDENT AT WATERLOO.
Sergeant Stewart capturing the Eagle.

Famous Battles
of the
Nineteenth Century

DESCRIBED BY

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MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, AND OTHER
WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

EDITED BY

CHARLES WELSH

Author of "*A Bookseller of the Last Century*,"
"*The Little Wonder Shoes*,"
etc., etc.

1801-1817

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century have changed the face of nearly every continent on the globe and have consolidated our own great nation. Therefore a knowledge of them, their causes and effects, is essential to a true understanding of world-history.

They have also called forth all that is patriotic, and noble, and courageous, and self-sacrificing in many of those who took part in them — in spite of the fact that war is a manifestation of the baser passion of human nature. True it is that "he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and yet war with all its horrors calls for the exercise of all that self-restraint, and all that strength of character, and all that obedience to the call of duty, which we every one of us admire and which we all should emulate.

Moreover, the same courage and the same resourcefulness which has been evoked by the famous battles, in officer and common soldier alike, are needed always in life, and if read in

the right spirit many lessons can be gained from these history-making episodes which will be valuable in the more peaceful vocations and avocations of life.

To present the famous battles of the nineteenth century in their relation to the study of history, — to present the higher developments of character which they have called forth, — and at the same time to show what war is, in reality, — and thus perhaps inculcate and foster the desire to avoid it, — are the main objects of these volumes. The stories they contain are offered as incentives to courage and patriotism, not to excite or develop the warlike spirit. There is not one of us who does not wish for the time when —

"The war drums shall throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled
In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But we cannot ignore the fact that a large part of the history of the past hundred years is the story of its battles, and we can only hope that the same will not have to be written of the century in which we are now living.

Having the historic interest in mind, we have followed the chronological order, and the present volume closes with the Battle of Waterloo. The

first quarter of the nineteenth century was indeed a period of great military activity in Europe, — Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon were at the zenith of their fame, and by the two first-named the power of the latter was forever broken; it embraced also our second war with Great Britain, which in great measure robbed the mother country of her title to be called Mistress of the Sea.

The authors who have contributed to these volumes are men qualified to deal with the subjects allotted to them, and their stories may be accepted as historically accurate. Most of them are soldiers or war correspondents who have seen service and all are more or less military experts; with the exception perhaps of Sir Walter Scott, whose account of the Battle of Waterloo is chosen for the sake of the excellence of its literary style. The story "With Wellington in the Peninsular War" is taken from George A. Henty's "The Young Buglers"; the historic scenes and events which Henty describes are not only made interesting by the personal element he infuses into his narrative — but they may be accepted as authentic, for he was a careful and conscientious writer, and each of his historical novels involved months of labor and research before he even put pen to paper.

CHAS. WELSH.

Boston, August 1, 1903.

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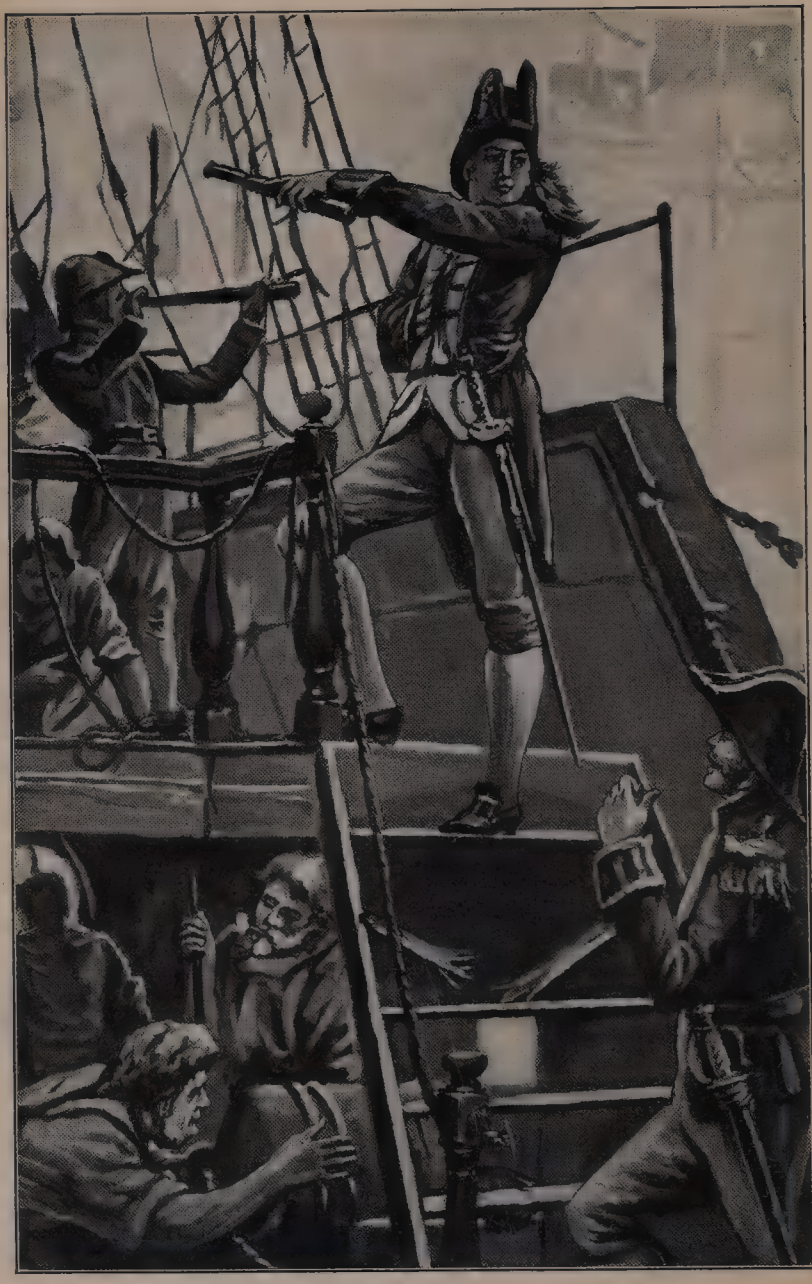

NELSON AT COPENHAGEN. (p. 113)

Famous Battles
of the
Nineteenth Century

I

Nelson at Copenhagen

By HERBERT RUSSELL

ON the 25th of July, 1800, a British squadron fell in with a large Danish forty-gun frigate, the *Freya,* which was convoying two ships, two brigs, and two galliots.

Denmark was then a neutral Power; England was in conflict with very nearly half of Europe. Orders had been given for British officers to search the ships of neutral Powers for contraband of war, with which there was reason to suspect her foes were being liberally supplied from these sources. In the exercise of his undoubted right, Captain Baker, the senior officer of the little British squadron, hailed the *Freya,* and stated his intention of sending boats to board the vessels under convoy. Captain Krabbe, of the *Dane,* replied with warmth that if any such

attempt were made he should unhesitatingly open fire upon the boats. This attitude could, of course, produce but one result: both threats were put into execution, and a general action ensued. The *Freya* was overpowered by the superior force against which she had to contend, and was obliged to submit; and the whole of the vessels, including the convoyed ships, made sail for the Downs, where they anchored, the Danish frigate, by command of Admiral Skeffington Lutwidge, keeping her colors flying. The British loss was two men killed and several wounded; the Danes had two men killed and five wounded.

The episode was one to have been easily adjusted by diplomacy, as a tolerably good understanding had previously existed between the two nations. The British Government despatched Lord Whitworth to Copenhagen to arrange the matter: conferences resulted in the agreement that the *Freya* and her convoy were to be repaired at the cost of the English, and released, and the question of the right of British naval officers to search neutral ships was to stand over for discussion at a future period. And here the affair might very well have been allowed to rest. But Russia established an armed neutrality between herself and Sweden, laid an embargo upon all the British ships then lying in her ports;

coalesced with Prussia, and practically compelled, by secret pressure, the Court of Copenhagen to join in the general confederacy of Northern Europe against Great Britain.

England was at once upon the offensive. On the 12th of March, 1801, there sailed from Yarmouth, under the command of that mild old admiral, Sir Hyde Parker, a fleet of fifteen, shortly afterwards increased to eighteen, sail-of-the-line, with a large number of frigates, bombs, and other craft. A terrible disaster, however, weakened the British force at the outset of the voyage. The *Invincible,* of seventy-four guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Totty, struck upon a shoal called Hammond's Knoll, where she lay beating for upwards of three hours, and then, gliding off, sank in deep water, taking with her four hundred people.

As second in command went Lord Nelson, in the *St. George,* of ninety-eight guns. "You cannot think," wrote Nelson, on February 9th, 1801, "how dirty the *St. George* is. . . . The ship is not fitted for a flag. . . . Her decks leak, and she is truly uncomfortable." Nelson hoisted his flag on February 12th, but, owing to the violence of the weather, he was unable to go on board until seven days later. A curious anecdote, illustrating the wonderful tactical genius of the great admiral, is narrated. Immediately

prior to his departure for Copenhagen, he was visiting a friend of his, one Mr. Davidson. Speaking of the expedition upon which he was about to enter, Nelson desired that a chart of the Cattegat be procured and brought to him, that he might study it and impress his memory with a knowledge of those waters. This was done, and in the presence of Mr. Davidson, Nelson studied the chart, musing awhile as he hung over it. Then, saying he believed the Government would spare only twelve ships-of-the-line, he marked out the situation in which he should dispose them, a prophetic indication which was exactly fulfilled.

Meanwhile, the British Government had despatched the Honorable Nicholas Vansittart to Copenhagen, with full powers to treat. The issue of his mission was, of course, unknown at the time of the departure of Sir Hyde Parker's force. Strong winds prevented the British fleet from making the Naze of Norway before the 18th of March, and scarcely were they within sight of land when a heavy gale, lasting for two days, scattered the ships in all directions. One of these, the *Blazer,* gun-brig, was driven under the Swedish fort of Warberg, and there captured.

The fleet having again assembled, on the 23d there arrived from Copenhagen the *Blanche* frigate, bringing back Mr. Vansittart and Mr.

Drummond, the British *chargé d'affaires;* and the reply of the Danish Government, instead of being one tending towards conciliation, was a sheer message of defiance. On the 29th of March, Lord Nelson struck his flag from the cumbersome and unseaworthy *St. George,* and hoisted it afresh on board the *Elephant,* of seventy-four guns. His gallant spirit had been greatly vexed by Sir Hyde Parker's procrastination on the arrival of the fleet at Cronenberg, outside of which he proposed to anchor in order to give the British minister time to negotiate at Copenhagen. "To keep us out of sight," he writes in a letter to his friend Davidson, "is to seduce Denmark into a war. I hate your pen-and-ink men: a fleet of British ships-of-war are the best negotiators in Europe; they always speak to be understood, and generally gain their point; their arguments carry conviction to the hearts of our enemies."

In truth, Sir Hyde Parker, though as brave and hearty an admiral as ever hoisted his flag, was scarcely fitted to the command of such an expedition as this. Nelson fretted under the delays which accompanied every fresh move.

His theory was always one of instant action. It was his swiftness which paralyzed the French at the Nile, which characterized his masterly manœuvring at the Battle of St. Vincent, and

which assured the success of his scheme at Trafalgar.

What the Danes thought of the great British admiral is well exemplified by the following anecdote: — When the fleet lay at anchor outside Cronenberg an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Denmark came on board the *London.* Whilst seated in the admiral's cabin writing a note the pen spluttered, and the youthful officer exclaimed to Sir Hyde Parker, " If your guns are no better than your pens, admiral, you had better return to England!" He then inquired who commanded the different ships, and presently coming to the *Elephant,* Nelson's name was pronounced. " What!" exclaimed the aide-de-camp, " is *he* here? I would give a hundred pieces to have a sight of him. Then, I suppose, it is to be no joke if *he* has come!"

The British fleet having passed into the Sound on the 30th March, and Lord Nelson returned from reconnoitring the Danish defences, the commander-in-chief on the evening of this same day summoned a council of war. Sir Hyde Parker was for delaying the attack; Nelson was against losing another moment. " Give me ten sail-of-the-line, Sir Hyde," he exclaimed, " and I will undertake to carry the business through in a proper manner."

Knowing the character of his second, Admiral

Parker cheerfully accepted Nelson's offer, and granted him two sail-of-the-line in addition to those for which he asked. In all, the British armament numbered seven hundred guns, of which one hundred and fifty-two pieces were carronades. The Danes, by their own accounts, had six hundred and twenty-eight guns, all heavy pieces, and no carronades.

With the indomitable energy which characterized all his manœuvres, Nelson, accompanied by Captain Brisbane of the *Cruiser,* proceeded in a boat, under cover of darkness, on the night of Sir Hyde Parker's council of war, and explored the channel between the island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground, in order to acquaint himself with the navigation of that dangerous stretch of water. Foot by foot he groped his way over the darkling current through the biting March air and ice of that bitter Northern clime. He rebuoyed the channel, and ensured the safety of his ships, so far as the reefs and sand-banks whose whereabouts was treacherously falsified by the Danes were concerned. "How many admirals," says Clark Russell, in his "Life of Nelson," "then afloat would have undertaken this duty for themselves? Most of them, possibly, would have applied to such a task Lady Nelson's theory of boarding, and 'left it to the captains.'"

On the 31st of March Nelson made another

examination of the Danish fleet, with the result that he abandoned his original project to attack from the northward, and, the wind being favorable, he resolved to deliver the assault from the southward. Late on the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed, leaving Sir Hyde Parker's division of eight sail-of-the-line at anchor in the Middle Ground.

At dusk Nelson's column anchored within two miles of the tail of the Danish line. Throughout the hours of darkness the English guard-boats were stealthily creeping hither and thither upon the narrow waters, sounding and testing the buoys. In one of these boats Captain Hardy, of the *St. George* — the man in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar — actually rowed to within the very shadow of the leading Danish ship and plumbed the water around her with a pole, so as not to be heard. On board of the *Elephant* on the eve of battle Lord Nelson was entertaining most of the captains of his division at dinner. The hero was in high spirits, and drank to "a leading wind and to the success of the ensuing day." Until one o'clock that night he was dictating his orders, and, although he retired to his cot, he did not sleep, but every half-hour called for reports of the direction of the wind. At six o'clock he was up and dressed, and at seven

caused the signal to be made for all his captains to come on board.

"The day of the 2d of April," says James, in his precise Naval History, "opened, as the British had hoped it would, with a favorable or north-easterly wind. The signal for all captains on board the flag-ship was hoisted almost as soon as it could be seen, and at 8 A. M. the several captains were made acquainted with the several stations assigned to them. As circumstances prevented the plans being strictly followed, it may suffice to state that all the line-of-battle ships were to anchor by the stern abreast of the different vessels composing the enemy's line, and for which purpose they had already prepared themselves with cables out of their stern-ports." This system of mooring abreast of the enemy when the formation of the fleet permitted it, and engaging ship to ship, was a very favorite manœuvre of Nelson's and was brilliantly successful both at Aboukir and Copenhagen.

The battle began at ten o'clock. The *Edgar,* a seventy-four, commanded by Captain Murray, was the first vessel to get into action, and for some while engaged the Danes unsupported. The block-ship *Provesteen* opened a heavy fire upon her the moment she came within range; but she held on all in grim silence until abreast of

the craft she had been instructed to tackle, and then poured in a terrific broadside. So narrow was the channel that in bearing down to their respective stations the *Bellona* and *Russell* grounded. The *Elephant,* whose situation was very nearly amidships of the line, signalled for the two stranded ships to close with the enemy. As this order was not at once complied with, Nelson instantly guessed the reason, and with his marvellous promptitude and capacity of swiftly formulating his plans, he changed the intended mode of sailing, and starboarded his helm to provide against a like casualty, trusting to the vessels in his wake to perceive his reason, and follow his example. This they all did, and the rapid manœuvre of the admiral's ship undoubtedly saved nearly two-thirds of the fleet from grounding.

The craft which Nelson had singled out as his particular opponent was the flagship of the Danish commander-in-chief, Commodore Fischer. This was a vessel named the *Dannebrog,* mounting sixty-two guns and carrying 336 men. When within a cable's length (120 fathoms) of her, the *Elephant* let go her anchor. Nelson wished to get still closer to his foe, but the pilots were afraid of the shoaling water, and when the lead indicated a depth of a quarter less five. they insisted upon bringing up. The

average distance at which the vessels engaged was 100 fathoms — terribly close quarters for such ordnance as the broadside metal of the liners. "I hope," Lord Nelson had written to Sir Edward Berry, in anticipating this fight, "we shall be able to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and that we shall again give our enemies that hailstorm of bullets which is so emphatically described in the *Naval Chronicle,* and which gives our dear country the dominion of the seas."

For three hours the cannonade was sustained by each side with undiminished fury, and then the fire of the Danish began sensibly to slacken. Still the contest could not be said to have shown symptoms of taking a decisive turn. The *Russell* and *Bellona* were flying signals of distress, and the *Agamemnon,* which had also grounded, had hoisted flags indicating her incapacity. The *London* lay a long way off, and it has been suggested by James that Sir Hyde Parker's view of the progress of the fight might have been imperfect. This is more than probable, when we consider the dense clouds of smoke that must have rolled from the broadsides of the contending ships. The Danes' fire was incessant and furious; nothing seemed yet to have been silenced, and the commander-in-chief, viewing the ceaseless spitting flames from every point of the

ponderous looming line of defence, began to grow apprehensive for the British vessels, and to fear that the fire was too hot even for Nelson. The notion of a retreat must have been cruelly mortifying to the fine-spirited old Briton; but his sense of honor was foremost in the motive which prompted him to fly a signal of recall. "He was aware," he said, "of the consequences to his own personal reputation; but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed." And so, according to Southey, with all imaginable reluctance, Sir Hyde Parker, at about one o'clock upon that memorable day, hoisted the signal for the action to cease.

How that order, delivered by the bunting of the *London,* was received by Nelson is one of the immortal episodes of the hero's career. During the course of the battle down to this time, the admiral had been pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant.* He was clad in a blue coat, epaulettes of gold fringe, and a plain, small cocked-hat, whilst on his breast were several orders. Colonel Stewart, who was on board throughout the engagement, says "he was full of animation, and heroically fine in his observations." He had just remarked to the colonel that the fight was a warm one, and that any

moment might be the last to either of them, and was adding, "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" when the flag-lieutenant reported the order from the *London,* and asked whether he should repeat the signal. "No," replied Nelson; "merely acknowledge it." He then inquired if signal No. 16 was still flying — that being the order for "Close action." The lieutenant answered that it was. "Mind you keep it so," said Nelson, sternly, but with the stump of his amputated arm working as it was wont to do when the admiral was agitated. Then turning abruptly to Colonel Stewart: "Do you know," said he, "what's shown on board the commander-in-chief, No. 39?" The colonel inquired the purport of No. 39. "Why, to leave off action." A moment later he burst out: "Leave off action! Now damn me if I do!" Captain Foley stood near: Nelson turned towards him. "Foley," said he, "you know I have only one eye: I have a right to be blind sometimes." He levelled his telescope, and applying his blind eye, said: "I really do not see the signal." It was therefore merely acknowledged on board the *Elephant,* and not repeated, whilst on high, clear of the clouds of smoke, continued to stream the signal for "Close action."

It is only fair to Sir Hyde Parker, in reference to this signal of recall, to quote the statement

of the Reverend Doctor Scott, who was chaplain on board the *London.* "It had been arranged," he affirms, in his account of the battle, "between the admirals (Parker and Nelson) that, should it appear that the ships which were engaged were suffering too severely, the signal for retreat should be made, to give Nelson the opportunity of retiring if he thought fit."

The frigates and sloops of the British fleet, however, obeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal and hauled off. They were suffering cruelly, and their services were all but worthless. The gallant Captain Riou in the *Amazon,* who had been wounded by a splinter in the head, sat upon a carronade encouraging his men. A volley from the Trekroner batteries killed his clerk and laid low a file of marines. So close was the frigate, that, in rounding, her stern beam grazed the fort. Springing up, Riou exclaimed: "What will Nelson think of us? Come, my boys, let us all die together!" Scarcely were the words off his lips when a round shot cut his body fairly in half.

At about half-past one the fire of the Danes began seriously to slacken, and twenty minutes later it had ceased along nearly the whole of the line astern of the hulking *Zealand.* They had suffered frightfully: the carnage had been terrific, the destruction enormous. Several of the

lighter vessels had gone adrift owing to their cables having been shot through. Between the bulwarks the corpses lay strewn knee-deep, reinforcements continually coming off from the shore to serve the guns.

Several of the Danish ships had surrendered; but there was much difficulty in taking possession of these prizes, partly on account of the ceaseless fire from the batteries, and partly because of the shot discharged at the boats of the captors by the fresh drafts, who seemed not to heed that the vessels they reinforced had already struck. Particularly was this the case with the Danish admiral's ship, the *Dannebrog*. She was on fire; her colors had been lowered; the commodore had struck his pennant and left her; and still men from the shore continued to swarm into her, firing at the boats sent by the British to take possession, in all defiance to the right and custom of warfare. Enraged by this obstinate resistance, Nelson again directed the batteries of the *Elephant* to open upon her, and another vessel joined in the attack. When the smoke from the two ships' broadsides had cleared away, the *Dannebrog* was perceived to be drifting before the wind, ablaze fore and aft, and her men flinging themselves into the sea.

At about half-past two, the battle having

taken a decided turn in favor of the British, Lord Nelson sent ashore his aide-de-camp, Sir Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce to the Crown Prince and the celebrated letter, hastily written by him upon the rudder-head of his ship addressed, "To the brothers of Englishmen — the Danes." In this note he wrote: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

Whilst Captain Thesiger was gone on shore with this letter, the destructive fire still kept up by the *Monarch, Ganges,* and *Defiance* silenced the fire of the *Indosforethen, Holstein,* and the adjoining ships of the Danish line. The *Defence* and *Ramillies,* from Sir Hyde Parker's division, which had heretofore been unengaged, were approaching, and things looked black for the Danes. But the great Trekroner battery, having had nothing but frigates and smaller craft to oppose it, was comparatively uninjured, and sustained a hot, destructive fire. Fifteen hundred

men had been thrown into it from the shore, and it was considered too strong to carry by assault. It was deemed wise to withdraw the British ships from the dangerous intricate channel whilst the favorable wind gave them an opportunity of getting out, and signals were actually being made to that purpose when the Danish adjutant-general, Lindolm, came out, bearing a flag of truce, at sight of which the Trekroner and Crown batteries ceased fire; and the action, which had lasted for about five hours, during four of which it had been very fiercely contested, was brought to a close.

The Crown Prince, whom Captain Thesiger found standing in a sally-port, inquired Nelson's motive in sending a flag of truce. The reply was: "Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a flag of truce is humanity; he, therefore, consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his prizes." Formidable preparations had been made on board the British ships to provide against the non-acceptance of the terms of the truce. As Captain Thesiger left Nelson's ship, 1,500 of the choicest boarders of the fleet entered fifty boats, under the command of Colonel Stewart and Captain Fremantle. "The moment it should be known," says Clarke

and M'Arthur's Life of Nelson, "that the flag of truce had been refused, the boats were to have pushed for the batteries, and the fire of every gun in the fleet would have covered their approach."

Lindolm, on coming aboard the *Elephant* with his flag of truce, had been referred to Sir Hyde Parker; and about four o'clock in the afternoon of this eventful day, Nelson himself went on board the *London*. His own ship, along with several others of the division, in endeavoring to sail out of the narrow channel, had taken the ground, and remained stranded. Lord Nelson, it is recorded, was in depressed spirits, notwithstanding his brilliant success. He appeared to have been shocked by the explosion on board of the *Dannebrog* and the frightful slaughter of that five hours' conflict. "Well," was his remark, "I have fought contrary to orders, and may be hanged: never mind, let them."

The *Elephant* floated again at about eight o'clock in the evening; but Nelson, in ignorance of this, remained for the night on board of the *St. George*. He returned at dawn on the 3d of April, and finding his own ship was afloat, he made a tour of inspection of the prizes that had been taken. One of the enemy's ships, the *Holstein*, a Danish line-of-battle ship, which lay under the guns of the Trekroner batteries, refused to acknowledge herself captured, although

in reality she had struck to the British. Her crew quibbled that they had never hauled down their colors. Two British captains had been on board to demand her, and both had been refused possession. Nelson entreated Sir Hyde Parker to send Captain Otway on this mission, and his request was complied with. As this gallant officer went alongside the *Holstein,* he ordered his coxswain — a bold, impudent fellow — to go into the maintop and bring away the ship's pennant whilst he himself engaged the commander in conversation. The man executed this order, and returned to his place in the gig with the color hidden in his bosom. Captain Otway's demand of surrender having been refused, he insisted that a ship which had struck her colors must be a prize, and it was agreed to refer the question to the Danish commodore, who was in the arsenal hard by. The commodore replied that the vessel had not struck her colors, adding that the pennant was still flying, and begged Captain Otway to look at it. The British officer gravely replied that he did not see it, and the mortified Danes were compelled to concede the ship. Otway hastily cut her cables and towed her clear of the batteries. This anecdote is related by Captain Brenton.

On the 4th of April Lord Nelson went on shore to visit the Prince of Denmark, accompa-

nied by a strong guard to assure his safety. Negotiations began and continued until the 9th April, the British fleet meanwhile refitting, and preparing to bombard Copenhagen should hostilities be renewed. There was much hesitation on the part of the Danes, and they honestly avowed their fear of the Russians. Nelson answered that his reason in demanding a long armistice was in order to demolish the Russian fleet. There was a great deal of procrastination, and one of the members of the Commission, speaking in French, suggested the possibility of a renewal of hostilities. Nelson caught the words, and rounding upon the commissioner, cried: "Renew hostilities! Oh, certainly, we are ready in a moment: ready to bombard this very night!" The commissioner hastily apologized.

A banquet had been prepared in the Palace, to which Nelson was invited; and as he passed through the corridors and up the staircases, he noticed that most of the apartments had been denuded of their furniture, in anticipation of a bombardment. Glancing about him as he proceeded, Nelson exclaimed to a friend, sufficiently loud to be overheard, "Though I've only one eye, I see all this will burn very well."

After this banquet Nelson and the Crown Prince were closeted together, and a fourteen weeks' armistice was agreed upon. The Danes

had no alternative: most of their defences had been taken or destroyed. Nearly all the floating hulks had been cannonaded into sieves. Colonel Stewart states that the ships would have been knocked to pieces in much less time than four hours had Nelson's misgivings of the North Country pilots not prevented him from occupying a much closer position. Admiral Fischer admitted the loss on the Danish side to be about 1,800 men. The British had 235 men killed and 688 wounded.

The Danes had fought magnificently, but the valor of the seamen led by Nelson was irresistible. That memorable day teems with instances of pluck on both sides. One of these at least no narrative of the Battle of Copenhagen would be complete without. A lad of about seventeen named Welmoes had charge of a little floating battery — of six small cannon and 24 men. He poled this raft from the shore right under the very stern of the *Elephant* and began peppering the huge liner with his little artillery. The marines of Nelson's ship poured on several volleys with terrible effect and twenty of the tiny band fell, killed or wounded. But their boy commander stood waist-deep amongst the corpses and refused to quit his post until the truce was proclaimed. Such gallantry was a sure appeal to Nelson, and at the banquet he requested the

Crown Prince to introduce him to young Welmoes. Having embraced the lad he turned to the Prince — and remarked that such a hero should be made an admiral. "My lord," was the answer, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

Three days after the conclusion of the armistice — on the 12th of April, Sir Hyde Parker sailed from Copenhagen. Nelson remained on the Baltic watching the Russian fleet, till the 13th June, when he returned to England and was created a viscount for his services at the Battle of Copenhagen.

WITH ABERCROMBY IN EGYPT. (p 35)

II

With Abercromby in Egypt

By COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS

IN 1800 the French were firmly established in Egypt, and the British Government, anticipating designs on India, determined to send an expedition to the land of the Pharaohs. At the same time a force from India was to coöperate. The principal blow was, however, to be dealt by an army under Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had been sent to the Mediterranean in 1800, and had proceeded, after an unsuccessful attempt to effect a landing at Cadiz, to Minorca with the intention of landing in Italy — a project which had been baffled by Napoleon's victory at Marengo.

The object of the invasion, as has been said, was to arrest the apprehended danger of French designs on India, and it was arranged that the Indian contingent should cooperate from the south. His army may be said to have been organized at Malta, whence it sailed on the 20th and 21st December, 1800, for Marmorice, in Anatolia, on the coast of Asia Minor.

While there, the ship which was carrying the

42d Highlanders was visited by a venerable white-bearded Turk, evidently a person of rank. On seeing the Highlanders in their kilts he burst into tears, and to their astonishment addressed them in Gaelic. It seemed that he was a Campbell from Kintyre, and in early youth — according to the author of "Stewart's Highlanders," who was with the 42d as a captain on the occasion of the visit — when playing with a schoolfellow had accidentally killed him. According to another account, the schoolfellow was converted into an adversary slain in a duel. Be that as it may, Campbell fled the country for fear of the law, and had about 1760 joined the Turkish army, in which he had risen to the position of general of artillery.

During the stay in Marmorice the troops were practised in embarking and disembarking. Only a few horses having been obtained, and there being little hope of immediate effective co-operation on the part of the Turks, the expedition sailed for its destination in February, 1801.

The total British strength was estimated at 12,000 efficient fighting men.

The French numbered, according to Alison, 26,520, distributed at different points — chiefly Alexandria and Cairo. The commander of the French army was Menou, who had married the rich daughter of the Master of the Baths at

Rosetta, embraced the Mohammedan faith, and assumed the name of Abdallah Jacques François Menou — singular conduct in one who, under Louis XVI., had been a baron and a maréchal-de-camp.

On the 1st March the British fleet anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, twelve and a half miles east of Alexandria. It was intended to disembark at once, but owing to bad weather the landing was not effected till the 8th March.

The preparations for resisting a landing were insufficient and comparatively feeble. The total number of French troops in the Bay of Aboukir numbered only 2,000 men, including 200 dragoons with twelve guns. These were formed on the top of a concave arc of sandhills about one mile in length, and rising in the centre to about fifty or sixty feet above the beach. The slope was very steep and the sand loose, so that the ascent was extremely difficult.

The arrangements for the landing were as follows: — About 5,230 men were to be put on shore first, to be supported as soon as possible by another body of troops. The men were to be conveyed from the ships in boats of the Royal Navy and of the transports. The right flank of the boats was to be protected by the fire of a cutter and two gun-vessels, the left by that of a cutter, a schooner, and a gun-vessel. On each

flank also were two armed launches. Two bomb-vessels and three other ships also assisted to cover the landing by their fire. Sir Sidney Smith was in charge of the launches carrying the field-artillery.

The sea was as smooth as glass, and for a short time there was no sign of an enemy. Soon, however, the castle of Aboukir (which from a promontory on the British right was able to take the boats in flank), and the field-pieces on the sand-hills, opened a heavy fire with shot and shell, and afterwards with grape, which dashed the spray into the boats; the effect was that of a violent hail-storm upon the water. Two boats were sunk, one of them carrying a part of the Coldstream Guards, and most of those not slain by the fragments of the shell were drowned. The covering fire of the British gun-vessels, launches, etc., produced little damage to the enemy, and as the boats aproached the shore, to the shot, shell, and grape was added a destructive fire of musketry from the French infantry posted on the sand-hills. The boats, however, never faltered, and the beach was quickly reached. It had been arranged that they should all take the ground together, but the right wing reached the beach first; then came with a short interval the centre, and finally the left, which consisted of hired transport boats.

As soon as the English got under the fire

of the French artillery some of their infantry rushed down to the water's edge and bayoneted men in the act of landing. The four flank companies of the 40th, on the extreme right, are believed to have been first on shore, the first, or among the first, of them being their commander, Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Brent-Spencer. "As he leaped on the beach a French soldier instantly ran out from behind the sand-hills, and, advancing to within a short distance from him, took a deliberate aim at Colonel Spencer, and seemingly deprived him of any chance of escape. The colonel, however, was not in the least dismayed, but immediately raised his cane, for he had not drawn his sword, and shaking it at the soldier, his eyes flashing ferociously at the same time, called out, 'Oh, you scoundrel!' Spencer's extraordinary composure under such desperate circumstances seems to have paralyzed the Frenchman's intentions, for without firing he shouldered his musket with all possible expedition, and darted off to his comrades behind the sand-hills."

The French did what they could to prevent the British from landing, but after a struggle of about twenty minutes, the French were driven back everywhere. In fact, the action was virtually over. The French and the British, however, kept up a desultory fire of artillery for

about an hour and a half, Sir Sidney Smith and the sailors having, with superhuman exertions, dragged up to the top of the sand-hills several field-pieces. A little after 11 A. M. the French fell back, and the British troops advanced to a position about three miles from the shore. The British lost 98 killed, 515 wounded, and 35 missing, the latter having been, no doubt, drowned. The loss of the French was computed at 400 killed and wounded, while eight guns and many horses were captured. By nightfall the whole of the British army was landed.

The ground which was the scene of subsequent operations was a narrow spit of land with the sea to the north and Lake Aboukir on the south; it is about a mile and a half broad and twelve miles long, Alexandria being on the western extremity. Immediately after the battle some men-of-war boats entered Lake Aboukir by an open cut. This lake was of great value to the English, protecting her left flank and serving for the transport of stores. Thus a serious difficulty was overcome, as they were almost destitute of transport animals. Sir Ralph Abercromby was at first anxious about the water-supply, but his fears were soon dispelled by Sir Sidney Smith, who pointed out to him that wherever date-trees grew water was to be found. Explorations were at once

made, and proved successful. The castle of Aboukir on the right rear was blocked by the Queen's and the 26th Dragoons, who were dismounted.

While the English troops were deploying on the 12th, the French descended from their position to attack them. The 90th, which were forming the advanced guard of the centre column, were charged with impetuosity by the 26th Chasseurs-à-Cheval. It is said that the 90th, as a light infantry corps, wore helmets, which fact induced the French to mistake them for dismounted cavalry. Hence they were attacked with great confidence. It is not expressly so stated, but it would appear that the 90th received their opponents in line, meeting them with a steady fire which emptied many saddles. Some of the more daring of the Chasseurs persevered, however, charging right up to the regiment, but were quickly bayoneted. Colonel Hill on this day owed his life to his helmet, which resisted a bullet which would otherwise have penetrated his head. In the *mêlée* Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose personal intrepidity amounted to a fault, was surrounded, his horse was shot, and he was nearly captured, when he was rescued by a party of the 90th. At about the same time the 92d Highlanders were attacked by the 61st Demi brigade, named " The Invincibles," and were also exposed to the fire with grape of two field-pieces. Noth-

ing daunted, however, the gallant Highlanders sprang to meet them, and poured in so heavy and effective a fire that the 61st Demi brigade were forced to retire, abandoning the two guns. For their brilliant conduct on this occasion both the 90th and 92d were authorized to bear "Mandora" on their colors.

On the 15th the English commenced to fortify their position, and on the 17th the Castle of Aboukir, having endured a very severe bombardment, surrendered.

On the 19th 500 Turks joined the army. . On the 20th nothing occurred, but on the following day took place the battle of Alexandria, the most severe action of the campaign.

The army was under arms, as usual, at 3 A. M. Half an hour later a musket-shot rang out in front of the left of the line. Several cannon-shot followed, and the French advancing temporarily obtained possession of a small fortification, occupied as a picket post. They were, however, soon driven back, and a profound stillness ensued. General Moore, who happened to be general of the day, had, on hearing the first shot, hurried to the left. He soon, however, became convinced that the real attack would be on the right, and he therefore galloped back through the dark, close, cloudy, and now silent night, to the reserve. Scarcely had he returned when

cheers, followed by a roar of musketry, proved that his military instinct had not misled him.

The 28th, which had been drawn upon the left of the redoubt, were ordered into it, and the left wing of the 42d, under Major Stirling, were directed to take up the ground left vacant by the 28th; while the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stewart, remained 200 yards in rear. The French attacking the redoubt were received with so heavy a fire that they fell back precipitately to a hollow a little in the rear, but soon recommenced firing. In the meantime, taking advantage of the darkness, which was so great that an object two yards off could not be distinguished, a French column, consisting of the "Invincible Legion" and a six-pounder gun, advanced by a shallow valley intervening between the 42d and the Guards, and, wheeling to their left, were marching in profound silence between the parallel lines of the wings of the Highlanders.

It was still pitch-dark, and the Frenchmen were further shrouded by the heavy smoke which hung about in the still night air. Their feet made no noise as they fell on the sand, and it is probable that they might in another two or three minutes have reached the ruins unperceived. But a soldier of the right English wing, blessed with exceptionally sharp sight, perceived them, and stepping out of the ranks said to his captain:

"I see a strong column of the enemy marching past in our front: I know them by their large hats and white frocks; tell the general, and allow us to charge them." The captain told him to go back to his place, that the thing was impossible, as Major Stirling, with the left wing of the regiment, was in the immediate front, at a distance of only 200 yards. "However, says his captain, "as the man still insisted on the accuracy of his statement, I ran out to the front, and soon perceived through the darkness a large moving body; and though I could not distinguish any particular object, the sound of feet and the clank of arms convinced me of the soldier's correctness. In a few minutes Colonel Stewart and Major Stirling's wings charged the column in the ruins. But it is proper to explain that it was only the rear rank of the left wing that faced about and charged to their rear; the front rank kept their ground to oppose the enemy in their immediate front."

When the column saw that it was discovered it rushed towards the ruins. As the Frenchmen passed the so-called redoubt, which was open at the gorge, the rear rank of the 28th faced about and fired into them, the front rank of the regiment, unmoved, keeping up a fire on the enemy in their immediate front. Weakened in number and in some confusion, the "Invincibles"

dashed onward to the ruins, chased by the fleet-footed Highlanders, and penetrated through the openings. The 58th and 40th, however, coolly faced about and fired into the French. When surrounded by foes and corpses the gallant survivors — two hundred in number — surrendered. The standard was given up by the officer who bore it to Major Stirling, of the 42d, who handed it over to Sergeant Sinclair, with orders to remain with the trophy by the captured six-pounder. Subsequently he was overthrown and stunned by some French cavalry. When he came to himself the standard was gone. Some time after, Lutz, a soldier of the Minorca regiment, came to Colonel Abercromby, and presenting him with the standard, said that he had taken it from a French officer.

As the French made a renewed attack on the left of the redoubt, Moore ordered the 42d out of the ruins to bar their progress. As the French drew close, Sir Ralph Abercromby, ever at the point of danger, rode up and called out: "My brave Highlanders, remember your country; remember your forefathers." Responsive to the appeal, the gallant Black Watch, with a true Highland rush, dashed at the foe and sent them back in disorder and hotly pursued. Moore, who had a keen vision, differing in that respect from Abercromby, who was very short-sighted, saw

through the smoke and dust some fresh French columns drawn up on the plain, and three squadrons of cavalry about to charge through the intervals of the retreating infantry. Consequently, he ordered the regiment back to its old ground. Owing to the noise of the firing the order was only heard by some. Those companies who did hear it fell back, the others hesitated, and the next instant the French cavalry were upon them, with a fair prospect of success, for the advanced companies of the 42d were broken and scattered. The men, however, stood firm, in groups, or even individually maintained a stout fight with the dragoons. The companies which had been withdrawn in time, and were in comparatively regular formation, repulsed the cavalry, some of whom galloped through intervals, and were almost all cut off. After penetrating the British line, some wheeling to the left were shot by the 28th, who faced to the rear. They were thrown into great disorder by their horses falling over the tents and holes for camp kettles, dug by the 28th.

It must have been about this time that Sir Ralph Abercromby was nearly slain on the spot by a French dragoon. He had sent off all his staff with orders when some French cavalry reached the spot where he was watching the fight. Two of the number rode at the general, and were

about to cut him down, when the gallant veteran succeeded in wresting the sword from his adversary, who was immediately shot by a corporal of the 42d; the other, seeking to ride away, was bayoneted by a private of the same regiment.

According to Sir Robert Wilson, he was unhorsed in the struggle, and it is probable that he was, for we read of him as having afterwards walked to the redoubt on the right of the Guards, and as continuing to walk about. It was only known that he was wounded by the sight of blood trickling down his leg, for he never mentioned the fact that a bullet had lodged in his hip-bone, though he complained of a contusion in the chest, caused by a blow from the sword which he had eventually wrenched from the French officer. When the battle was over he found himself utterly spent, and after having his wound attended to by a surgeon of the Guards, he was carried on board ship. While being carried to the beach he asked what had been put under his head. His aide-de-camp replied, "Only a soldier's blanket." "Only a soldier's blanket!" was the rejoinder; "make haste, and return it to him at once."

A little after the attack on the right the French assailed the Guards, driving in their skirmishers. Several companies, however, of the 3d Guards being thrown back, this manœuvre was foiled, and

the steady fire of the brigade, coupled with the advance of Coote's brigade on the left, caused the French to retire.

Scarcely had this first charge of cavalry by two regiments of dragoons failed than the second line of three regiments made another bid for success. There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting. According to Captain Walsh, the 42d opened and let the enemy's horsemen through, and then faced about and fired on them. The survivors strove to force their way back, but few succeeded, their commander, General Roize, falling about this time. At the end of the charge General Stewart's brigade came up on the left of the 42d. This was about 8.30 A. M., and till 9.30 A. M., when the battle virtually ceased, nothing but a combat of artillery and an interchange of musket-shots between the skirmishers took place on this part of the field. About 9.30 A. M., the French began to retreat, and by 10 A. M. all firing ceased.

The brave and chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was, as usual, to be found wherever the danger was greatest. In the heat of the action Major Hall, aide-de-camp to General Craddock, while carrying orders, had his horse killed under him close to where Sir Sidney was watching the fight. Disengaging himself from his fallen steed, he went up to Sir Sidney and begged that officer to hand over to him his orderly's horse. Sir Sid-

ney at once consented, and told the man to hand over his horse. While he was speaking a cannon-ball took off the dragoon's head, on which Sir Sidney calmly remarked, "This is destiny. The horse, Major Hall, is yours."

A period of inactivity followed the battle, due, probably, to the wound of the commander-in-chief. The problem, moreover, was one that it was difficult to solve. Evidently the garrison of Alexandria would not soon surrender; their position was strong, and their resources considerable. A French force, moreover, occupied Cairo, and the capture of that city would produce a great moral and material effect. The distance, however, was great, and owing to the want of transport it would be necessary to advance on the capital by the Nile. The coöperation of the Turkish army was needed, and it was not yet certain to what extent it might be depended on. The attitude of the Mamelukes had also to be taken into consideration. Finally, General Baird was expected from India, and some regard to his movements had to be paid. At length, however, General Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby — who expired on board ship on the 28th — decided on a plan of operations, the main feature of which was an advance by a portion of the army under his personal command, while

maintaining the investment of Alexandria by the remainder, under General Coote. He was the more readily enabled to arrive at a determination because, on the 26th March, the Capitan Pasha with 6,000 Turks had disembarked in the Bay of Aboukir.

The final outcome of this was that an assault on Cairo having been threatened, General Belliard on the 22d June sent an officer to propose a capitulation on terms. The negotiations came to an end on the 26th, and it was agreed that the garrison should surrender on the following conditions — that General Belliard and his troops, numbering upwards of 10,000 effective men, with fifty guns, were to retain their arms and personal property and be escorted to the coast. On arrival at the coast they were to be embarked on ships provided by the British and transported to France. By a secret article it was agreed that the French should give up their arms as soon as they were on board ship. By the embarkation return given to Belliard, it would appear that, exclusive of native auxiliaries and civil employees, the total number amounted to 12,862.

On the 15th July the march to the coast began, in the following order: A body of Turks, the British army, the French, the British cavalry, with some Mamelukes. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th August, the British troops from Cairo

marched into camp before Alexandria, having arranged for the embarkation of Belliard and his men. This reinforcement was needed, for though Coote had been joined by several battalions and some drafts, sickness had reduced his force to 3,200 men fit for duty. Now the army in front of Alexandria was raised to a strength of 16,000 effective men.

On the 16th, at nightfall, Coote with the Guards, under Ludlow, Lord Cavan's, and General Finch's brigades, a few field-pieces, and 100 of the 26th Dragoons — 4,000 men in all — were transported in boats by Lake Mareotis to the west of Alexandria. In order to cover the movement, on the morning of the 17th, Doyle with his brigade was ordered to carry the green hill on the French right, while Moore was directed to send some light troops to seize the knoll about a quarter of a mile in front of the French lines, in order to reconnoitre. Little opposition was made to Doyle, the French abandoning the open work on the green hill, the artillery on which had been previously removed. Moore having accomplished his object, and the knoll being too far advanced to be maintained, returned to the British lines.

About 7 A. M. the enemy made a furious sortie with 600 men, and attempted to recapture the green hill. The 30th, being somewhat scattered

to avoid the heavy cannonade, were taken by surprise, but rallied and charged, driving back the French, who suffered some loss.

Returning to Coote: he, seeing at daybreak that the French occupied a strong position about three miles to the west of Alexandria, left Finch to make a demonstration, whilst he himself went on a few miles further, where he disembarked, without meeting with any opposition, at a spot nine miles from Alexandria. The isthmus between the sea and Lake Mareotis was about half a mile broad. On the night of the 17th-18th there was a causeless alarm in camp, with much shouting and confusion. Coote issued a severe animadversion, but a brigade order stated that his remarks did not apply to the Guards. On the 18th, batteries were begun against Fort Marabout, which was situated on a rocky islet guarding the western entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, and 150 yards from the shore. These were aided by the fire of some small Turkish and British ships and a body of sharpshooters. On the 20th the tower fell, and on the 21st the commandant surrendered, with ten guns. The garrison had originally consisted of 200 men, of whom fourteen were killed. The British loss was *nil.*

On the 18th the army advanced about one and a half miles towards Alexandria. On the 22d the

army advanced some four or five miles under a heavy cannonade, which caused a loss of sixty killed and wounded. The French suffered heavily, and abandoned a strong fortified position, with several guns, their camp, and baggage. On the 23d, Coote was reinforced by a brigade under Colonel Spencer. The enemy threw many shells into the British camp, causing, however, but few casualties. Soon after dark on the 24th the 20th, 54th, and a detachment of the 26th Dragoons proceeded to drive in the French outposts. The British used only the bayonet, and were completely successful after a struggle of about three-quarters of an hour. About 11 P. M. the French made a determined counter-attack, but after another three-quarters of an hour's fighting were again driven back, their loss on both occasions being heavy, seventy Frenchmen having been captured and thirty bayoneted, besides the casualties caused by the handful of British cavalry. It was in one of these actions that a most singular event occurred. Coote was advancing with a company of the Guards when a discharge of grape smote them, taking off several hats but hurting no one. On another occasion a detachment of the 26th Light Dragoons was ordered to charge a halted body of French cavalry. The latter retired slowly on a battalion of infantry, who were not perceived by the 26th till they were within thirty

yards. The French then fired a volley which, marvellous to relate, hit neither man nor horse.

Coote on the 23d had opened a fire from three 24-pounders and five mortars, and the French had retaliated with a heavy artillery fire. The crisis was evidently at hand, and in order to create a diversion for Coote, the troops in the east, and the British batteries on that side, opened fire; in the evening an aide-de-camp of Menou came in under a flag of truce with a proposal for an armistice preparatory to capitulation. After some disputing and a prolongation of the armistice, the capitulation was signed on the terms that the French army was to be transported to France, with ten guns and private property.

The embarkation return of General Menou was 11,780, exclusive of 350 sick to be left behind. The British force in front of Alexandria at that time was about 16,000 men. When General Menou signed the capitulation he wrote his name, "Abdallah Ali y Menou." Turning to General Hope, he said, referring to his signature, that he had tried most religions but found the Mohammedan the best. After the capitulation, he entertained the generals at dinner, horse-flesh being one of the dishes. This may have been done for effect, but there is no doubt the French had been reduced to great straits for animal food, though they had plenty of rice left.

III

Two Incidents in the Barbary States' War

I. THE "CUTTING OUT" OF THE PHILADELPHIA

From "The Life of Stephen Decatur," by A. S. Mackenzie, in Jared Sparks' Library of American Biography.

AFTER a pleasant passage, the two vessels arrived in sight of Tripoli, on the 7th of February, 1804, and every preparation was made to execute the contemplated service the same night, when one of those heavy gales, so common in winter in the neighborhood of Tripoli, came on to blow, and the vessels were obliged to stand out to sea, in order to gain an offing, and avoid being seen.

The situation of Decatur and his followers, on board the *Intrepid,* was most uncomfortable. She had not space for berths for one-third of her officers and crew. She labored so much, that there seemed even a danger of her foundering, and the provisions, which had been hastily put on board of her at the moment of departure, proved to be both unwholesome and scanty. During five

or six days, the little vessel was tossed about almost at the mercy of the winds and waves. With the physical energies of his followers somewhat impaired by their sufferings, but with spirits unabated, Decatur came again in sight of Tripoli in the afternoon of the 16th of February.

In order to form a just estimate of the hazard of Decatur's proposed attack, it should be premised that the *Philadelphia* had forty guns mounted. These were double-shotted, and kept ready for firing. A full complement of men to serve her batteries was kept constantly on board of her. She was moored within half a gun-shot of the Bashaw's Castle, and the Molehead and Crown Batteries, and within effective range of ten other batteries, the whole mounting together one hundred and fifteen guns of heavy calibre. Three Tripolitan cruisers, mounting together twenty-six guns, two galleys, and nineteen gunboats, lay between her and the shore, at distances from her of from two to three cables' length. All these vessels were in like manner fully manned and kept ready for attack. Such were the formidable defences which protected the *Philadelphia,* when Decatur with his little ketch of sixty tons, mounting four small guns, and having a crew of seventy-five souls, undertook her capture and destruction.

The plan of Commodore Preble, as exhibited

in his orders to Decatur, had contemplated that the boats of the *Siren* should accompany the *Intrepid*, and take part in the expedition. But the *Siren* had purposely kept at a distance from the *Intrepid* during the day, to avoid being seen from Tripoli. The wind, which was light from north-northwest, was still lighter in the offing, which prevented the *Siren* from closing up so early after nightfall as Lieutenant Stewart desired. At seven o'clock Decatur entered between the reef and shoal which form the mouth of the harbor. The boats of the *Siren* had not yet joined him; and, indeed, the hour agreed on for the attack, which was ten o'clock, had not yet arrived.

Still, Decatur had had so much experience of the uncertainty of the weather on this coast, that he determined not to let the present favorable moment pass unimproved. Assigning again to each officer his special service and station, to board with him, to defend the different decks when the frigate should be carried, to fire her in various directions, to guard the ketch and preserve the means of retreat for his followers when the service should be effected, and addressing to all a last word of appeal in behalf of their country, which they were about to serve and honor, of their brother officers and seamen in captivity, whom they would at once avenge and

bring nearer to the day of liberation, Decatur steered boldly onward towards the *Philadelphia,* which now began to loom forth amid the obscurity of less and remoter objects, aided by the faint illumination of a crescent moon.

It had been intended to reach the *Philadelphia* by the most direct passage at the western entrance of the harbor, between New Fort on the Mole and the rocks and shoals of Seteef, where there was ordinarily sufficient water for a vessel of the *Intrepid's* draught. But on approaching this entrance, the surf was found breaking entirely across it from the sea, occasioned by the late gales. It became necessary to haul up and make a considerable circuit, in order to enter the harbor by the main channel lying to the east of Shinel.

By nine o'clock the air, which had been gradually shifting from northwest to northeast since they got under way, had become very light, and the progress of the *Intrepid* was scarcely perceptible. Still she stole slowly onward towards her huge foe. A little before half-past nine, they were within two hundred yards of the *Philadelphia,* which, tending to the northeast breeze, lay with her head nearly seaward. It was Decatur's intention to run under her bows, and board over the forecastle. Decatur stood by the helm with the pilot, and a man who understood the Italian, to interpret. Two or three of the officers, to repre-

sent the crew, were alone visible about the decks; the rest lay hidden under the bulwarks.

It had now fallen entirely calm, and the *Intrepid* became stationary within a hundred yards of the *Philadelphia.* Soon after, a light land breeze from the southeast, taking the *Intrepid* aback and canting the *Philadelphia,* by whose bulk the *Intrepid* was in a great measure becalmed, brought the two vessels nearly parallel to each other at the distance of little more than twenty yards, their heads in the same direction, and the *Intrepid* abreast of the larboard gangway of the *Philadelphia.* The moon, which still lingered above the horizon, enabled Decatur to see ten or twelve of the crew looking over her hammock rail. Decatur was now hailed from the *Philadelphia,* and ordered to keep off. The pilot, Catalano, as previously instructed by Decatur, promptly answered that they had lost their anchors in the late gale under Cape Mesurado. He asked to be permitted to run a warp to the frigate, and ride by her until anchors could be obtained from the shore.

The Tripolitan captain, recognized by Catalano to be the interlocutor, asked what brig that was in the offing; for, notwithstanding their precautions, the *Siren* had been seen. Catalano, with great tact, replied that it was the *Transfer,* a former British man-of-war, which had been pur-

chased for the Tripolitans at Malta, and whose arrival at Tripoli was anxiously expected.

During this conversation, the *Intrepid's* boat, which lay ready with a rope led from the bow of their vessel, shoved off; and, pulling to the fore chains of the *Philadelphia*, made the end fast to one of the ring-bolts of her fore chains. A boat from the *Philadelphia* brought a rope from the after part of the ship, and passed it into the *Intrepid's* boat, which returned with it on board. A few of the crew began to haul on the lines, and the *Intrepid* was drawn gradually towards the *Philadelphia*. Some distrust was now awakened among the Tripolitans in the boat which had brought the line. They raised the cry of "Americanos," and it was repeated in terror throughout the ship. The *Intrepid* was repeatedly ordered off, and Decatur observed them taking the tompions out of the guns in readiness to fire. The surprise was not therefore perfect; the alarm had been given, the real country, character, and intentions of the visitors recognized, and the struggle seemed likely to prove sanguinary.

As the vessels came into contact, Decatur sprang at the main chains of the *Philadelphia*, calling out, "Board." He clambered over the channels and rail, and reached the enemy's deck, being preceded an instant by Midshipman Charles Morris, and followed in the next by Mid-

shipman Laws; and quickly, in succession, as they could find space to ascend through the gangway, the ports, and over the rail, by all of the officers and crew, to the number of sixty, the remainder having been detailed to guard the ketch. Whilst they were mustering upon the quarter-deck, the crew of the *Philadelphia* had also got up from below, and collected in a confused mass on the forecastle and in the gangways. Decatur waited in silence until his followers had collected around him, when, forming a front with his men across the deck, and placing himself at their head, he rushed, sword in hand, upon the Tripolitans. There was a contest, but, as Decatur reported, "a short one." The resistance was soon overcome. Crowded together, and trampling upon each other in the disorderly attempt to escape, the Tripolitans were either cut down or driven overboard, until not an enemy remained on the spar deck.

The American officers and men, now separating according to their stations, quickly overcame all resistance below, cutting down or driving overboard whomsoever they encountered. Many of the Tripolitans escaped in a boat which lay alongside; some may have reached the neighboring cruisers and gunboats; many found a watery grave. Five minutes sufficed to clear the ship of every enemy. At the end of that time,

or a very little later, Decatur found himself on the quarter-deck of the *Philadelphia,* in full possession of that ship, and destined to be her last, as his father had been her first, commander.

That Decatur may have felt a wish, at this moment, to prolong the period of his command, and bear away the *Philadelphia* to fight the future battles of his country, and remain an enduring trophy of his valor, presented a second time to the republic by the heroism of one Philadelphian, as she had first been by the patriotic generosity of many, we can well believe. But the *Philadelphia* was dismantled, her bowsprit and foremast gone; the mouth of the harbor was intricate and difficult of egress for so large a ship; there was no wind, and no force of men or boats to tow her to sea. The efforts to attain this object would have withdrawn the force of the little band from the defence of the vessel, and might have rendered her recapture possible. The orders of Preble, conceived in a wise appreciation of all the difficulties to be overcome, were positive that she should be burned. The moral effect on Americans and on the enemy would be the same, whether she were carried away or destroyed. With natural regret, perhaps, yet with promptitude, Decatur gave the fatal order for the combustibles to be passed up from the ketch, and for the various parties to distribute them-

selves according to their stations, and fire the ship in the gun-room berths, around the magazine scuttle, in the cockpit, the berth-deck rooms, and the forward storerooms, as prescribed by Preble.

Whilst the various parties hastened to perform this service with precision and dispatch, Decatur had an opportunity to glance at the scene around the ship. Though he had obeyed Preble's emphatic injunction, " in order to prevent alarm, to carry all by the sword," yet, as Decatur observes, in his official report, " the noise occasioned by boarding and contending for possession, although no firearms were used, gave a general alarm on shore, and on board their cruisers, which lay about a cable and a half's length from us; and many boats, filled with men, lay around, but from which we received no annoyance."

These inactive spectators in the boats and cruisers were probably paralyzed by the suddenness of the achievement, the clash of arms, the shrieks of the wounded and drowning; or perhaps they were waiting to concert their measures, and watch an opportunity to attack with advantage. But none such occurred. The parties detailed to fire the ship had performed that duty simultaneously, and so quickly, that they were soon driven from below by the smoke and fumes of conflagration. Soon the sharp crackling of the flames gave sure indication that the destroying

element had in turn assumed its mastery over the devoted vessel, to give way to no new conqueror. Clouds of smoke and flashes of flame began to issue from the ports and mount the hatchways. Decatur now ordered his followers to return to the *Intrepid.* They descended quickly, yet without confusion, and without accident, accompanied by a wounded Tripolitan, whom humanity forbade them to abandon to the horrible fate, which probably awaited many of his comrades concealed in the recesses of the vessel.

When all were safely assembled on the deck of the *Intrepid* (for so admirably had the service been executed, that not a man was missing, and only one slightly wounded), Decatur gave the order to cut the fasts and shove off. The necessity for prompt obedience and exertion was urgent. The flames had now gained the lower rigging, and ascended to the tops; they darted furiously from the ports, flashing from the quarter gallery round the mizzen of the *Intrepid,* as her stern dropped clear of the ship. To estimate the perils of their position, it must be borne in mind that the fire had been communicated by those fearless men to the near neighborhood of both magazines of the *Philadelphia.* The *Intrepid* herself was a fire ship, having been supplied with combustibles, a mass of which, ready to be converted into the means of destroying

other vessels of the enemy, if the opportunity should offer, lay in barrels on her quarter-deck, covered only with a tarpaulin.

With destruction thus encompassing them within and without, Decatur and his brave followers were unmoved. Calmly they put forth the necessary exertion, breasted the *Intrepid* off with spars, and, pressing on their sweeps, caused her slowly to withdraw from the vicinity of the burning mass. A gentle breeze from the land came auspiciously at the same moment, and wafted the *Intrepid* beyond the reach of the flames, bearing with it, however, a shower of burning embers, fraught with danger to a vessel laden with combustibles, had not discipline, order, and calm self-possession been at hand for her protection. Soon this peril was also left behind, and Decatur and his followers were at a sufficient distance to contemplate securely the spectacle, which the *Philadelphia* presented. Hull, spars, and rigging, were now enveloped in flames. As the metal of her guns became heated, they were discharged in succession from both sides, serving as a brilliant salvo in honor of the victory, and not harmless for the Tripolitans, as her starboard battery was firing directly into the town.

The town itself, the castles, the minarets of the mosques, and the shipping in the harbor were all brought into distinct view by the splendor of

the conflagration. It served also to reveal to the enemy the cause of their disaster in the little *Intrepid,* as she slowly withdrew from the harbor. The shot of the shipping and castles fell thickly around her, throwing up columns of spray, which the brilliant light converted into a new ornament of the scene. Only one shot took effect, and that passed through her top-gallant sail. Three hearty American cheers were now given in mingled triumph and derision. Soon after, the boats of the *Siren* joined company, and assisted in towing the *Intrepid* out of the harbor. The cables of the *Philadelphia* having burned off, she drifted on the rocks near the western entrance of the harbor; and then the whole spectacle, so full of moral sublimity, considering the means by which it had been effected, and of material grandeur, had its appropriate termination in the final catastrophe of her explosion.

Nor were the little band of heroes on board the *Intrepid* the only exulting spectators of this scene. Lieutenant Stewart and his companions on board the *Siren,* watching with intense interest, beheld in the conflagration a pledge of Decatur's success; and Captain Bainbridge, with his fellow-captives in the dungeons of Tripoli, saw in it a motive of national exultation, and an

earnest that a spirit was at work to hasten the day of their liberation.

Not long after the *Intrepid* had reached the open bay, and cast anchor near the *Siren,* a heavy gale commenced blowing, so as to make it difficult for her to weigh and clear the land. This circumstance shows how judiciously Decatur decided to precipitate his movements, whilst the weather continued favorable.

The *Intrepid,* being clear of the harbor, found the wind favorable for Syracuse, and bore away at once, in company with the *Siren,* for that port, where she arrived on the morning of the 18th of February, after an absence of fifteen days, which must have occasioned no little anxiety to Commodore Preble, and the officers and men who remained at Syracuse, to be exchanged for rapturous congratulations when they saw their friends return triumphant, and with undiminished numbers.

II. THE LAST ATTACK ON TRIPOLI

As the season for bad weather was fast approaching, when the Bashaw would find in the dangers of his coast his best protection, and as many vessels of the squadron had been five months on this inhospitable coast without relief or relaxation, Commodore Preble, find-

ing, on the 18th of August, 1804, that Commodore Barron had not arrived, determined to make a night attack with the force at his disposal. He sent Captains Decatur and Chauncey, in two small boats, to reconnoitre the harbor and observe the exact arrangement of the enemy's flotilla during the night, as they were in the habit of changing their positions. The officers returned at midnight, and reported that the flotilla was moored in a line abreast from the mole to the Bashaw's castle, with the vessels' heads to the eastward, for the defence of the inner harbor. At daylight the wind came on to blow freshly in to the harbor, bringing in a heavy sea, which compelled the squadron to weigh and get an offing.

It was only on the 24th that the wind and weather again became favorable for an attack. The squadron anchored in the evening near the town, and the bomb vessels and gunboats, under Decatur, were sent in at midnight to bombard and cannonade the town. They opened their fire at two in the morning, and continued it until daylight, causing considerable injury to the town, and spreading a panic among the garrison and inhabitants.

The weather again became unfavorable, and continued so until the 28th, when Preble determined on another night attack, with the gun-

boats covered by the brigs and schooners of the squadron. The bombards were too much shattered to participate in this attack. At three o'clock in the morning, the gunboats, in two divisions, under Decatur and Somers, were brought to anchor, with springs on their cables, within pistol-shot of the rocks, and opened a destructive cannonade on the shipping, town, batteries, and Bashaw's Castle. The brigs and schooners of the squadron kept under way, just without the line of gunboats, to cover and support them. So soon as returning daylight made it even moderately safe for the *Constitution* to venture among the perils of the neighborhood of the shore, this vessel stood in to cover the gunboats, and participate in the attack. At half-past five, the *Constitution* was within two cables' length of the rocks, when she commenced a heavy fire on thirteen of the enemy's gunboats and galleys, which were in close action with ours. One of the enemy's gunboats was instantly sunk, and two ran on shore to avoid sinking. The remainder retreated.

Signal was now made for our gunboats to retire from action, in tow of the brigs and schooners. They had been engaged two hours and a half, and had fired upwards of four hundred round shots with good effect. The *Constitution* continued to run into the harbor, until within musket-shot of the Crown and Mole bat-

teries; when she hove to, and fired more than three hundred round shot, besides grape and canister, into the town, Bashaw's Castle, and batteries, silencing the castle and two of the batteries for some time. At a quarter past six, the gunboats being all in tow, and out of gun-shot, Commodore Preble hauled off in the *Constitution,* after she had lain in close action under the batteries three-quarters of an hour.

By this attack, several vessels were sunk or damaged in the moles, three gunboats sunk or disabled, the town and batteries much injured, and many of the enemy killed and wounded. Its occurrence in the night and early morning added to the terror of the Tripolitans by showing them that even the season of darkness and repose furnished no protection from their intrepid and indefatigable enemies.

On the 3d of September, the wind being again easterly, and favorable both to approach and haul off from the town, preparations were made for another attack. The bomb vessels, having been repaired, were again in order for service. At half-past two in the afternoon, Tripoli being two and a half miles off, signal was made for the bomb and gunboats to cast off their tow-lines, and advance to the attack. On this occasion, the enemy's galleys and gunboats were under way in the eastern part of the harbor, which Commo-

dore Preble considered a judicious movement on their part, as it prevented our boats from going down to attack the town, without leaving the enemy's flotilla in their rear and to windward. Under these circumstances, the commodore ordered the bombards to run down and anchor before the town, and fire their mortars, whilst the gunboats kept their wind and engaged those of the enemy.

The bombs having gained their stations and commenced throwing shells at half-past three, our gunboats, led in their usual gallant manner by Decatur and Somers, made a dash at those of the enemy. After sustaining and briskly returning our fire for a short time, they broke their line as our boats came within musket-shot, and retreated within the rocks, under cover of their batteries, apprehensive, probably, of a repetition of the hand to hand engagement, in which, with all their reputed skill in this mode of warfare, they had found themselves unequal to cope with the Americans. Our boats, covered by the brigs and schooners, pursued them to the edge of the reef, with whose channels our officers were unacquainted. One division of the boats now kept the enemy's flotilla in check, whilst the other attacked Fort English. The bomb vessels, which were throwing shells briskly into the town, were now

exposed to the fire of all the neighboring batteries, and in imminent danger of being sunk.

To prevent this catastrophe, Commodore Preble now ran the *Constitution* between them and the enemy, and hove to within reach of grape, in a position where seventy of the enemy's heavy cannon bore upon him. Whilst the bombards now threw their shells over the *Constitution* from a place of security, she discharged eleven broadsides in rapid succession into the town, batteries, and Bashaw's Castle, entirely silencing one of their batteries, and causing dreadful carnage everywhere. The *Constitution,* also, was much cut up in her sails and rigging. At half-past four, the wind began to draw into the harbor and freshen. Commodore Preble immediately made the signal for the bombs and gunboats to withdraw in tow of the brigs and schooners. The bombs had thrown fifty shells into the town with good effect; the gunboats had fired four hundred round shot, besides grape and canister; and the brigs and schooners, being near enough to use even their light carronades with effect, did considerable execution. One of the bombards had shattered her mortar bed, and was so near sinking as to be saved with difficulty.

The season at which active operations could be prosecuted on this inhospitable coast being nearly over, Commodore Preble determined to close his

brilliant series of attacks by sending a fire ship, or infernal, into the harbor of Tripoli, to destroy the shipping and shatter the Bashaw's Castle and town. The *Intrepid* was selected for this purpose. One hundred barrels of powder and one hundred and fifty fixed shells were stowed on board of her. The fusees leading to the magazine were calculated to burn a quarter of an hour, to give time to those who conducted the vessel to reach a place of safety after lighting them. In another part of the vessel, a mass of splinters and combustibles was collected, to be lighted at the same time as the fusees, and which, by making a quick and vivid blaze, was intended to deter the enemy from attempting to board her, ere she had gained the destined point of explosion.

Decatur's early and attached friend, the chivalrous Somers, having volunteered for this service, was appointed to the command, assisted by Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, and ten seamen, all of whom had volunteered for the service. Two of the fastest rowing boats of the squadron were appointed to accompany the *Intrepid,* and bring back her crew. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 4th of September, the *Intrepid* got under sail, and stood into the harbor of Tripoli with a land breeze from the eastward. The *Argus, Vixen,* and *Nautilus* convoyed her as far as the rocks, and hovered in that neighbor-

hood, to watch the sequel of the enterprise, and pick up the boats on their return from their adventure.

This was a service in itself surrounded with peril. But the anxious interest of the spectators was the more intensely excited from knowing the fixed determination not to be captured, with which Somers and his companions had set out on an enterprise in itself so full of hazard. They had indulged the confident hope of entering the harbor unperceived by the enemy, but had declared, if the enemy should board them before they reached their destined point in the midst of the shipping and batteries, in such force as to leave them no hope of making good their retreat, they would apply a match to the magazine, and blow themselves and their enemies up together; being determined, as there was no exchange of prisoners, that their country should never pay ransom for them, nor they be the means of furnishing the enemy with a supply of powder, which he greatly needed.

From their position off the entrance of the harbor, the officers and crew of the *Argus, Vixen,* and *Nautilus* watched the progress of the *Intrepid,* and the gallant band that conducted her, with great anxiety. It was soon obvious that she had been discovered by the enemy, by a cannonade being opened on her from the nearest batter-

ies. Soon after, the whole scene was lighted up for a moment with noonday brilliancy; earth, sea, and heaven were shaken with the terrors of the explosion; the hull, spars, and rigging of the *Intrepid* were thrown into the air, and the bursting shells, as they fell thick on every side, mingled their reports with the shrieks of the terrified Tripolitans. In a moment, darkness and silence resumed their mastery over the scene, affording to the anxious watchers no clew to the fate of their companions. The fact of the explosion having occurred before the vessel had reached her destination, without being preceded by the concerted lighting of the fire, which was to serve at once as a terror to the Tripolitans, and to our countrymen as a signal that thus far all had gone well, gave reason to apprehend the worst. Still, while any uncertainty remained, those who, a few minutes before, had parted from their adventurous comrades in health, and in the expectation of glorious success, could not bring themselves to believe that they were so suddenly numbered with the dead.

Throughout the night, every ear and eye was painfully on the alert to catch some tidings of the missing. Officers and crews hung over the hammock cloths, intently looking towards the scene of disaster. Some, suspending themselves from the sides of the vessels, with lanterns level

with the water, hoped that their glancing rays would sooner reveal the object of their earnest search. In darkness and silence, the senses of the eager watcher are easily deceived. Those who watched on this occasion often imagined that they saw the dark forms of coming boats, and glancing oars, or heard their distant jar in the rowlock.

But morning came without the adventurers, and all hope for their safety was converted into despair. One of the largest of the enemy's gunboats had disappeared, and three others were seen much shattered, which the enemy was hauling on shore. From this circumstance Commodore Preble was led to the belief that these boats had been detached as an advance guard from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the *Intrepid,* and that the missing boat had suddenly boarded her, without suspecting her to be a fire ship; when the heroic Somers and his followers, seeing the other boats around him, and no prospect of executing their project and escaping, resolved to prefer death, with the destruction of many of the enemy, to captivity, coupled with the consequence of placing him in possession of a valuable prize; and, determining to perish for their country, since that was the only service they could now render her, putting a match to the magazine, gloriously terminated their existence.

AT AUSTERLITZ. (p. 77)

IV

Napoleon at Austerlitz

By C. STEIN

ON the 21st of November, 1805, a striking and warlike cavalcade was traversing at a slow pace a wide and elevated plateau in Moravia. In front, on a gray barb, rode a short, sallow-faced man with dark hair and a quick, eager glance, whose notice nothing seemed to escape. His dress was covered by a gray overcoat, which met a pair of long riding-boots, and on his head was a low, weather-stained cocked hat. He was followed by a crowd of officers, evidently of high rank, for their uniforms, saddle-cloths, and plumed hats were heavily laced, and they had the bold, dignified bearing of leaders of men. In front and in the flanks of the party were scattered watchful vedettes, and behind followed a strong squadron of picked cavalry in dark green dolmans with furred pelisses slung over their shoulders, and huge fur caps surmounted by tall red plumes.

The leading horseman rode in silence over the plateau, first to one point then to another, examining with anxious care every feature of the

ground. He marked carefully the little village from which the expanse took its name, and the steep declivity which sloped to a muddy stream below. No one addressed him, for he was a man whose train of thought was not to be lightly interrupted. Suddenly, at length, he drew rein, and, turning to the body of officers, said: "Gentlemen, examine this ground carefully. It will be a field of battle, upon which you will all have a part to play." The speaker was Napoleon. His hearers were his generals and staff. He had been reconnoitring, surrounded and guarded by his devoted Chasseurs of the Guard, the plateau of Pratzen, the main part of the arena where was to be fought in a few days the mighty conflict of Austerlitz.

Napoleon's headquarters were then at Brunn. The French host, then for the first time called the "Grand Army," had, at the command of its great chief, in the beginning of September broken up the camps long occupied on the coasts of France in preparation for a contemplated invasion of England, and had directed its march to the Rhine. It was formed in seven corps under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with its cavalry under Prince Murat, and the Imperial Guard as a reserve.

The Rhine was crossed at different points, and

the tide of invasion swept upon the valley of the Danube. From the beginning the movements had been made with a swiftness unprecedented in war. Guns and cavalry had moved in ceaseless and unhalting stream along every road. Infantry had pressed forward by forced marches, and had been aided in its onward way by wheeled transport at every available opportunity. The Emperor had resolved to strike a blow by land against his foes which should counterbalance the several checks which the navy of England had inflicted on his fleets at sea. Austria and Russia were in arms against France, and he was straining every nerve to encounter and shatter their separate forces before they would unite in overwhelming power. The campaign had opened for him with a series of brilliant successes. The veterans of the revolutionary wars, of Italy and of Egypt, directed by his mighty genius, had proved themselves irresistible. The Austrians had been the first to meet the shock, and had been defeated at every point — Guntzberg, Haslach, Albeck, Elchingen, Memmingen — and the first phase of the struggle had closed with the capitulation at Ulm of General Mack with 30,000 men.

But there had been no stay in the rush of the victorious French. The first defeats of the Austrian army had been rapidly followed up.

The main body of the "Grand Army" had, under Napoleon, followed its advanced guard into the heart of Moravia. Its headquarters and immediate base were now at Brunn, but its position was sufficiently critical, at the extremity of a long line of operations, numbering less than 70,000 disposable men, while the Russo-Austrian army in front amounted to 92,000. So rapid had been the movements since the camp at Boulogne was left, that the common saying passed in the ranks that "Our Emperor does not make use of our arms in this war so much as of our legs"; and the result of this constant swiftness had been that many soldiers had fallen to the rear from indisposition or fatigue, and even the nominal strength of corps was thus for the time seriously diminished. It is recorded that in the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard alone there was a deficiency of more than four hundred men from this cause. But all these laggards were doing their best to rejoin the army before the great battle took place which all knew to be inevitable, and in which all were eager to bear their part.

Napoleon had himself arrived at Brunn on the 20th of November, and during the following days till the 27th he allowed his army a measure of repose to enable it to recover its strength after its long toils — to repair its arms, its boots, and

worn material, and to rally every man under its eagles.

On the 27th the French advanced guard was attacked and driven back by the Russians at Wischau, and certain information arrived that this had been done by a portion of the main Russian army under the Emperor Alexander. It had been thought possible by Napoleon that peaceful negotiations might be opened, but this confident advance of his enemies seemed to show that they had by no means lost heart, and when on the 28th he had a personal interview with Prince Dolgorouki, the favorite of Alexander, he found the Russian proposals so insulting and presumptuous that he broke off abruptly any further communication.

It had become certain that the united army of two mighty empires was close at hand. From the tone of Dolgorouki's communication it was evident that both the Russian and Austrian monarchs had resolved to trust their fortunes to the ordeal of battle, and that they, with their generals and soldiery, were eager to retrieve their previous misfortunes, and full of confidence that they would do so. That confidence had been increased by the repulse of the French advanced guard at Wischau; and they now longed to complete their work by pouring their superior num-

bers on the comparatively weak French main body.

With this knowledge before him, Napoleon proceeded to carry out the plan of action which he had carefully matured. To the astonishment of many veterans in his army, a general retreat of his advanced troops was ordered. Murat fell back from Posoritz and Soult from near Austerlitz. But this retrograde movement was short, and they were halted on the ground chosen by Napoleon for his battle-line. The outlying corps of Bernadotte and Davoust were summoned to complete his array. Munitions, food, ambulances were hurried to their appointed posts, and it was announced that the battle would be fought on the 1st or 2d of December.

The line of a muddy stream, called the Goldbach, marked the front of the French army. This stream takes its source across the Olmutz road, and flowing through a dell, of which the sides are steep, discharges itself into the Menitz Lake. At the top of its high left bank stretches the wide Pratzen plateau, and it appeared to Napoleon's staff that he had made an error in relinquishing such a vantage ground to his enemy; but he told them that he had done so of set purpose, saying, " If I remained master of this fine plateau, I could here check the Russians, but then I should only have an ordinary victory;

whereas by giving it up to them and refusing my right, if they dare to descend from these heights in order to outflank me, I secure that they shall be lost beyond redemption."

The two great armies now in presence of each other were markedly unequal in strength — 92,000 men were opposed to 70,000, and the advantage of 22,000 was to the allies. But this inequality was to a great extent compensated by the tactical dispositions of the leader of the weaker force. Of the two antagonist lines, one was wholly exposed to view, the other to a great extent concealed — first advantage to the latter. They formed, as it were, two parallel arcs of a circle, but that of the French was the more compact and uninterrupted — second advantage; and this last was soon to be increased by the imprudent Russian manœuvres. The two armies, barely at a distance of two cannon-shot from each other, had by mutual tacit consent formed their bivouacs, piled arms, fed and reposed peaceably round their fires, the one covered by a thick cloud of Cossacks, the other by a sparse line of vedettes.

Napoleon quitted Brunn early in the morning of the 1st December, and employed the whole of that day in examining the positions which the different portions of his army occupied. His headquarters were established in rear of the centre of his line at a high point, from which could

be seen the bivouacs of both French and allies, as well as the ground on which the morrow's issue would be fought out. The cold was intense, but there was no snow. The only shelter that could be found for the ruler of France was a dilapidated hut, in which were placed the Emperor's table and maps.

The Grenadiers had made up a huge fire hard by, and his travelling carriage was drawn up, in which he could take such sleep as his anxieties would permit. The divisions of Duroc and Oudinot bivouacked between him and the enemy, while the Guard lay around him and towards the rear.

In the late afternoon of the same day Napoleon was watching the allied position through his telescope. On the Pratzen plateau could be seen a general flank movement of Russian columns, in rear of their first line, from their centre to their left and towards the front of the French position at Telnitz. It was evidently supposed by the enemy that the French intended to act only on the defensive, that nothing was to be feared from them in front, and that the allies had only to throw their masses on their right, cut off their retreat upon Vienna, and thus inflict upon them a certain and disastrous defeat. It was forgotten by the Russo-Austrians that in thus moving their principal forces to the left, the centre of their position was weakened, and on the right

their own line of operations and retreat was left entirely unprotected.

When Napoleon detected what was being done, trembling with satisfaction and clapping his hands, he said: "What a manœuvre to be ashamed of! They are running into the trap! They are giving themselves up! Before to-morrow evening that army will be in my hands!" In order still more to add to the confidence of his enemy and to encourage them in the prosecution of their mistaken plan, he ordered Murat to sally forth from his own position with some cavalry, to manœuvre as if showing uneasiness and hesitation, and then to retire with an air of alarm. This order given, he returned immediately to his bivouac, dictated and issued the famous proclamation in which he assured his army that the Austro-Russians were exposing their flank and were offering certain glory to the soldiers of France as a reward for their valor in the coming struggle: he said that he himself would direct their battalions, but that he would not expose himself to danger unless success was doubtful, and he promised that, after their victory, they should have comfortable cantonments and peace.

The evening of the 1st of December closed in. The allied movement towards their left was still continuing, and Napoleon, after renewing his

orders, again visiting his parks and ambulances and satisfying himself by his own observation that all was in order, threw himself on a bundle of straw and slept. About eleven o'clock he was awakened and told that a sharp attack had been made on one of the villages occupied by his right, but that it had been repulsed. This further confirmed his forecast of the allied movements, but, wishing to make a last reconnaissance of his enemy's position, he again mounted, and, followed by Junot, Duroc, Berthier, and some others of his staff, he ventured between the two armies.

As he closely skirted the enemy's line of outposts, in spite of several warnings that he was incurring great risk, he, in the darkness, rode into a picquet of Cossacks. These sprang to arms and attacked him so suddenly that he would certainly have been killed or taken prisoner if it had not been for the devoted courage of his escort, which engaged the Cossacks while he turned his horse and galloped back to the French lines. His escape was so narrow and precipitate that he had to pass the marshy Goldbach stream without choosing his way. His own horse and those of several of his attendants — amongst others Ywan, his surgeon, who never left his person — were for a time floundering helpless in the deep mud, and the Emperor was obliged to make his

way on foot to his headquarters past the fires round which his soldiery were lying. In the obscurity he stumbled over a fallen tree-trunk; and it occurred to a grenadier who saw him, to twist and use some straw as a torch, holding it over his head to light the path of his sovereign.

In the middle of the anxious night, full of disquietude and anticipation, the eve of the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the face of Napoleon, lighted up and suddenly displayed by this flame, appeared almost as a vision to the soldiers of the nearest bivouacs. A cry was raised, "It is the anniversary of the coronation! Vive l'Empereur!" — an outburst of loyal ardor which Napoleon in vain attempted to check with the words, "Silence till to-morrow. Now you have only to sharpen your bayonets." But the same thought, the same cry, was taken up and flew with lightning quickness from bivouac to bivouac. All made torches of whatever material was at hand. Some pulled down the field-shelters for the purpose — some used the straw that had been collected to form their beds; and in an instant, as if by enchantment, thousands of lights flared upwards along the whole French line, and by thousands of voices the cry was repeated, "Vive l'Empereur!" Thus was improvised, within sight of the astonished enemy, the most striking of illuminations, the most memorable of

demonstrations, by which the admiration and devotion of a whole army have ever been shown to its general. It is said that the Russians believed the French to be burning their shelters as a preliminary to retreat, and that their confidence was thereby increased. As to Napoleon, though at first annoyed at the outburst, he was soon gratified and deeply touched by the heartfelt enthusiasm displayed, and said that "This night is the happiest of my life." For some time he continued to move from bivouac to bivouac, telling his soldiers how much he appreciated their affection, and saying those kindly and encouraging words which no one better than he knew how to use.

The morning of the 2d of December began to break. As he buckled on his sword, Napoleon said to the staff gathered round — "Now, gentlemen, let us commence a great day." He mounted, and from different points were seen arriving to receive his last orders the renowned chiefs of his various *corps-d'armée,* each followed by a single aide-de-camp.

It was Napoleon's intention to await and check the enemy's attacks which might be expected on both his flanks, and more especially on his right, while he himself made a determined and formidable forward movement against their centre, where he hoped to cut them in two, and then, from the

dominant position of the Pratzen plateau, turn an overwhelming force against the masses on their too-far-advanced left, which, entangled and cramped in its action among the lakes, would then be crushed or forced to yield as prisoners.

It was eight o'clock. The thick wintry mist hung in the valley of the Goldbach and rolled upwards to the Pratzen plateau. Its obscurity, heightened by the lingering smoke of bivouac fires, concealed the French columns of attack. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry told that the allied attack on the French right had begun and was being strenuously resisted, while silence and darkness reigned over the rest of the line. Suddenly, over the heights, the sun rose, brilliantly piercing the mist and lighting the battle-field — the "Sun of Austerlitz," of which Napoleon ever after loved to recall the remembrance.

The moment of action for the French centre had come, and the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, led by the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, rushed forwards. No influence that could animate the minds of these gallant troops was wanting. They fought directly under the eye of their Emperor. They were led by chiefs in whom they had implicit confidence. Their ardor was fired by the proclamation which had been issued on the previous evening, and the bands

accompanied their regiments, playing the old attack march, —

> " On va leur percer le flanc
> Rataplan, tire lire en plan ! "

The Pratzen height was escaladed at the double, attacked in front and on the right and left, and the appearance of the assailants was so sudden and unexpected, as they issued from the curtain of mist, that the Russians were completely surprised. They had no defensive formation ready, and were still occupied in the movement toward their left. They hastily formed in three lines, however, and some of their artillery were able to come into action. Their resistance was feeble. One after another, their lines, broken by the stern bayonet charge, were driven back in hopeless confusion, and at nine o'clock Napoleon was master of the Pratzen plateau.

Meanwhile, on the left, Lannes and Murat were fighting an independent battle with the Princes Lichtenstein and Bagration. Against them were brought eighty-two squadrons of cavalry under Lichtenstein, supported by the serried divisions of Bagration's infantry and a heavy force of artillery.

The combat was commenced by the light cavalry of Kellermann, which charged and overthrew the Russo-Austrian advanced guard. At-

tacked in turn by the Uhlans of the Grand Duke Constantine, Kellermann retired through the intervals of Caffarelli's division, which, by a well-sustained fire in two ranks, checked the Uhlans and emptied many of their saddles. Kellermann re-formed his division and again charged, supported by Sebastiani's brigade of Dragoons. Then followed a succession of charges by the chivalry of France, led by Murat with all the *élan* of his boiling courage. Kellermann, Walther, and Sebastiani were all wounded, the first two generals seriously. In the last of these charges the 5th Chasseurs, commanded by Colonel Corbineau, broke the formation of a Russian battalion, and captured its standard. Caffarelli's infantry were close at hand, and, pushing forward, made an Austrian battalion lay down its arms. A regiment of Russian Dragoons made a desperate advance to rescue their comrades, and, mistaking them for Bavarians in the smoke and turmoil, Murat ordered the French infantry to cease firing. The Russian Dragoons, thus encountering no resistance, penetrated the French ranks and almost succeeded in taking Murat himself prisoner. But, consummate horseman and man-at-arms as he was, he cut his way to safety through the enemy, at the head of his personal escort.

The allies profited by this diversion to again

assume the offensive. Then came the opportunity for the gigantic Cuirassiers of Nansouty, which hurled the Russian cavalry back upon their infantry, and, in three successive onslaughts, scattered the infantry itself, inflicting terrible losses with their long, heavy swords and seizing eight pieces of artillery. The whole of Caffarelli's division advanced, supported by one of Bernadotte's divisions from the centre, and, changing its front to the right, cut the centre of Bagration's infantry, driving its greater part towards Pratzen, separated from those who still fought at the extremity of their line.

The Austro-Russian cavalry rallied in support of Bagration, who was now hotly pressed by Suchet. Then came a magnificently combined movement of dragoons, cuirassiers, and infantry. The dragoons drove back the Austro-Russian squadrons behind their infantry. Simultaneously followed the levelled bayonets of Suchet's division and the crushing shock of d'Hautpoul's mail-clad warriors. The victory was decided — the Russian battalions were crushed, losing a standard, eleven guns, and 1,800 prisoners. The rout was completed by the rapid advance of the light cavalry brigades of Treilhard and Milhaud on the left, and of Kellermann on the right, which swept away all that encountered them, and drove the shattered allied troops towards the village of

Austerlitz. The Russo-Austrian losses on this part of the field of battle amounted to 1,200 or 1,500 killed, 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners, two standards, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery.

While Napoleon had thus struck a heavy blow at the allied centre and had been completely victorious on his left, his right, under Davoust, was with difficulty holding its own against Buxhowden (who had assumed the command of the columns of Doctorof and Kienmayer), and but that the masses brought against it were unable to deploy their strength it must inevitably have been crushed. Thirty thousand foemen of all arms were pressing in assault upon 10,000 French, already wearied by a long and rapid march to their position at Raygern. But Davoust was able to concentrate what power he had, and to meet at advantage the heads only of the columns which were winding their way along the narrow passes that opened between the lakes and through the marshy ground in his front.

Even so the strain was terrible, and would have been more than less hardy troops under a less able and determined leader could have stood. But Napoleon was quite alive to the necessities of the gallant soldiers who were standing their ground so staunchly. He ordered his reserve of Grenadiers and the Imperial Guard to move up to the support of his right centre and to threaten

the flank of the columns that were attacking Davoust, while he also directed the two divisions of Soult's corps, which had made the attack on the Pratzen plateau against Buxhowden's rear.

It was one o'clock, and at this moment, while the orders just given were being executed, the Russian infantry, supported by the Russian Imperial Guard, made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day near Pratzen, and threw themselves in a fierce bayonet charge on the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, which offered a stout resistance. But, with the Russian Guard ready to join in the combat, the odds against the French divisions were too great. It was the crisis of the day.

Napoleon, from his commanding position, saw before him the Emperor Alexander's guard advancing in dense masses to regain their morning position and to sweep before them his men, wearied and harassed by the day's struggle. At the same time he heard on his right the redoubled fire of the advanced Russian left, which was pressing Davoust and was threatening his rear. From the continued and increasing roar of musketry and artillery it almost seemed as if success must, after all, attend the great flank movement of the allies. Small wonder if even his war-hardened nerves felt a thrill of confusion and anxiety when

he saw another black mass of moving troops dimly appearing through the battle smoke.

"Ha! Can those, too, be Russians?" he exclaimed to the solitary staff-officer whom the exigencies of the day had still left at his side. Another look reassured him, however. The tall bearskins of the moving column showed him that it was his own Guard, which, under Duroc, was moving towards the lakes to the support of Soult and Davoust. His right and rear were, at any rate, so far safe.

But the Russian infantry attack had been followed by a headlong charge of the Chevalier Guards and Cuirassiers of the Russian Guard, under the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander, supported by numerous lines of cavalry. So well led and so impetuous was the attack, that the two battalions on the left of Vandamme's division were broken and swept away in headlong flight. One of these battalions belonged to the 4th of the line, of which Napoleon's brother Joseph was colonel, and the emperor saw it lose its eagle and abandon its position, shattered and destroyed, forming the one dark spot to sully the brilliancy of French steadfastness on that day of self-devotion. The tide of panic-stricken fugitives almost surged against the emperor himself. All efforts to rally them were in vain. Maddened with fear, they heard

not the voices of generals and officers imploring them not to abandon the field of honor and their Emperor. Their only response was to gasp out mechanically: "Vive l'Empereur!" while still hurrying their frantic pace. Napoleon smiled at them in pity; then, with a gesture of contempt, he said: "Let them go!" and, still calm in the midst of the turmoil, sent General Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his Guard. They, with the Grenadiers à Cheval and the Chasseurs of the Guard, now swooped upon the Russian squadrons. The struggle of the *mêlée* was bloody and obstinate between the picked horsemen of Western and Eastern Europe; but the Russian chivalry was at length overwhelmed and driven back with immense loss. Many standards and prisoners fell into the hands of the French, amongst others Prince Repnin, Colonel of the Chevalier Guards. His regiment, whose ranks were filled with men of the noblest families in Russia, had fought with a valor worthy of their name, and lay almost by ranks upon the field. It had been the mark of the giant Grenadiers à Cheval, whose savage war-cry in the great charge had been, as they swayed their heavy sabres, "Let us make the dames of St. Petersburg weep to-day!"

When success was assured, Rapp returned to report to Napoleon — a warlike figure, as he approached, alone, at a gallop, with proud mien,

the light of battle in his eye, his sword dripping with blood and a sabre cut on his forehead.

"Sire, we have overthrown and destroyed the Russian Guard and taken their artillery."

"It was gallantly done; I saw it," replied the Emperor. "But you are wounded."

"It is nothing, sire: it is only a scratch."

"It is another quartering of nobility, and I know of none that can be more illustrious."

Immediately afterwards the young Count Apraxin, an officer of artillery who had been taken prisoner by the Chasseurs, was brought before Napoleon. He struggled, wept, and wrung his hands in despair, crying: "I have lost my battery; I am dishonored: would that I could die!" Napoleon tried to console and soothe him with the words, "Calm yourself, young man, and learn that there is never disgrace in being conquered by Frenchmen."

The French army was now completely successful on its centre and left. In the distance could be seen, retiring towards Austerlitz, the remains of the Russian reserves, which had relinquished hope of gaining the central plateau and abandoned Buxhowden's wing to its fate. Their retreat was harassed by the artillery of the Imperial Guard, whose fire ploughed through their long columns, carrying with it death and consternation. Napoleon left to Murat and Lannes

the completion of their own victory. To Bernadotte, with the greater part of the Guard, he entrusted the final crushing of the enemies who had been driven from the Pratzen plateau; while he himself, with all of Soult's corps, the remainder of his cavalry, infantry, and reserve artillery descended from the heights and threw himself on the rear of the Austro-Russian left near Telnitz and the lakes.

This unfortunate wing — nearly 30,000 men — had in vain striven since the morning to force its way through Devoust's 10,000. Now, still checked in front and entangled in the narrow roads by the Goldbach and the lakes, it found itself in hopeless confusion, attacked and ravaged with fire from three sides simultaneously by Davoust, Soult, Duroc with his Grenadiers, and Vandamme. It fought with a gallantry and sternness which drew forth the admiration of its enemies, but surrounded, driven, overwhelmed, it could not hope to extricate itself from its difficulties.

There was no way of escape open but the Menitz lake itself, whose frozen surface seemed to present a path to safety, and in an instant the white expanse was blackened by the flying multitude. The most horribly disastrous phase of the whole battle was at hand. The shot of the French artillery which was firing on the retreat

broke the ice at many points, and its frail support gave way. The water welled through the cracks and washed over the broken fragments. Thousands of Russians, with horses, artillery, and train, were engulfed in the lake. Few succeeded in struggling to the shore and taking advantage of the ropes and other assistance which their conquerors strove to put within their reach. About 2,000, who had been able to remain on the road between the two lakes, made good their retreat. The remainder were either dead or prisoners.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle was over, and there was nothing left for the French to do but to pursue and collect the spoils of their conquest. This duty was performed with energy by all the commanders except Bernadotte (even then more than suspected of disloyalty to his great chief), who allowed the whole of the Russo-Austrian right, which had been defeated by Lannes and Murat and driven from its proper line of retreat on Olmutz, to defile scatheless past his front and to seek shelter in the direction of Hungary.

After the great catastrophe on the Menitz lake which definitely sealed the issue of the conflict, Napoleon passed slowly along the whole battle-field from the French right to their left.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the Emperor arrived at the Olmutz road, having al-

most felt his way from one wounded man to another as they lay where each attack had been made and each stubborn defence maintained. He passed the night at the small posthouse of Posoritz, supping on a share of the soldiers' rations, which was brought from the nearest bivouac, and issuing order after order about searching for the wounded and conveying them to the field hospitals.

Though many of the most noted leaders in the French army were wounded in the great battle, comparatively few were killed. One of the most distinguished dead was General Morland, who commanded the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His regiment had suffered terrible losses in the charge under Rapp against the Russian Guard, and he himself had fallen, fighting amongst the foremost. Napoleon ordered that the body should be preserved and conveyed to Paris, there to be interred in a specially magnificent tomb which he proposed to build on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The doctors with the army had neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body, so, as a simple means of conservation, they enclosed it in a barrel of rum, which was taken to Paris. But circumstances delayed the construction of the tomb which the Emperor intended for its reception until the fall of the Empire in 1814. When

the barrel was then opened for the private interment of the body by General Morland's relations, they were astonished to find that the rum had made the dead general's moustaches grow so extraordinarily that they reached below his waist.

On the very evening of the 2d December the Emperor of Austria had asked for an interview with Napoleon, and the victor met the vanquished on the 4th. An armistice was signed on the 6th, which was shortly afterwards followed by a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg.

The total losses of the Austro-Russians at Austerlitz were about 10,000 killed, 30,000 prisoners, 46 standards, 186 cannon, 400 artillery caissons, and all their baggage. Their armies practically no longer existed, and only about 25,000 disheartened men could be rallied from the wreck.

In the joy of victory Napoleon showed himself generous to Austria and Russia in the terms which he imposed, and he at once set free Prince Repnin, with all of the Russian Imperial Guard who had fallen into his hands. To his own army he was lavish of rewards and acknowledgments of its valor, and in the famous order of the day which he published he first made use of the well-known expression — "Soldiers, I am content with you." Besides a large distribution of prize-

money to his troops, he decreed that liberal pensions should be granted to the widows of the fallen, and also that their orphan children should be cared for, brought up, and settled in life at the expense of the State.

The campaign of Austerlitz is probably the most striking and dramatic of all those undertaken by Napoleon, and its concluding struggle was the most complete triumph of his whole career. It was the first in which he engaged after assuming the title of Emperor and becoming the sole and irresponsible ruler of France. Unlike the vast masses of men which he directed in subsequent wars, his army was then almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, and its glories belonged to France alone. Though for several years to come the great Emperor's fame was to remain undimmed by the clouds of reverse, it never shone with a brighter lustre than at the close of 1805.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

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V

Nelson at Trafalgar

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

BONAPARTE had made up his mind that Great Britain should once for all be crushed. He formed a great camp at Boulogne ready to invade England, and disposed his fleets so as to destroy those of his enemy. On the 21st of October, 1805, the British fleet — twenty-seven ships of the line under the command of Lord Nelson — fell in with the combined French and Spanish fleet numbering thirty-three ships under the command of Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina off Cape Trafalgar in the southwest corner of Spain.

At 8.30 of that historical morning, De Villeneuve made the signal for his ships to form in close order on the port tack, thereby to bring Cadiz on his lee bow, and facilitate, if necessary, his escape into that port. The order was obeyed clumsily, and what with unskilful seamanship, a light breeze, and a heavy ground swell, the resulting formation was crudely crescent-shaped, the ships clustering in knots and bunches, with great green gaps of tenantless water between them.

And to this thirty-three sail of the line bore down on them in two columns from the windward twenty-seven British war-ships under every stitch of canvas that they could show, yet making a bare three knots with the catspaws that played over the swells.

The English commander-in-chief had hoisted his flag on his old 100-gun ship *Victory,* and in her led the van of the weather column. He was a little, slight, one-armed man, blind of one eye, and most shabbily dressed. The seams of his uniform frock coat were threadbare, the fabric white with sea salt, the gold lace tarnished to black, flattened rags. Amongst the folds of the left breast were four frayed, lack-lustre stars, dull caricatures of what had once been brilliant decorations. He was a most slatternly admiral.

There might be little of Lord Nelson remaining, but of what there was, the quality was excellent. His solitary eye was as bright as that of a bird. His brain was the most perfect sea-brain that ever schemed a tactic. In a ship's company where all were active, none were more active than he. As his vessel lunged over the Atlantic swells, nearing the enemy, he visited all the different decks, overseeing everything himself, addressing the men at their quarters, and cautioning them not to fire a single shot

without being certain that it would find a suitable resting-place.

He spoke in the rough sea-slang of his day, and what he said went home to the hearts of that rough, fighting crew, and a bubble of cheers rippled against his heels throughout all his progress along those narrow 'tween decks. They knew what a fight was, and they knew what a fight that little, shabby man would give them. The joy of battle was as meat and drink to them, and they licked their lips and made their noises in glee, like dogs held back on a chain. Their one wish was for close action.

Amongst the officers on the quarter-deck a different topic was being discussed. They were men without a single thought for their own lives, but their reverence for Lord Nelson was idolatrous, and their fears for him heavy. It seemed to them that on his safety alone depended the success of the day; and as things were going, they knew that it must soon be desperately imperilled.

The *Victory,* both as van-ship of a column, and as bearing at her fore the flag of the commander-in-chief, would inevitably draw down upon herself all the concentrated force of the enemy's first fire, and the slaughter on her decks would be murderously heavy.

It was an awkward task to put this to the admiral, a man notoriously careless of his own

personal safety; but when he returned from his tour of inspection, his anxious officers clustered round him, and one of them spoke the wishes of all.

Would he not allow the *Téméraire,* then close astern, to slip past him, and as van-ship take off the brunt of the first fire?

Nelson laughed, and turned to Hardy, his flag-captain.

"Oh, yes," he said; "let her go ahead if she can."

Captain Hardy faced the taffrail, and hailed the *Téméraire.* His chief, still laughing, ran forward along the decks to the officers in command of the sail-trimmers, giving eager orders — a pull at a brace here, at a sheet there. The *Téméraire* might race him into action, but he would take care that the *Victory* should be first engaged.

"There, Hardy," he said, as he came back to the quarter-deck, "let the 'Temeraires' open the ball if they can — which they most assuredly can't. I think there's nothing more to be done now, is there, till we open fire? Oh, yes, stay a minute, though. I suppose I must give the fleet something as a final fillip. Let me see. How would this do — 'Nelson expects that every man will do his duty'?"

Captain Hardy suggested that "England ex-

pects" would be better, and on Nelson consenting, the message went up flag by flag, and broke out in a dazzle of color at the *Victory's* mizzen topgallant masthead. A hundred telescopes read the bunting, and when the message was translated to the British crews, their wild, exultant cheers spread out over the ocean's swell like the rattle of musketry.

Only one other signal was made, and that was belayed fast to the *Victory's* main truck and stayed there till it was shot away. It read: "Engage the enemy more closely." But it did not incite any special enthusiasm. It was Nelson's customary order on going into action, and was taken entirely as a matter of course. The Island seamen of that day were never chary of coming to hand-grips when they got the chance. They had entire confidence in pike and cutlass and club-butted pistol when wielded by their own lusty selves, and a superb contempt for the physical powers of Don and Frenchman, both of which matters were very serviceable to their success.

It was just before noon that the French *Fougueux* opened fire upon Vice-Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign,* and, as though it had been a signal, the two admirals' flags broke out at their fore-mastheads, and the ships of both fleets hoisted their ensigns. The wind was very light, the sea oil-smooth, with a great ground-

swell setting in from the westward. A glaring sun from out a cobalt sky blazed down on the freshly painted flanks of the French and Spanish ships, and for a moment the fluttering national flags lit the scene with brilliant splashes of red and blue and white and gold. Then the gray powder-smoke filled the air in thicker volumes, and the flags and the ships themselves disappeared in its mist, and only the lurid crimson flashes of the guns shone out to tell that the fight had begun from every battery that had drawn into range.

To the first salute of iron and lead the *Royal Sovereign* made no response in kind. She held grimly on in silence, with her sail-trimmers working as though they were at a peace review; but when she drew astern of the great three-decker *Santa Anna,* the gun-captains of the port batteries drew the lanyards as their pieces bore. The guns were double-shotted, and so great was the precision of their murderous, raking fire that no less than fourteen of the Spaniard's guns were disabled and four hundred of her crew either killed or wounded.

At the same time, in passing, she let fly her starboard broadside into the *Fougueux* in the endeavor to pay her the somewhat similar compliment of raking her from forward aft; but, owing

to the distance and the smoke, that discharge did but comparatively little damage.

"Ah!" said Collingwood to his flag-captain; "they've got off this time, but we'll give them gruel later on. By Jove, Rotheram, this is a sweet place, isn't it? What would Nelson give to be here just now?"

"And," says James, in his history, "by a singular coincidence Lord Nelson, the moment he saw his friend in his enviable position, exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!'"

Having in this way played the overture to the great drama which was to follow, Admiral Collingwood put his helm a-starboard, and ranged so close alongside the *Santa Anna* that their guns were nearly muzzle to muzzle. The cannonade between the two three-deckers was something terrific, but the *Royal Sovereign* soon had more than one opponent battering at her. The *Fougueux* bore up and raked her astern; ahead the *San Leandro* wore and raked her in the other direction; whilst upon the Island ship's starboard bow and quarter were the *San Juste* and *Indomptable,* completing the ring of fire.

Under such a murderous attack any other crew might well have been driven below; but the "Royal Sovereigns" stuck to their guns, and, stripped to the waist, fought them like fiends.

So incessant was the fire that they frequently saw the cannon-shot clash against one another in mid-air; and, moreover, they could congratulate themselves that the ships which ringed them in quite as often hit friend as foe.

Aware at length of this injury which they were receiving from their own fire, and observing that four more British ships were already looming through the battle mist as they bore down to the support of their leader, the four two-deckers, one by one, drew off to attend to other affairs, and the *Royal Sovereign* took up position upon her big opponent's lee bow. The British *Belleisle* threw in a broadside as she passed to the thick of the fight beyond, and then Admiral Collingwood had the Spanish admiral all to himself. Though mounting 112 guns to her opponent's 100, the *Santa Anna's* crew were beginning to learn that in the practical fighting of these guns there were other men who could beat them. Splinters flew, men were cut in half by the raining shot, and spars fell clattering down from aloft, and still the fire kept up. At the end of seventy minutes the *Santa Anna's* masts were all over the side; still her officers would not surrender; and it was not till 2.15 P. M. that she finally struck and was taken in possession.

The *Royal Sovereign* herself was in little better plight. Her mizzenmast she had already lost,

and no sooner did she drive down a little ahead of the prize, to put herself somewhat to rights, than her mainmast went over the starboard side, tearing off two of the lower deck ports in its crashing fall. With foremast shot through in ten places, and rigging in bights and streamers, the victor was almost in as unmanageable a plight as the Spanish three-decker which she had so gallantly fought and captured.

But meanwhile, the hottest centre of the action was elsewhere. Lord Nelson had, time past, in a two-decker, shown with point how little he feared coming in contact with a Spanish first-rater, and the *Santissima Trinidad* — the towering four-decker towards which he first steered — had already known what it was to dread and flee from him. But though on Trafalgar day he directed his course first towards this old opponent, it was not with the intention of attacking her. A Spanish rear-admiral was but poor game when a French vice-admiral commanded the allied fleet, and it was Villeneuve whom he had marked out for his first quarry in that world-famous sea-fight.

The powder-mist was thickening down, and human eyes could not peer far through it. Although every glass on board the *Victory* was quartering the gray haze, not one could discover a ship with the French admiral's flag, and Nelson

fumed with disappointment. The four-decker's flag at the mizzen could be made out, and some signals were occasionally seen at the main of two or three other vessels; but no French ensign flew at the fore to denote an admiral's flag-ship. Often did the little chieftain himself, with his remaining eye, cast a puckered glance toward the Franco-Spanish line in search of that ship which he so lusted to fight and capture; and so lightly did he value personal risk that, though urged more than once on the subject, he would not suffer the hammocks to be stowed one inch higher than usual, preferring rather to risk the pelting of grape and musketry than have his view in any way obstructed.

At last the *Bucentaure* fired a shot at the *Victory,* which then, with studding-sails set on both sides, was making scarcely a knot-and-a-half through the water. The shot fell short, but others followed, and others, until at last one plunged through the belly of a sail.

A minute or so of awful silence followed, and then, as if by signal from the French admiral, the eight weathermost vessels opened upon the *Victory* such a tornado of fire as had never before been borne by one single ship. The wind had died away to a mere breath, and she lifted over the swells with scarcely steerage-way on her. Not a gun could be brought to bear. Her miz-

zen-topmast was shot away, the wheel was smashed, and the ship had to be steered by the tiller in the gun-room. A double-headed shot killed outright eight marines on the poop and wounded some others. And meanwhile the admiral and his flag-captain continued their quarter-deck promenade as though dinner required digestion and a sea-battle was the last thing in the world to trouble their thoughts.

Presently a shot smashed through the launch as she lay on the booms, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, bruised the left foot of the latter, tearing the buckle from his shoe. They both instantly stopped and looked inquiringly, each supposing the other to be wounded.

"Neither touched? Lucky!" said Nelson. "We're getting it now, aren't we? But this work is too warm to last long, Hardy. We'll give it 'em back directly, and then they'll see our lads know how to hand back punishment as well as take it. By Jove, aren't the crew behaving beautifully? I've been in one or two fights in my time, but I never saw such pluck as this ship's company is showing to-day."

"They're behaving splendidly," replied Hardy. "And they'll be using themselves directly, please the Lord. But the enemy are clos-

ing up their line. Look! we can't get through without running one of them aboard."

"I can't help that," replied Nelson; "and I don't see it much matters which we tackle first. Take your choice. Go on board which you please."

By this time the *Victory* had a loss of fifty men in killed and wounded, her studding-sail booms were shot off at the iron like carrots, and her canvas was like fishing-nets; but now she began to pay back in kind what she had received. A forecastle 68-pounder carronade, loaded with a round shot and 500 musket-balls, was delivered through the *Bucentaure's* cabin-windows as an envoy of what was coming — to wit, a treble-shotted broadside at fathom range. The effect of this terrible salute was to disable 400 men and 20 guns, and reduce the *Bucentaure* to a comparatively defenceless state. Then the British ship went on and engaged the *Neptune* and the *Redoutable.*

The *Neptune,* not liking the look of things, kept her distance; so Hardy ported his helm and laid the *Victory* alongside the *Redoutable,* where she was soon pinned by the interfouling of their gear. The French, when they saw collision inevitable, shut their lower-deck ports and fired from them no more; but whilst the ships' black flanks ground against one another to the

liftings of the swell, the British fought their guns like men possessed, and dashed water after the shots lest their hoped-for prize should catch fire before she was taken.

But the *Redoutable* had by no means surrendered yet. The fire from her upper decks continued, and a still more destructive fire poured down from the brass swivels mounted in her tops. It was a ball from one of these last which has rendered the battle off Trafalgar shoals doubly memorable in history.

As they had been doing all through the engagement, Lord Nelson and his flag-captain were continuing their parade up and down the centre of the poop-deck. With his usual disregard for personal comfort when the claims of the service came in, Nelson had caused his cabin skylight to be removed when he hoisted his flag on the *Victory,* and the gap filled in with planking. This gave an uninterrupted passageway between the two lines of guns. They had arrived within one pace of the regular turning spot at the cabin ladder-way, when the admiral suddenly faced about. Hardy turned also, and saw his chief in the act of falling.

"You're never hit?" he cried.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"Oh! I hope not."

"Yes," replied the admiral, quietly, "my backbone is shot through."

And that, indeed, was very near the truth.

But admiral or powder-boy, in action the treatment is much the same. A marine and two seamen took the wounded man below, and the fight went on without a check. The fire from the *Redoutable's* tops as well as from her second-deck guns, which were pointed upwards, proved terribly destructive, and nearly the whole of the men and officers on the *Victory's* upper deck fell killed or wounded.

The French were not slow to perceive their chance. The bellying curve of the two ships prevented their stepping from bulwark to bulwark, but they lowered their mainyard for a bridge, and across that streamed over to the assault.

"Boarders repel boarders!"

The cry was yelled through the 'tween decks by furious panting officers, and the half-naked men, filthy with gun-powder and blood, streamed up the hatchways in answer. With axe and pike, pistol and cutlass, rammer and tearing fingers, they made their onset; and though the French fought like wolves to retain a footing, the Islanders ravened at them like bulldogs so long as one remained alive upon their sacred deck planks.

Another thirty of the *Victory's* crew were put

outside the combat by repelling that gallant assault.

It was the *Redoutable's* final effort. For some time before she had been engaging the *Téméraire* on her port side, and now the British ship, getting athwart her bows, lashed her bowsprit to his gangway and raked her till she surrendered. She had only her foremast left standing, and out of a crew of 643 had 300 killed and 222 wounded, including nearly every one of her officers. But of the ships on the losing side that day, the *Redoutable* fought the best fight of all.

The *Téméraire* herself had meanwhile been getting badly mauled in the rigging, and as her gaff had been shot away, her ensign had fluttered to the deck. Observing this, the French *Fougueux,* then for the moment disengaged, and with 680 men still unhurt, fancied she saw a good opportunity for taking a prize, and bore down upon her. The *Téméraire* was quite prepared. Whilst Hervey, her captain, devoted his attention to the *Redoutable* to port, Kennedy, his first lieutenant, assembled a portion of the crew to starboard, and manned the starboard batteries. They delivered their fire at 100 yards. Crippled and confused, the *Fougueux* ran foul of the British ship and was lashed there, and then Kennedy, accompanied by two midshipmen and a

couple of dozen seamen and marines, boarded her in the port main rigging.

A madder, more reckless piece of work was, perhaps, not done in all that desperate day. The Frenchman had quite 500 men left sound and scatheless; and yet that handful of "Temeraires," by sheer dash and insane valor, drove these before them with the bare steel, slaying many, and forcing the rest overboard or down the hatchways; so that in ten minutes the great French two-decker was entirely their own.

Every vessel of both fleets was now fast and furiously engaged. Attacked by the *Nèptune,* the *Leviathan,* and the *Conqueror,* the *Bucentaure,* which proved to be the ship of the commander-in-chief of the allies, was compelled to strike her flag, and a marine officer and five men went off to take possession.

De Villeneuve and his two captains offered their swords to the marine, but he, thinking it more properly belonged to his captain to disarm officers of their rank, declined the honor of receiving them. Having secured the magazine and put the key in his pocket, and placed one of his men as sentry at each cabin door, the marine clapped the admiral and captains in his boat, and with his three remaining hands pulled away. The *Conqueror,* however, had proceeded elsewhere in chase, but at length the boatload was

picked up by the *Mars,* her sister ship. Lieutenant Hennah, however, the acting commander of the *Mars,* had no nice scruples about illustrious prisoners. He curtly ordered De Villeneuve and his friends below, and went on fighting.

One after another, eleven of the nineteen ships composing the rear of the allies had been captured and one burnt, while seven quitted the line and ran to leeward. The burnt ship was the French 74 *Achille,* which, in passing encounters with other craft, had lost her mizzenmast, maintopmast, and foreyard, and was also on fire in her foretop. Her fire-engine had been wrecked by a gunshot, and as the flames could not be extinguished, the only alternative was to cut away the mast in its entirety, so that it might fall clear of the ship. The crew were about to do this when a furious broadside from the *Prince* cut the mast in two about its centre, and the wreck with its spouting flames fell directly upon the boats in the waist. These soon caught fire also, and the blaze bit into the wooden fabric of the ship itself and crept hungrily down to the decks below.

The *Prince,* seeing what had befallen her antagonist, ceased fire and hove-to, and then, with the *Swiftsure,* hoisted out all the boats left that would float, to save the *Achille's* crew. It was a dangerous service, because the guns of the

blazing ship fired of their own accord when the fire reached them, and the *Swiftsure's* boats had three men killed by the shot. That the *Achille* had already suffered heavy loss may be judged from the fact that her senior surviving officer was a midshipman. He, however — poor fellow! — perished with most of his crew when the ship exploded. But to his credit be it said that the *Achille* went down with her colors flying, an untaken ship.

And now let us return for a minute and look at the British commander-in-chief. Though conscious of having been smitten by his death-wound, and being in the most excruciating agony of body, his thoughts were still for the fleet's success rather than for himself. As the three bearers were carrying him down the steep ladders to the lower deck, he observed that at least a dozen men were trying to control the jumpings of the tiller, by which the *Victory* had been steered since her wheel was shot away. He sharply bade one of those with him to get relieving tackles rigged without delay; and then another thought struck him. At any moment any of the men who were fighting the guns might recognize him; might pass the word along; and the crew, on hearing that the chief whom they so worshipped had fallen, would be damped and disheartened.

In another man this might have been egotism

— in Nelson it was a just recognition of the facts; and when with his one remaining hand he spread a handkerchief over his face, so that the features might not be recognized, he proved how truly he had at heart the interests of the day.

The scene in the cockpit to which the dying man was carried was a thing which we can, happily, never reproduce again in real life nowadays. Picture a small wooden den, alive with the writhings of the wounded, and cumbered with dismembered limbs; the warm, sour air thick with dust and powder-smoke; foul cockroaches shambling along the beams, and frightened rats scuttling behind the ceiling. And in the thick of it all, by the light of three miserable "purser's dips" in dull horn-windowed lanterns, which barely made darkness visible with their smoky yellow gleam, were the surgeon and his mates sweating, swearing, slashing, all splashed with horrid red, "turning out Greenwich pensioners" (as the phrase ran then) of every poor wretch who came alive into their hands. There was little conservative surgery in 1805. If a limb was wounded, off it came. There was no reducing a fracture; and — there were no anæsthetics. The surgeon was like the times, rough-and-ready; and whilst he plied saw and amputating knife, his lusty mates pinned down the shrieking victim like an ox in the shambles.

The admiral received all the attention this poor place could give. He was laid on a spread-out hammock bed, which rested on the deck planks, stripped of his clothes, and examined by Beatty, the surgeon. The diagnosis was only too certain: there was not a vestige of hope; and his life would be hours of anguish and torment till death gave him lasting ease.

The deck beams above him buckled and creaked to the working of the guns; the deck planks on which he rested swung to the kick of furious broadsides; and the din of the fight drowned the moanings of the maimed around him. Between the maddening spasms of torture, the battle's outcome was his sole thought during that terrible lingering in the gateway of Death. Again and again he sent anxious messages to his flag-captain, but it was not till more than an hour after the admiral had received his wound that Captain Hardy could find a moment's respite from his duties in order to visit the cockpit.

They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said:

"Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my lord. We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemies' ships in our possession. But five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*. I

have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy?"

"No, my lord. There is small fear of that."

"Well, I am a dead man, Hardy, but I am glad of what you say. Oh, whip them now you've got 'em; whip them as they've never been whipped before."

Another fifty minutes passed before the flag-captain could come below again, but this time he was able to report that the number of captures was fourteen or fifteen.

"That's better," replied the dying man, "though I bargained for twenty. And now, anchor, Hardy — anchor."

"I suppose, my lord, that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, raising himself on his elbow and then falling back. "No; I command here — yet. No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy."

"Then shall *we* make the signal, my lord?"

"Yes," said Nelson, "for, if I live, I'll anchor." There was a silence of a minute, broken only by the dull booming of guns, and then, in a

faint voice, "I say, Hardy," whispered the admiral.

"Yes."

"Don't have my poor carcase hove overboard. Get what's left of me sent to England, if you can manage it. Good-by, Hardy. I've done my duty, and I thank God for it."

The flag-captain could not speak. He squeezed his chieftain's hand, and left the cockpit; and ten minutes later Horatio, Viscount Nelson, stepped in rank with the world's greatest warriors who are dead.

The news was taken to the *Royal Sovereign*, and Vice-Admiral Collingwood assumed the command. Hardy carried it himself, and at the same time delivered Lord Nelson's dying request that both the fleet and prizes should come to an anchor as soon as practicable. An on-shore gale was imminent, the shoals of Cape Trafalgar were under their lee, and scarcely a ship was left fully rigged. Many, indeed, were entirely dismasted, and in tow either of the frigates or of their less-mauled fellows. But, bosom friends though they had always been, Nelson and Collingwood were diametrically opposed in their plans of proceeding. "What!" the new admiral exclaimed when he heard the message, "anchor the fleet? Why, it is the last thing I should have thought of."

The fleet was not anchored, and the British

ships and their prizes were ordered to stand out to sea. But the rising gale moaned round them as though singing a dirge for the dead, and the power of the elements was more than a match for the most superb seamanship on all the oceans. Out of eighteen prizes captured, four were retaken by the allied ships, which swooped down on their worn-out prize crews; some were driven ashore and wrecked; some foundered at sea with all hands; one was scuttled; and of the total only four were brought safely to the British naval station in Gibraltar Bay.

But the sea power of France and her ally was broken for good, and with it was made the first real move towards the overthrow of Napoleon. The victory was due to the prestige and genius of one man, and he died in the moment of his triumph. He was accorded a magnificent national funeral, a niche in Westminster Abbey, and statues all over the Islands whose safety he so gallantly preserved. His failings are forgotten; his name is a household word —*sans peur, et sans reproche.*

VI

Napoleon at Iéna — 1806

By D. H. PARRY

THE October of 1806 was a splendid month — a slight frost during the nights, but the days magnificent, with white cumuli rolling across the blue, when the blue was not entirely unclouded; and on the 8th day of that eventful month the French advanced in three great columns into the rocky valleys that led from Franconia to Saxony: an army — when the cavalry and artillery of the Guard joined it — of 186,000 men, led by masters in the art of war.

The Emperor accompanied the centre column, composed of the infantry of the Guard, under Lefebvre, husband of the well-known "Madame Sans-Gêne," Bernadotte's 1st Corps, Davout's 3d Corps, and Murat's Cavalry Reserve; the whole marching by Kronach on the road to Schleitz and Iéna.

The right column, consisting of Soult's 4th and Ney's 6th Corps, with a Bavarian division, set out for Hoff by forced marches, and the left, made up of Lannes with the 5th Corps and

MURAT AT IENA. (*p.* 126)

Augereau with the 7th, turned its face towards Coburg, Gräfenthal, and Saalfeld.

His hereditary foe, the Prussians, to the number of 125,000, which did not include garrisons and sundry detached forces, were also divided into three bodies: General Rüchel with the right, 30,000, being on the Hessian frontier about Eisenach; the main army of 55,000, under Brunswick and the King in person, around Magdeburg; and the left wing, under Hohenlohe, 40,000 strong, being advanced towards the enemy round and about the fortified places of Schleitz, Saalfeld, Saalburg, and Hoff.

Their motive was to cut off Napoleon from his base in the Maine valley; but as soon as they heard that his march was directed toward their left and centre, they changed their plans and attempted a concentration about Weimar, which exposed their magazines, threw their flank invitingly open to the enemy, and necessitated marches by cross-roads and byways in a country of which, extraordinary fact, their staff possessed no reliable map!

While this movement was in progress the French came upon them, and struck the first blow at the little town of Saalburg, where a portion of Hohenlohe's men under General Tauenzien were entrenched behind the river.

The fight was short and sharp, but the effect

upon the Prussians — who left 2,000 muskets behind them in their flight, nearly 500 prisoners, and 300 killed and wounded — was serious.

Murat still pushed on, and next day, the 10th, Lasalle captured the enemy's baggage, and a pontoon train, Napoleon writing that the cavalry "was saddled in gold"; but on the same day a much more important engagement took place at Saalfeld between the French left, under Marshal Lannes and Prince Louis, who commanded Hohenlohe's rear-guard.

Several days of fighting ensued, during which the Prussian forces continually fell back before the French advance. At Saalfeld they lost thirty guns, a thousand prisoners, and a similar number of killed and wounded, together with a quantity of baggage; but these were only the shadows of coming events, and the French columns moved on swiftly, learning by the capture of the post-bag that the enemy were moving on Weimar from Erfurt.

Hohenlohe's troops were ordered to place the hills and forests of Thuringia between them and the victorious foe, and, worn out by marching, were struggling on in the midst of wagon-trains and bad roads, when fugitives from Saalfeld spread terror among them, and they fled in disorder across the Saale into Iéna.

A strong barrier now intervened between the

two armies, French and Prussian, the river Saale flowing, approximately, northward to the Elbe through hilly country, and only passable to an army at five points where there were bridges — viz. at Iéna, Löbstadt, Dornburg, Camburg, and Köser, the latter place opposite Naumburg.

The Prussians having gone helter-skelter across that river at Iéna, they were virtually hemmed in an angle, formed by the Thuringian Mountains to the south and the Saale to the west, so that as their fortresses, their remaining magazines, and their very capital lay open to the enemy, they had but two alternatives — either to make another long flank march to the line of the Elbe or to stay where they were and defend the Saale and its fringe of hills.

The Duke of Brunswick, however, seems to have had a genius for keeping himself out of harm's way; and leaving Hohenlohe to defend the heights of Iéna, though with strict orders not to attack, and Rüchel to collect the outlying forces at Weimar, he set off with his five divisions, bag and baggage, to pass the Saale at Naumburg and reach the line of the Elbe, hastened in this fatal decision by the news of Davout's advance on Naumburg — in other words, he ran away with sixty-five thousand men and left others to do the fighting.

On the 13th of October the army started —

ominous date for the superstitiously inclined; and on the same day Napoleon, expecting to find the entire enemy before him, set out from Gera for Iéna, having despatched Montesquiou, one of his *officiers d'ordonnance,* to the King of Prussia with proposals of peace — in reality to gain time for his troops to come up.

It was, to a great extent, a game of cross-purposes; for Brunswick, anticipating a free passage at Naumburg, found Davout and *death;* Napoleon, expecting the whole Prussian army beyond Iéna, found only its rear-guard; and Hohenlohe, looking for Lannes and Augereau, received the full weight of the Emperor himself with the bulk of his forces.

Lannes preceded the Emperor, and had a sharp skirmish with Tauenzien beyond the little university town of Iéna (or Jena), and when Napoleon arrived some of the quaint gabled houses were burning — ignited, it is said, by the Prussian batteries.

Iéna nestles under the lee of a range of hills, the most important being the Landgrafenberg; and the highroad to Weimar runs through a difficult valley named the Mühlthal from the paper-mill which stood there.

Having no mind to force that defile, which determined men might have rendered a veritable Thermopylæ, the Emperor made a reconnais-

sance with Lannes under fire to find some means of carrying the army over the hills on to the plateau beyond, where he should find the Prussians and a natural battle-ground.

Lannes's tirailleurs had captured a pass, but it was useless for artillery; and it was a Saxon parson, exasperated at the sight of the burning town, who pointed out a path on the Landgrafenberg itself, by which, with the help of the sappers, the French could get up their guns.

For this action the worthy man endured such after persecution that he was obliged to leave the country and reside in Paris.

How they cut away the rock and hauled each cannon to the summit with teams of twelve horses apiece, how the battery that was to open fire next morning stuck fast in the dark and was assisted by Napoleon with a lantern in his hand, is well known, and nowhere is it better told than in the pages of "Tom Burke of Ours," which, in spite of its numerous errors, remains one of the most magnificent pictures of Napoleonic times ever penned.

During the long, cold night the Prussian bivouac fires lit up the horizon beyond the hill-tops, but those of the *Grande Armée* made only a faint gleam high up on the crest of the mountain, and the enemy saw nothing to warn them that forty thousand men were tightly packed

there, the crossbelts of one almost touching the cowskin pack of his front rank.

Suchet's division lay waiting for dawn with its right on the Rauhthal ravine; Gazan lurked on the left before the village of Cospoda, four thousand of the Guard formed a huge square, in the centre of which the Emperor snatched a short repose, and the engineers were busy widening the Steiger path for the passage of the guns.

Captain Cogniet, then a private in the Grenadiers of the Guard, has told us how twenty men per company were allowed to descend into the narrow streets of the deserted town below them to search for food; how they found it in plenty, together with good wine in the cellars of the hotels, each grenadier bringing back three bottles, two in his fur cap, and one in his pocket, with which they drank to the health of the King of Prussia; how they imbibed hot wine all night, carrying it to the artillery, who were half-dead with fatigue; and — ingenuous Cogniet! — confessing that the Guard up on the mountain side were all more or less elevated in a double sense.

At last the morning came, but with it a fog so thick that the enemy were invisible.

Napoleon had been astir at four o'clock, and having sent his final orders to his marshals, issued from the curtains of his blue and white

striped tent, and passed before Lannes's corps by torchlight.

"Soldiers," said he, "the Prussian army is turned as the Austrian was a year ago at Ulm. . . . Fear not its renowned cavalry; oppose to their charges firm squares and the bayonet."

The cheers of the soldiers still carried no warning to the Prussian lines. Their hussars had intercepted Montesquiou during the night, and arguing from his message of peace that there would be no fighting on the 14th, the army had made no provision even for the day's rations, and lay in the fog in fancied security.

Then, about six, when the mist lightened, came a rude awakening. The 17th Léger and a chosen battalion, under Claparède, crept forward in single line, flanked by the 34th and 40th in close column, commanded by Reille, with the 64th and 88th, under Vedel, in their rear — in short, Suchet's division making silently for Closwitz, while Gazan felt his way towards Cospoda on Suchet's left.

With Gazan were the 21st Léger, and the 28th, 100th, and 103d of the Line, and the two divisions enveloped in the fog drew nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting foe until, after they had groped their way for nearly an hour, Claparède suddenly received the fire of Zweifel's Prussian battalion and the Saxon ones of Fred-

erick Augustus and Rechten, seeing only the flash of musketry from the wood that surrounded Closwitz.

The 17th returned the fire warmly, firing into the vapor before them, but when they saw the trees looming up in front, Claparède charged and bayoneted them out of wood and village.

Gazan was also successful in his attack on Cospoda, and, advancing farther, took the hamlet of Lutzenrode from the enemy's fusiliers; but a withering fire was soon opened on both divisions by Cerrini's Saxons, which they sustained for some time until the 34th, which had relieved the 17th, went at them with the bayonet and put them to flight, a disorder which carried the rest of Tauenzien's corps away, leaving twenty cannon and a host of fugitives in the hands of Lannes, who followed at a swinging pace down hill after the cowards.

In less than two hours they had cleared their front for the army on the heights to deploy. A lull came about nine o'clock, and before the action was resumed Ney had arrived at speed; Soult with one division took post behind Closwitz; and Augereau, who was then lamenting the loss of his amiable wife, after pushing Heudelet, his guns, and cavalry along the Mühlthal towards Weimar, left the Gibbet Hill with Des-

jardin and placed himself on Gazan's left among the fine fir woods that clothed the plateau.

The mist was rising and promised to break, but it was yet some time before the sun shone brightly.

Prince Hohenlohe, whom disaster seemed to pursue, galloped to his troops, who were encamped on the Weimar road awaiting the French left wing as they thought, where Tauenzien's fugitives soon alarmed him, and called forth his better qualities to prepare for a general action.

Hurrying the Prussian infantry under Grawert to occupy Tauenzien's lost positions, he posted two Saxon brigades under Burgsdorf and Nehroff, Boguslauski's Prussian battalion, and a strong force of artillery to hold the Weimar road to the death, with Cerrini, who had rallied and been reinforced by four Saxon battalions, in support.

Dyherrn, with five battalions, acted as reserve to Grawert. Tauenzien was rallied a long way to the rear, and Holzendorf, who formed Hohenlohe's left, was ordered to attack the French right, while he himself should fall on their centre with cavalry and guns, pending the arrival of Rüchel from Weimar.

The heights above Iéna, the ravines, and the dense woods were capable of the most stubborn defence, and the French would have had to *fight*

climbing; but the passage of the Landgrafenberg had altered everything, and as the sun shone out about ten o'clock Hohenlohe saw an astonishing spectacle.

The enemy stretched in dark masses along the high ground on *his own* side of the mountain, outnumbering him in the proportion of two to one, outflanking him to left and right, and prepared to foam down the slope and sweep him off the face of the earth.

Nor did the foe allow him much time to digest the surprise; for the impetuous Ney, who had hurried forward with 3,000 men and deployed in the mist between Lannes and Augereau, flung himself upon the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen in the very centre of the battlefield, and anticipated the Emperor's orders for a renewal of the fight.

Soult with St. Hilaire's division advanced from Löbstadt and constituted the French right; Lannes, with Suchet and Gazan, formed the centre, and Augereau, having scrambled out of the Mühlthal, menaced Iserstädt on the left; the Guard and the artillery being in rear, and Murat's cavalry marching to join the army.

Indignant at the firing in his front, Napoleon sent to learn from which corps it proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find that Ney, whom he supposed to be still in the rear, was engaging on his own account.

Ney's troops were the 25th Léger under Colonel Morel, two battalions formed of the *compagnies d'elite* of several regiments, and Colbert's light cavalry brigade, formed of the 3d Hussars and 10th Chasseurs-à-cheval; and with these the marshal attacked Hohenlohe with his usual bravery, leading them, as his aide-de-camp tells us, " like a corporal of voltigeurs."

Hohenlohe's horse-artillery was in position, and the 10th Chasseurs, forming under cover of a little wood, darted out upon it, and took seven guns at one swoop under a fearful fire; but while they were sabring away, the Prussian cuirassiers of Holzendorf and Prittzwitz's dragoons came down with a thunderous rush, and the 10th went about.

The 3d Hussars, forming behind the same trees, spurred on the Prussian flank and checked the cuirassiers for a moment, but had to retreat in their turn; and Ney, throwing his infantry into two squares, found himself in a bad case at the moment when Napoleon reached a height overlooking the conflict.

Sending Bertrand to Ney's assistance with two light cavalry regiments, probably the 9th and 10th Hussars, he ordered up Lannes; and the gallant Ney made an heroic struggle to hold his own, pushing his grenadiers to the clump of trees

that had sheltered his horsemen, and flinging his voltigeurs at Vierzehn-Heiligen itself.

Up came Lannes at the head of the 21st Léger, and as Grawert deployed before the village in magnificent order, opening a terrible fire, Lannes led five of Claparède's and Gazan's regiments to outflank him.

In every part of the field the crash of musketry and the boom of heavy cannon resounded. Napoleon still believed he had the entire Prussian army before him, and the stubborn resistance justified that opinion.

The Prussian regiments of Zathow and Lanitz covered themselves with glory before Vierzehn-Heiligen. The cuirassiers were true to their traditions of Seidlitz and the Seven Years' War; but inch by inch the French gained ground, although it was an hour after midday before they obtained a permanent advantage.

Hares fled terrified about the stubble fields, the soldiers cheering them as they fought. The October woods were strewn with dead men among the fallen leaves, and the hollow ways were full of smoke.

Thanks to the Prussian horse, Hohenlohe took some guns, and his hopes were so far raised that he wrote to Rüchel, "At this moment we beat the enemy at all points."

He soon learned, however, that Soult had al-

most annihilated his left wing, and Augereau and Lannes under his own eyes drove back his right more than half a mile.

The brave man appeared everywhere at once: now heading his cuirassiers, now encouraging the infantry, again peering through the clouds that hung before the batteries; but it was all to no purpose. Grawert was badly wounded, Dyherrn's five battalions fled before Augereau, and with a tremendous rolling of drums the whole French army, the Guard included, advanced down the slope, about two in the afternoon.

Hohenlohe's next letter to Rüchel was significant. "Lose not a moment in advancing with your as yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through your openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle." In vain Rüchel arrived at last with 20,000 men; Soult fell upon him and they made a poor stand, the growing rout already communicating itself to the newcomers.

The French musicians played under the heavy fire; Rüchel was seriously hurt; Hohenlohe's own regiment and the grenadiers of Hahn gave way; and, most terrible of all, Murat and his cavalry came on the scene and overwhelmed everything in a whirlwind of slaughter.

No battle can show a carnage more merciless

and horrible than that surge of heavy horsemen among the flying Prussians after Iéna.

They spared nothing in their path, and every one of those fifteen thousand long swords was red with blood from point to hilt.

Rüchel's men had the double misfortune to meet both the victorious French and their flying countrymen in a disorganized mass rolling down hill, and though here and there individual battalions fought bravely to the last, panic seized the whole army and it tore madly to the rear.

Brown-and-gold hussars of Anhalt Pless; light infantry in green jackets piped with red; white Saxon hussars and grim dragoons with the bristle taken out of their moustaches, all mingled in a shocking, terror-stricken mob, covering the roads and fields for miles; Murat's cuirassiers and dragoons slashing and slaying until compelled to halt from very weariness.

Many colors were taken in that pursuit, and two curious incidents are worthy of record: Quartermaster Humbert of the 2d Dragoons captured a standard, but was killed by three musket-balls, seeing which, the dragoon Fauveau leaped to the ground, rescued the prize, and carrying it to his colonel under a hail of shot, said, modestly, "It was the Quartermaster Humbert who took this flag," for which he received the Cross the same day.

The other instance was that of Colonel Doullembourg of the 1st Dragoons, who was unhorsed and momentarily captured, in the confusion his name appearing in the bulletin as killed.

"It is not worth the trouble of alteration," said Berthier, when he protested; and, oddly enough, the mistake was still further perpetuated after the Polish campaign; for certain squares and streets of Paris being named after the officers who fell at Iéna, a Rue Doullembourg came into existence, and again the colonel protested.

"What!" said Berthier, "would you have me give back to the Emperor an order so honorable to you? No; live in the Rue Doullembourg and establish your family there."

That night Soult bivouacked round Schwabsdorf; Ney at Weimar, where the rest of his corps joined him, the 59th, as an instance of the fatigue they had endured in their efforts to arrive, lying exhausted for half an hour before they recovered energy sufficient to light a fire; Lannes halted between Umpferstädt and Ober Weimar; and Marshal Augereau took up his quarters in the house of the Prince of Weimar's head-gardener, where, after twenty-four hours of fasting and fighting, they found nothing to eat but pine-apples and hothouse plums.

Napoleon returned to Iéna for the night, where he received the professors of the univer-

sity, and rewarded the Saxon clergyman to whom he owed so much; and there he composed the Fifth Bulletin, one of the most mendacious of his productions.

It is also recorded that he crossed the battle-field and administered brandy with his own hands to many of the wounded.

But Iéna, sanguinary as it was, was not *the* battle of the campaign. Another action had been fought near Auerstädt at the same moment, which broke up the main body of the enemy, and covered Davout with a glory for which he was not allowed his full meed of praise.

The Prussian army of the centre marched leisurely towards the Saale, taking no heed to the whereabouts of Davout and Bernadotte, flattering itself that it was out of danger, and bivouacking about Auerstädt on the night of the 13th with empty stomachs.

The Prussian patrols gave warning of their approach to a battalion of the 25th of the Line, which Davout had posted where the great high road winds down the defile of Köser to the bridge across the Saale; and Davout, whose extreme short sight made him remarkably minute in his reconnaissances, rode up with his staff in the evening to investigate how matters stood.

Learning from some prisoners that the Prussian centre was before him, he ordered his corps

to march at midnight and occupy the heights between the enemy and the river over which he must pass, and went to Bernadotte to concert measures with him.

Then one of those strange things happened which often sully the page of history and the fame of great men. Bernadotte chose to interpret certain orders of Napoleon's to his own liking, an old quarrel existing between the two marshals.

In the belief that a force of 80,000 men (for Brunswick's army was magnified to that number) menaced a post to be held at all hazards, the future King of Sweden carried off his corps of over 20,000 to Dornburg, and left Davout with 28,756 to bear the entire brunt of the battle.

Brunswick's army not having been as yet engaged may be justly estimated at close upon 66,000. Consequently Davout's task was heroic, and he set about it with that methodical care which distinguished all his actions, and nobly earned his title of Duke of Auerstädt.

Between the bridge of Köser and the village of Auerstädt, which lies ten miles southwest of Naumburg and about twelve due north of Iéna, there is a natural hollow intersected by a rivulet, through which the high road runs, and after passing through Hassenhausen on the Naumburg

side of the hollow, descends by the defile of Köser to the Saale.

To this position Davout marched in the darkness of the early morning, and formed Friant's division on the edge of the dip at six o'clock as Blücher's advance-guard of cavalry reached the other ridge.

The fog was so dense that the combatants could not see each other, and Blücher's troopers, after crossing the basin and pushing up the opposite slope, fell in with Davout's light horse, and exchanged pistol-shots, losing a few prisoners.

As both sides paused and the French chasseurs fell back behind their infantry, the 25th of the Line unlimbered some guns and fired grape into the valley below.

Blücher's party retreated, leaving a battery in Davout's hands, and the Prussian staff held an anxious council near the rivulet which they had passed with Schmettau's division forming their van.

Brunswick, as usual, advised caution and to wait, but was overruled by the King and Marshal Möllendorff.

Meanwhile, Davout had posted Gudin about Hassenhausen, especially to the French right of that village, and filled a fir plantation with tirail-

leurs, who gave Schmettau a warm welcome as he deployed and advanced.

When the fog lifted and they saw Gudin on the ridge, Blücher made a détour and charged his flank with a cloud of cavalry; but the 25th, 21st, and 12th of the Line formed squares, a general in each, Davout himself hovering about them to direct their efforts, and Blücher led four desperate rushes in vain, getting his horse shot under him and retreating in disorder.

The 25th was one of those regiments which Napoleon had recently clothed in white as an experiment, abandoned after Eylau in consequence of the fearful spectacle the blood-bedabbled field presented. Its facings were bright orange, as were also its towering plumes.

While his cavalry hastened the retreat of Blücher, Davout concentrated Gudin in Hassenhausen, placed Friant on its right and Morand, when he arrived, on the left, an arrangement hardly completed when the Prussians, reinforced by the divisions of Wartensleben and Orange, attacked with great fury.

Wartensleben, in particular, attempted to rush the village, and there was some ghastly work with the bayonet in the street and gardens, but the 85th, 25th, and 21st held it well.

From nine o'clock until ten the attack lasted, both sides displaying magnificent bravery.

Gudin lost half his men, all the divisions suffered severely, but the Prussians had also to lament several of their chiefs.

Schmettau, wounded, refused to leave the field, and was hit a second time, mortally; Brunswick, brave in action if timid in council, received a mortal wound, some say in the mouth, others in the chest, while fighting in the thick of it; and poor old Möllendorf, who had been page to Frederick the Great, was struck down and afterwards captured in Erfurt.

The King of Prussia had his horse killed, and a piece of shell that entered Davout's hat at the cockade tore away some of the marshal's hair.

When Morand came up, leaving one battalion at the bridge of Köser, he dislodged Wartensleben, and was gaining ground on the left when he was charged by the cavalry under Prince William.

Morand formed his men into squares, and, shattered as they were by the terrific fire, Prince William's ten thousand horse could make no impression upon them.

Morand took his place in one square, Davout in another, and so deadly were the volleys from them that they created "around them a rampart of corpses."

The 17th of the Line in particular was noticed for its coolness; it was another of the "white"

regiments, with scarlet facings, and as the enemy approached it raised its shakoes on the bayonet-points, and shouted *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

"Why not fire, then?" cried Colonel Lanusse.

"Time enough for that: at fifteen paces you will see!" was the answer. Then they fired!

At length, when the mangled squadrons retired behind the shelter of their infantry, Morand formed his squares into columns of attack, and forced Wartensleben back to the stream as Friant advanced on *his* side and drove Schmettau's division and the Prince of Orange's first brigade down the slope, clearing Hassenhausen of all but the fallen.

The fighting was now abandoned on the slope, and was transferred to the marshes in the hollow and to the villages in front of Auerstädt, both sides exhausted with the six hours of combat.

The Prussian reserve under Kalkreuth still remained intact, and the King, backed up by brave Blücher, was disposed to make a final effort; but, overwhelmed by the many opinions which were allowed expression, a retreat was decided upon — a retreat on Weimar, where Hohenlohe and Rüchel would join them — for nothing was known yet of the battle of Iéna.

Kalkreuth protected the wreck nobly with his two divisions, and the broken army, encumbered

with baggage, set off on its road while Morand's cannon and the other divisions under Davout pressed the rear-guard hotly.

Kalkreuth was obliged to fall back, and the French took 115 guns and 3,000 prisoners; but Davout having only the 1st, 2d, and 12th Chasseurs in the field, was unable to produce the same disorder that Murat's horse had effected. He sent to Bernadotte, whose men were quietly cooking at Apolda, but that marshal gave him no aid, and even retained Beaumont's dragoons who had been detached to assist Davout in common with himself.

Unfortunately, there has been but little authentic incident preserved of personal valor at Auerstädt, but the losses on both sides were enormous.

The Prussians had about 10,000 killed and wounded, and the French 270 officers and 7,200 men; 134 officers and 3,500 privates belonging to Gudin's division alone.

Morand, Gudin, and half the superior officers were wounded, and Davout had kept the bridge as heroically as Horatius of old. Nor was that all; for Hohenlohe's fugitives began to mingle with the retreating Prussians, and the defeated army broke and fled, their king, who had had two horses killed, escaping under Blücher's escort. After that there was an end to cohesion,

and the pitiful remnants of the great fighting machine of Prussia were disposed of in detail by the conquerors.

The whole country was covered with fugitives, wagons, guns, and independent parties; the Prussians plundered their own baggage; Bernadotte, or more properly General Dupont, destroyed Eugène of Würtemberg at Halle on the 17th.

Erfurt, Magdeburg, all the fortified places, fell one after the other into French hands, and in twenty days from passing the frontier Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Berlin.

His treatment of the conquered country is unhappily too well known to need much comment here; barbarous, insulting, and mean as it was, it proved the ultimate making of Prussia, for it roused a spirit of national independence, which has borne fruit, and may do again, unless their Rosbach of 1870 finds another Iéna in the future!

Napoleon's bulletin announcing the double victories of the 14th October is curious as showing the man; for he blends the two battles under the name of Iéna, merely saying of Davout, " On our right the corps of Marshal Davout performed prodigies," etc. And yet Napoleon himself had only overthrown the corps of Hohenlohe and Rüchel with the bulk of the *Grande Armée,*

while Davout with only three divisions, 44 guns, and three regiments of light cavalry, had put the Prussian centre to flight!

Between Naumburg and Merseburg on the road to Halle the Emperor sent General Savary into the stubblefields to look for a monument of former French defeat, and at the waving of Savary's handkerchief he rode over to him and gazed upon a little stone pillar not above four feet high with an almost illegible inscription commemorating Frederick's victory of Rosbach in 1757, which Suchet's pioneers were ordered to pack in their wagons for transmission to France.

Later on the sword and orders of the Great Frederick, taken from his coffin-lid, shared the same fate, a proceeding decidedly in the then French taste, but not easy to reconcile with modern ideas of what should be the attitude of a successful general towards the feelings of the people he has conquered.

Iéna and Auerstädt, but the former especially, were soldiers' battles: both armies were full of spirit, and on the fields themselves were nobly led.

VII

The Death of Sir John Moore and the Retreat of Corunna

By D. H. PARRY

EAST of the kingdom of Portugal lie the great plains of Leon, bordered north and south by mighty mountain ranges; and in the short December days of 1808, when the winds swept howling through the passes and across the level land, and the red roofs of Salamanca were covered with snow, a small British army, some 23,000 strong, was preparing to assist Spain against Napoleon.

Led by the gallant Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, and wearing the red cockade out of compliment to the nation, they were received with great enthusiasm, and were given to understand that the Spaniards burned with patriotic zeal and had large forces, perfectly equipped; but as it proved the English were expected to do their fighting for them.

Their magnificent army dwindled upon investigation to half its supposed numbers, and, with a few honorable exceptions, proved itself a

wretched collection of ragamuffins, so that Sir John Moore found himself in as awkward a position as ever fell to the lot of a British general. Nevertheless, he marched boldly out of Salamanca on the 11th December to attack Soult in the north, and afterwards succor the capital if that should be practicable.

It was a brave little army, and its doings are deeply carved on the pillar of British fame. There were five cavalry regiments.

Artillery, Engineers, Wagon Train, and a detachment of the scarlet-coated Staff Corps filed out across the plain, white and monotonous under a gloomy sky.

Two battalions of the 1st Guards and thirty-two of the Line completed the force, including amongst others such splendid regiments as the Royal Scots, the 4th, 5th, and the 9th, nicknamed the "Holy Boys," because they afterwards sold their Bibles for wine; the Welsh Fusiliers and 28th "Slashers," the Black Watch, the Fighting 43d, the 71st Glasgow Highland Light Infantry, now the strictest regiment in the service, the Cameron Highlanders and the green 95th Rifles.

Madrid, which was to have made such a brave defence, had held out *one* day; the shops were open and the people tranquil; Toledo, Ocaña, and the whole of La Manche were in the hands

of the French; a strong force was about to march on Badajoz, and the Emperor Napoleon was reviewing 60,000 veteran troops, including part of his famous Imperial Guard, at the capital.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand men were mustering to block the way; their cavalry alone exceeded the entire British army by 12,000, and to linger on the plains with such a horde closing round would have been absolute madness. There was nothing for it but to show a bold front to Soult, and gain the sea with as much honor as possible before the others could come up; and though the word "retreat" has an unpleasant sound to English ears, when it is attended with as great a display of heroism as upon that unfortunate occasion, it becomes a page in British annals which we could ill afford to spare.

With Napoleon's troops at their heels and fighting as they went the British made their way with varying success to Astorga.

Deep snow lay on the ground, rutted and trampled by the passage of the guns and bullock carts; this had frozen like iron, and had then been concealed by another snowstorm, so that men and horses stumbled and lamed themselves at every stride.

One officer lost a boot among the ruts on

Christmas morning, and marched all day without it!

Every regiment had received a new blanket per man and a hundred and fifty new soles and heels, but the execrable roads quickly wore out the leather.

Astorga was found to be full of miserable Spanish soldiers, who had eaten up most of the stores, and whose condition was summed up in their own words: "Very hungry — very sick — very dry!"

A number of women and children followed the army, and their sufferings were truly terrible. Soldiers began to fall out, unable to keep up with the columns, and the rear-guard passed scores of poor wretches frozen to death in the snow, while at Bembibre, where there were large wine-vaults, discipline began to relax its hold, and shameful drunkenness stained the hitherto excellent record of the troops.

Meanwhile, Napoleon made the most strenuous efforts to overtake his enemy.

He insisted on marching from Benevente to Astorga in one short winter day, a distance of thirty odd miles, under an icy rain, the infantry being obliged to strip five or six times and scramble through the streams, holding their clothing and ammunition above the water.

So exhausted was his army that three veteran

grenadiers of the Old Guard blew out their brains, unable to go on, knowing that the sullen peasants would murder them if they lagged behind.

Napoleon was much affected, but he still pushed forward, and late at night, drenched to the skin, and attended only by Lannes, the staff, and a hundred Chasseurs, he dashed into Astorga. Had Paget, who was only six miles off, learned this, he might have swooped down with the Hussars and changed the future fate of Europe by capturing the Emperor himself. Napoleon had marched two hundred miles in ten days with 50,000 troops in the depth of winter, but for all his haste, the British eluded him and gained the mountains, and at Astorga the Emperor handed the reins to Soult, reviewed his legions, and returned to Valladolid, leaving the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia to drive his enemy into the sea.

Still the British retreat went on; at Calcabellos, while Lord Edward Paget was haranguing the Reserve on the subject of the growing insubordination, two plunderers were caught in the act. The troops were instantly formed in hollow square round a tree to witness their execution, when a hussar dashed in with news that the enemy were upon them.

"I don't care if the entire French cavalry are

here," roared the general; "I'll hang these scoundrels!"

They were lifted in the arms of the provost-marshal's men, the ropes were adjusted, and in another moment they would have dangled in mid-air, when a second hussar came up, and carbine shots rang out from the 3d Germans at the bridge.

"Soldiers," cried Lord Edward, "if I pardon these men will you promise better behavior for the future?"

"Yes," was the unanimous reply.

"Say it again!"

"Yes, yes!" from a thousand throats.

"A third time!"

It was done with a cheer, the men were released, and the troops went off at the double towards the firing.

Colbert attacked the British there with a large body of cavalry, and then the Rifles, posted in a vineyard, emptied a score of saddles as the French dragoons and light horse tore up the road to the bridge-head. Colbert was not only a splendid soldier, but a good man, in an army where, unfortunately, virtue was at a low ebb, and two days before, at the review, Napoleon had said to him, "General, you have proved in Egypt, Italy, and Germany that you are one

of my bravest warriors: you shall soon receive the reward due to your brilliant successes."

"Make haste, sire," replied Colbert, "for, while I am not yet thirty, I feel that I am already old."

At Calcabellos, an Irishman of the 95th, named Tom Plunkett, ran out and threw himself on his back in the snow. Passing the sling of his rifle over his foot, he sighted and fired, and Colbert fell from his horse. Jumping up, Plunkett cast about and reloaded, firing again and killing the aide-de-camp who had rushed to his general's assistance, after which the lucky marksman rejoined his comrades in safety. He was discharged some years afterwards, without promotion, a victim to drink!

Wherever the danger was pressing, Sir John Moore was to be found — nothing could exceed his personal exertions during the retreat.

At Villa Franca, romantically situated in a deep valley, with the pointed turrets of a Dominican convent rising against a background of bare hills, and where the ferocious Duke of Alva once had a castle, the army committed great disorders, and Sir John had a man shot in the market-place as a warning to the others.

Misery and disorder increased; the cavalry were sent on ahead, with the exception of a part of the 3d Hussars, and the rear-guard fought

every yard of the way until they reached Lugo, where Sir John drew up in order of battle, and discipline was again restored.

All day, in the drenching rain, the British waited for the French to attack, but Soult was too wary; and at night, leaving the fires burning, the British continued its retreat, gaining several hours' start before the French became aware of it.

The pay-wagons, heavily laden with silver dollars, were abandoned, as the oxen were quite used up, and Lieutenant Bennet stood with a drawn pistol and orders to shoot any soldier who lingered there.

Hugo, of the 3d Hussars, gave an equal proportion to each man of his detachment, and it was carried in their corn-sacks to Corunna and delivered to the commissariat; but the rest — £25,000 worth — was pitched over into the valley, the barrels breaking on the rocks and sending a silver cascade far down beyond the reach of the marching army.

The stragglers crowded round and fought for the money spilled on the road, one woman — wife of Sergeant Maloney, of the 52d — making her fortune for life; but, stepping from the boat on to a transport at Corunna, she slipped, and the weight of the stolen treasure took her to the bottom of the harbor, never to rise again!

On and on the British struggled in the face of ever increasing difficulty and danger, through rain and storm and accompanied with hunger and thirst.

The last halt was made at Betanzos, and while the rear-guard covered the partial destruction of the bridge there, the army marched in column to Corunna, only to find the Atlantic roaring on the rocks, but not a sail in sight!

The French were in great force at Betanzos, and furious at their continued escape. One sergeant charged *alone* in advance of his squadron, to the centre of the bridge, but a private of the 28th, named Thomas Savage, stepped out and shot him, securing his cloak before the others came up.

The Engineers bungled the bridge, and blew up one of their officers with it, while the British had to fall back on Corunna before it was properly destroyed.

Fine weather now dried their rags. On the 11th January the Guards were quartered in the town, the Reserve near St. Lucia, and the other regiments posted in strong positions. Vast stores were meanwhile destroyed in Corunna, and two hundred and ninety horses of the German Legion shot in the arsenal square at St. Lucia, amid the tears of the brave troopers.

The 12th proved damp and foggy, and no

trace of the fleet could be seen. The French still held back, the British officers exchanging pot-shots with them until Paget put a stop to it; and on the 13th a terrific explosion from 4,000 powder-barrels caused something very like a panic in both armies. Corunna was shaken, its windows smashed, and a rain of white ashes fell for a considerable time.

At last, on the afternoon of the 14th, the transports hove in sight, and as soon as they were anchored the British began to embark the wounded and the guns, the cavalry being ordered to ship thirty horses per regiment and shoot the rest, as there was not time to get them on board with a heavy sea running. The 15th Hussars took four hundred to Corunna, and landed in England with thirty-one! The 10th — the Prince of Wales's particular regiment, and the first in the service to wear the showy Hungarian dress, which its hussar troop had adopted in 1803 and the entire corps two years later — began the campaign with six hundred handsome chargers and took thirty back again.

There was a little skirmishing, but no very decided movement, until the 16th — in fact, French officers were seen picking up shells on the sands at low water within range of their enemy's muskets — but at last the infantry alone remained on shore, and the 28th, among others,

was ordered to fall in at two o'clock on the 16th to march down to the boats.

Scarcely had they mustered when, a violent cannonade being opened, and a forward movement being observed, they went off at the double towards the French again. They had covered eighty miles in the previous twelve days, standing several nights under arms in the snow; they had repulsed the French seven times, and the 28th alone had lost more than two hundred men; yet, when the battle of Corunna began, the Reserve had fewer men missing than any other division!

Some of the generals wished Moore to come to terms with Soult, but nothing was farther from the brave Scotchman's thoughts.

Circumstances had compelled them to retreat, but it was no part of a British soldier's training to shirk a battle at the last moment; consequently, the low hills behind Elvina were soon echoing to the rattle of musketry as the black-gaitered infantry opened fire on the French columns.

There was little or no manœuvring during the engagement: Soult advanced in three masses, driving the British pickets out of the village of Elvina.

Baird, of Seringapatam fame, held the right of their line, Sir John Hope formed the centre

and left with his division, while Paget and Fraser were in reserve before Corunna: 14,500 men in all, facing 20,000.

Sir John Moore sent the 50th and 42d to retake Elvina, which was rendered formidable by sunken lanes and stone walls, but after a brave scrimmage which lasted half an hour, the French were driven out and the Guards advanced to take up the position originally occupied by the two regiments.

The Black Watch, having exhausted their cartridges, fell back, thinking the Guards were marching to support them, and the French returned in force and entered the village again.

Sir John rode up to the 42d, and learning that their ammunition was expended, said, "You have still your bayonets, my brave Highlanders — remember Egypt!" and with a yell the Black Watch rushed forward once more.

While Sir John Moore was watching the struggle, a round shot struck him on the left breast and dashed him out of the saddle; but without a groan, he sat up, resting on his arm and for a moment gazed intently at the Highlanders driving the French steadily back.

Then, as a happy look came into his handsome face, the staff crowded round him and saw the shocking state of his wound. The shoulder was completely shattered, and the left arm hung by

a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, while the muscles of the breast were torn into shreds and strips, among which the hilt of his sword had got entangled.

"I had rather it should go out of the field with me," said the dying hero, as Hardinge made an attempt to disengage it.

Men of the 42d and Guards carried him tenderly in a blanket, taking an hour to reach Corunna, the general frequently making them halt and turn him round.

Like Wolfe at Quebec, his anxiety was for the success of his army, and like Wolfe his last moments were cheered by the knowledge that he had beaten the French.

Soult had fallen back, General Baird was badly wounded, and Hope carried out Sir John's original plans for the embarkation.

"I hope the people of England will be satisfied," said the dying man. "I hope my dear country will do me justice. Oh, Anderson!" he whispered to his friend, "you will see my friends at home; tell them everything — my mother —" then he broke down.

He was believed to be devotedly attached to Lady Hester Stanhope, eldest daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, famous alike for his eccentricity and his study of electricity; and Moore's

last recorded words were in remembrance of her, addressed to her brother, his aide-de-camp.

He passed away very quietly in his forty-eighth year, and England lost one of her most chivalrous soldiers.

His burial, in the citadel at night by some men of the 9th, has been described in a poem which does honor to the Irish clergyman who penned it, and the gallant Frenchmen flew the tricolor half-mast high on the citadel and fired a salute over his grave, Marshal Soult afterward erecting a tomb to his memory.

The British loss at Corunna was 800, the French, from their own accounts, 3,000.

Six cannon, 3-pounders, sent on without Sir John Moore's orders, had been abandoned during the retreat, and nearly 4,000 men left their bones to whiten the plains of Leon and the rugged roads of Gallicia; but the retreat won praise from Wellington and Napoleon alike, and not a regimental color remained in the enemy's hands.

VIII

A Famous Fight for Freedom —Hofer and the Tyrolese

By A. J. BUTLER

THE brave band of people who inhabit the mountainous little country to the north of Italy with Bavaria on their north, Austria to the east, and Switzerland to the west, have been renowned as a liberty loving people for centuries. They recognized allegiance to no reigning house but that of Austria, and when in 1806 Napoleon, with brutal disregard of their national rights and national feelings, handed them over to the hated Bavarians, he was making a rod for his own back.

Tyrol had never abandoned the hope of recovering its freedom under its former sovereign. Communications were maintained all this time between the Archduke John, the most beloved member of the Imperial house, and certain men in Tyrol who enjoyed the special confidence of their countrymen.

The most notable of these, Andrew Hofer, was an innkeeper and horse-dealer from the

Passeir valley, which runs up into the mountains behind Meran. His humble inn, which still exists, stands by the wild torrent of the Passeir, where the bed widens into a little beach. From its situation, it is known as "On the Sand," and its owner was often spoken of in Tyrolese fashion as the "Sandwirth," or landlord of Sand. The position of Hofer's house is as central as any in Tyrol. From it Meran may be reached in four hours, while in the opposite direction a seven hours' march brings you to Sterzing, half-way up the Brenner on the south side. It was, therefore, possible for Hofer with his force to attack the rear of an enemy crossing that pass in either direction.

Hofer was a man of about forty, distinguished more for physical strength, kindly disposition, and upright character, than for any special military talent or capacity for government. It is, indeed, a little difficult to explain the great influence which he undoubtedly exercised. Though there is no reason to doubt his courage, he showed none of the dash amounting to recklessness with which some of his subordinates exposed their lives; while his extreme good nature, and unwillingness to distrust any man, led him especially towards the end of his career into pitiable vacillation. Nor had he any gift of eloquence, such as often has

made men with no other qualification into popular leaders. Yet there can be no doubt that for five months he was the recognized chief in the grand resistance which this little mountain-country offered, and offered for a time successfully, to the conqueror of Europe.

Other leaders whose names should be mentioned were Martin Teimer, Joseph Speckbacher, and the Capuchin Joachim Haspinger. All these men had taken part in the fighting of recent years. Teimer, who was the youngest of them, being thirty years of age, had risen to the rank of major in the *landsturm,* or militia. He was probably the ablest of all the Tyrolese leaders, as he was no doubt the best educated; but he never inspired the same confidence.

Joseph Speckbacher was ten years older. He was now an employé in the salt-works at Hall, near Innsbruck, and comfortably off. His youth had been very wild. As a boy of twelve he had taken to a poacher's life; and poaching among these mountains is a very different business from the rabbit-snaring and pheasant-netting which occasionally enlivens English coverts, and helps to fill English gaols. Even fully authorized chamois-hunting is fairly dangerous sport; and when the hunter is liable at any moment to become the hunted, and share with his game the sensation of a bullet

in the ribs, unless his own wits can save him, it will be easily seen that no better training could be found for mountain warfare. Speckbacher was a man of undaunted courage, boundless resource, and a thorough knowledge of the country which was to be the chief field of operations.

Father Joachim had served as an army chaplain, and had earned a medal for valor. Now he was to lead in many a fierce attack; but he made it a point of honor to carry no weapon save a great ebony crucifix, which, it was currently reported, became in his hands as formidable as the maces wielded by mediæval bishops. "The Redbeard," as he was called, was perhaps the especial favorite of the people. He, too, survived until the second half of the century.

Thus when Austria, encouraged by Napoleon's growing difficulties in Spain, plucked up courage to declare war against him once more in March, 1809, the Tyrolese were all ready to bear their part. On April 9th, Teimer and Hofer issued a general order, making it clear to every district what its special task would be. Teimer then departed to take the command in the Inn valley above Innsbruck; Speckbacher being in charge of the district between the capital and the Bavarian frontier. Hofer disseminated the order through other innkeepers — the country inns in Tyrol being the natural centres of information

— until every man knew precisely what he would have to do, and had merely to await the arrival of the little note bearing the words, "IT IS TIME." Another signal was given by strewing sawdust in the streams, and sending planks bearing red flags down the rivers.

The men from Passeir and the neighborhood of Meran assembled round the little inn "On the Sand." There were some thousands of them altogether, Hofer, with his broad shoulders and mighty black beard, conspicuous among them. All wore the dress of their valley — brown jacket with red facings, a red waistcoat with broad green braces over it, a broad leather belt on which were worked the owner's initials, leather breeches, bare knees, and red or white stockings. Each man carried his heavy rifle, with which he could make pretty sure of a chamois at 300 yards; and a Bavarian was a larger mark. It must be remembered that few regular troops of that day had anything but smooth-bore muskets. Hofer made a short speech:

"When you have carved a wooden figure, may you take it to Vienna and sell it? Is that liberty? You are Tyrolese — at least your fathers called themselves so; now you have to call yourselves Bavarians. And our old castle of Tyrol has been demolished. Does that content you? If you raise three ears of maize, they demand two from you.

Do you call that prosperity? But there is a Providence, and it has been revealed to me that if we plan to take our revenge, we shall have help. Up then, and at the Bavarians! Tear your foes, ay, with your teeth, so long as they stand up; but when they kneel, pardon them!"

The first shot was fired not far from the place where Joubert had been overthrown eight years before. Colonel von Wrede (who in later days was to be a thorn in the side of the French) was in command of the garrison of Brixen. Intelligence reached him that an Austrian force under General Chasteler was approaching through the Pusterthal, and on April 10th he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river Rienz at St. Lorenzen, near Bruneck. The peasants were up in a moment, the detachment was not suffered to approach the bridge, and when Wrede brought up his whole force in support, it was met with a hail of bullets from the mountainside. An attempt to get the guns into a position whence their fire might destroy the bridge was frustrated by a furious charge of the peasants, who, many of them armed only with cudgels and flails, dashed upon the troops, surrounded the guns, and hunted the gunners into the river. Wrede could do nothing but try to make his way to Sterzing, where he might unite with the garrison of that town. A force of 3,000 French under

General Bisson, on its way from Italy, accompanied him a little below where the fortress of Franzensfeste now stands. The way from the Pusterthal to the great northern road passes through a narrow defile — the Brixener Klause, or Gorge of Brixen — and here the unlucky French and Bavarians were, of course, at the mercy of their furious enemies. Pelted with rocks, tree-stems, and bullets by an invisible foe, in momentary fear of being overtaken by the Austrians, whose advance-guard actually appeared before they were well out of the defile, they made their way with heavy loss to the plain in which lies the little town of Sterzing.

Meanwhile Hofer and his men had dashed over the Jaufen Pass. Colonel Bärenklau (this looks like a mythical name, but appears to be correct), the commander of the Sterzing garrison, wisely decided to meet them in the open, where military discipline might tell. The steady fire of grape-shot and musketry checked the onward rush, and the peasant force retired into a hollow road to re-form, while girls and women from the town supplied refreshments. A second rush was similarly checked. Hofer, sitting, as one historian of these events remarks, like Moses on a hill above, and watching the fortunes of the fight, espied some loaded hay-wagons, doubtless bringing supplies for the garrison from the mountain

hay-sheds. A brilliant idea struck him, or was suggested to him. If these could be brought up they would serve as cover for the sharpshooters, who could then dispose of the enemy's gunners. But at first no man ventured to bring them within range of the deadly grape. Then a girl stepped forward, swung herself on to the back of one of the oxen, and, regardless of the bullets, urged the team on with whip and voice, exhorting her countrymen at the same time "not to be afraid of the Bavarian dumplings."

The guns were now soon silenced; the Tyrolese fell on with the butt, and in a few minutes the whole Bavarian force, or so much of it as remained, was disarmed, and before evening safely under lock and key in a neighboring castle, under the guard, as often happened, of the women. All traces of the fight were carefully removed, the victors dispersed among the mountains, and when Bisson and Wrede arrived, on the following morning, April 12th, no garrison was to be found, no news of its fate could they extract, no enemy was to be seen. Puzzled, and still more alarmed, they pursued their march, or rather flight, harassed, as before, wherever a gorge or defile — of which there are many along this mountain road — gave an opportunity to the Tyrolese for their favorite tactics.

But a yet more terrible surprise awaited them.

In the early dawn of the 13th, the weary, battered army, still numbering nearly 4,000, saw the domes of the Innsbruck churches below them, and hoped for a respite. A mounted officer was sent on to announce their approach to General Kinkel and Colonel Dittfurt, commanding the garrison of the capital. As he rode through the gate of the town he dropped from his horse, pierced with a bullet. To explain what had happened we must pass to the Inn valley. The village of Axams had incurred a fine for resistance to the conscription, and on the 11th a detachment had been sent to collect this. They fared little better than their comrades at St. Lorenzen, and retired, vowing vengeance. In the course of that day the whole of the valley above Innsbruck was astir, and ready to march upon the town. Meantime, Speckbacher had summoned the lower valley to arms. All night long beacon fires blazed on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck.

The morning of the 12th had hardly dawned when he was at the gates of Hall, and no sooner had these been opened as usual by the unsuspecting garrison than the Tyrolese rushed in. The officers were seized in their beds, hardly a shot was fired, and in a few minutes, with a loss of two only of his men, Speckbacher had captured 400 Bavarian soldiers. These were marched

off to Salzburg, again under the escort of women, for no men could be spared from the task of liberating the country.

Hall is a short eight miles from Innsbruck, and long before noon Speckbacher was with the levies from the upper valley, who were attempting to storm the two bridges that here cross the Inn just outside the walls of Innsbruck. Up to this time they had made little progress, for want of leading; but when Speckbacher, waving his hat and shouting "Long live the Emperor Francis!" placed himself at their head, they wavered no longer. The gunners fell under the terrible clubbed rifles, or were thrown into the river; some young mathematical students from Innsbruck University slewed the guns round, and poured volleys into the troops who were hurrying up from the town; the peasants pressed forward, some with no weapons but their fists; an attempt to break through with cavalry was frustrated by the sharpshooters, who by this time had got into the houses, and were dealing death from every window.

To complete the victory, at this moment appeared Major Teimer, with some more or less drilled battalions of *landsturm* from the upper valley. General Kinkel, thoroughly terrified, wished to capitulate, but his more energetic subordinate, Colonel Dittfurt, declared that he

would sooner die than surrender to a rabble of peasants whom a couple of squadrons could keep in order, and made a last desperate effort to rally his men. As he was speaking two bullets struck him, and he fell from his horse. Struggling to his feet, he dashed with drawn sword on the advancing mass, to be again shot through the chest. Even then he made one more effort, aided by a few officers, to dislodge some of the enemy from a position which enabled them to keep up a galling fire; but a fourth bullet, in the head, stretched him senseless, and he was carried to the main guard. After his fall the surviving troops surrendered, and Innsbruck was in the hands of the Tyrolese. It was not yet eleven o'clock.

The remainder of that day was passed in rejoicing, and, it is to be feared, to some extent in pillage. Such of the burghers of Innsbruck as were thought to have been on too good terms with the hated *Boar* were regarded as fair objects for a little plunder. At the same time, many generous actions were done by individuals in saving the lives of the vanquished. A Bavarian official was on the point of being struck down by a furious mob when a girl flung her arms round him, and asserted, quite fictitiously, that he was her betrothed. He was spared at once. A young Tyrolese who had captured a French officer took him to an inn and gave him food. The officer,

in gratitude, offered him a pair of gold earrings which he was wearing. "Do you think I did it for pay?" said the lad; and only with difficulty would he accept them as a keepsake. The old imperial eagles were hunted up, and rapturously greeted when found. "Your feathers are grown again, old tail," said a gray-haired man, as, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he embraced the beloved symbol.

Men slept that night where they could — in streets or gardens. In the earliest dawn the alarm-bells rang, and the word went round that the French were upon them. As we know, this was the force under Bisson and Wrede; but those in the town knew nothing of the way in which they had fared on the other side of the mountains. The gates were barricaded, and all preparations made for a street fight. At five o'clock the head of the column appeared on Berg Isel; and by six they were drawn up in order of battle on the level ground that lies between the south side of the town and the foot of the mountains: Bavarians on the left wing, French on the right.

At the same time a strong force of Tyrolese had slipped round to the rear, and occupied Berg Isel. They were fairly entrapped. Teimer had meanwhile extracted from General Kinkel an order bidding the Bavarian commander send someone into the town to see how matters stood;

in compliance with which Wrede himself, and a French staff-officer, came in, and the former was detained, while the latter was sent back to report. The sharpshooters had already opened fire. Teimer then came himself to meet General Bisson at the suburb of Wilten. The French commander asked for a free passage into Germany, and offered to take all the flints out of the muskets before moving; but Teimer would hear of nothing but capitulation. All this time the bullets of the sharpshooters were dropping into the dense ranks, adding to the general demoralization, and enforcing the arguments of the Tyrolese leader. At length General Bisson yielded. The French and Bavarians laid down their arms. Two generals, 130 officers, and 6,000 men, with seven guns and 800 horses, surrendered to the Tyrolese.

Colonel Dittfurt, lying in the guardhouse, during one of the intervals of his delirium, had paused in his furious cursing, to ask: "Who led your forces yesterday?" "No one," was the answer; "each man fought as he best could for Emperor and Fatherland." "Not so," he said; "I saw him again and again: he was riding a white horse." And the story went round that St. James, the patron Saint, as it happens, of Innsbruck, had fought for his city, as of old he fought for Spain.

The Austrian troops, under General Chasteler,

arrived next day; but it was not expected that the Tyrolese would be left long in undisturbed possession of their conquests. Napoleon's fury when he heard how his troops had been served by a herd of undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. He issued on May 5th an order of the day, in which "a certain Chasteler, calling himself a general in the Austrian service," was accused of having caused an insurrection in Tyrol, and allowed some Bavarian conscripts to be massacred; and it was directed that the said Chasteler, whenever captured, was to be brought before a military commission and shot in twenty-four hours. To the Tyrolese, of course, this mattered little, but it undoubtedly shook Chasteler's nerve, and to some extent prevented the regular troops from giving sufficient help.

On May 1st a strong force of Bavarians and French, under Wrede, now general, and Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Danzig, occupied Salzburg. The shortest route from that city to Innsbruck lies by Reichenhall and through a narrow defile called the Strub Pass, entering the Inn valley at the little town of Wörgl. The Strub was held by Tyrolese and soldiers, 275 in all, with two guns. Wrede's entire division was sent on May 11th to force the pass, and succeeded in doing so after nine hours' hard fight-

ing, in which the handful of defenders had four times repulsed the assailants.

On the following day General Deroy, advancing by way of Inn valley, relieved the frontier fortress of Kufstein, which the Tyrolese were blockading, and on the 13th the two forces joined in the neighborhood of Wörgl. The Bavarians had encountered a stubborn resistance all the way and were infuriated: village after village was set on fire, property destroyed, women and children slaughtered. General Chasteler, with a force of 2,000 regular troops, having failed to prevent the junction of the Bavarians with the French, was forced to accept battle at Wörgl and utterly routed, himself escaping only by the speed of his horse, and after the commission which was to carry out Napoleon's order had already been selected. On his way through Hall he was roughly handled by the salt-miners.

The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning, a task in which the former now seem to have taken the lead. At any rate, it is recorded that Lefebvre, enraged at the sight of the Austrian eagle over the gate of the little town of Rattenberg, was only prevented from burning the place down by Wrede's strenuous opposition. Fifty-three peasants, taken with arms in their hands, also owed their lives to the firmness and human-

ity of the Bavarian general, who further issued a stringent order forbidding all ill-treatment of the inhabitants. On May 19th the Duke of Danzig entered Innsbruck. Two days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles in the battle of Aspern, or, as the French call it, Essling; but before the news of this could have reached them, Lefebvre and Wrede, believing all opposition was at an end, and wishing to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, had returned to Salzburg, leaving General Deroy's division to hold Innsbruck.

Marshal Lefebvre was so far right, that orders had been received by the Austrian commanders in Tyrol to withdraw their troops. But he reckoned without Speckbacher. That indefatigable man, on the day of the defeat at Wörgl, had been in Innsbruck collecting all the weapons and powder upon which he could lay his hands. Then he went to General Buol, who was at Völders, near Hall, preparing to retreat over the Brenner, and vainly tried to persuade him to make a stand. Finally, climbing one of the mountains whence all the country round Innsbruck could plainly be seen, he carefully estimated the strength of the enemy, and found that he had not more than 18,000 men to deal with. On May 23d with two faithful companions, George Zoppel and Simon Lechner, he made a dash for the

Brenner. Two more joined the party at Steinach, and the five, by spreading themselves about the mountainside, and changing their position at every shot, succeeded in putting to flight a cavalry patrol of several hundred men, which had been sent up to reconnoitre.

General Buol was still holding the defile of Lueg, just north of the Brenner Pass, and Hofer with 6,000 men was also there. To them Speckbacher addressed himself, pointing out that the panic among the inhabitants of the Inn valley, caused by the events of the previous days, was over, and that they were quite ready to rise again. Buol was persuaded to put 1,200 men with 6 guns at the disposal of the Tyrolese leaders; and on May 25th, Hofer took up his position at Berg Isel, while Speckbacher, with the men from the lower Inn valley, held the right wing as far as Hall. The Tyrolese numbered some 18,000; Deroy had at most 12,000, but many of these were veterans. Some isolated fights ensued that day; more than once the Bavarians attempted to storm the position, and were repulsed. In the evening heavy rain came on (it rains most days at Innsbruck) and fighting was suspended. Owing, it is said, to the injunctions of an old man, who pointed out to Hofer that May 29th was a great Church festival, Hofer fixed that day for the attack. This delay also

gave time for Teimer, who was at Landeck, to bring his men down the valley. General Deroy, a kind-hearted old man, used the interval to issue a proclamation recommending submission, which, naturally, produced little effect, unless that of impressing the peasants with the idea that he was wavering.

On the morning of May 28th the Bavarian army was drawn up round the town of Innsbruck. The Tyrolese line extended in a great crescent to the south, its left on Zirl, ten miles above the town, its right on Völders, about as far in the other direction. The battle began on the wings. Speckbacher took the bridge of Völders and attacked Hall. On the left, Father Joachim Haspinger led the men from Meran, supported by two Austrian companies, by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters, into the marshy tract known as the Gallwiese, just above the town on the right bank of the river. He was soon at hand-grips with the enemy. A Bavarian soldier was delivering a thrust at him with his bayonet when a bullet laid the assailant low — fired over the Capuchin's shoulder, and so close that the famous red beard was singed. Only staying now and again to shrive a dying man, he pressed forward at the head of his peasants, who slowly but steadily drove the Bavarians before them.

At a farmhouse called Rainerhof another gallant deed was done by a girl. With a small cask of wine on her head, and a glass in her hand, she was going about in the thick of the fight, dispensing drink to the weary men. A bullet went through the cask, and the wine began to pour out. In a moment she had it down from her head and her fingers in the holes. "I have only got two hands," she shouted; "if another bullet comes the wine will be lost. Put your mouths to all the holes, and drink while you can!"

The fighting went on till noon with no definite results. An attempt of the Bavarians to storm Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, was repulsed with the aid of Colonel Ertel's troops, though not till the right had nearly been turned by the foe. Hofer — surveying the whole field from the heights of Schönberg, where his headquarters were — cast anxious glances towards the left to see if any sign of Teimer were visible. At the head of his column, he appeared on the other side of the river; but they came up slowly, and ammunition was failing. To gain time, Hofer sent a flag of truce to the Bavarian commander, with proposals for a surrender. This was refused; but Deroy asked for a twenty-four hours' armistice, which Hofer equally declined. However, it was now too late in the day

to resume the fighting, and under cover of the night General Deroy managed to evacuate the town unobserved, the wheels of the guns and the hoofs of the horses being all muffled, and to march away, never halting till the Bavarian frontier was reached. By seven o'clock next morning the Tyrolese were once more in Innsbruck.

On July 5th Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on that and the following day inflicted on the Austrians the decisive defeat of Wagram. An armistice quickly followed, and again all Austrian troops were ordered to evacuate Tyrol. This time the persuasions of the Tyrolese leaders were of no avail, and General Buol could do nothing but withdraw, after issuing a proclamation in which the peasants were exhorted to tranquillity and resignation.

On July 30th the Duke of Danzig re-entered Innsbruck, and ordered that all weapons should be given up within forty-eight hours, and that the leaders should surrender at once. A force was sent over the Brenner, another up the valley of the Inn. Hofer, on his side, sent round a circular note calling all men to arms.

On August 2d, a body under Haspinger and others took up a position in the valley of the Eisach, a little higher up than the spot where Bisson and Wrede had been so

roughly treated in April. They secured the Peisser bridge, where the road crosses the river between the hamlets of Oberau and Unterau — the Upper and Lower Meadow. Speckbacher, with the Pusterthal men, joined them, and all was made ready to receive the first enemy who should appear. General Rouyer's division had reached Sterzing on August 3d. At 7 A. M. on the 4th the leading column — a Saxon regiment, over 2,000 strong — entered the narrow gorge below Mauls. A barricade brought them to a halt, during which they afforded a mark to Speckbacher's men. A torrent of stones also came on them. Still they moved forward as far as Mittewald, where artillery had to be used to clear the road. Fully 800 marksmen were in front and on both sides of them, and they were losing heavily. As they reached the bridge a voice rang out overhead: "Stephen, shall I cut away?" "Not yet," came the reply. The column halted, and an orderly was sent to report the matter to General Rouyer. He ordered the advance to be continued, but, it is said, himself retired to the rear of the column. Then the voice was heard again: "Now cut, John, in the name of the most Holy Trinity!" With a roar like thunder the terrible "stone-battery" burst out. Rocks, larches, huge fragments of the mountain-side, crashed down upon the luckless Saxons and

Bavarians, overwhelming hundreds and cutting the column in two. The losses of the force by the day's end amounted to 1,300. In the night Rouyer withdrew his rear to Sterzing. The Saxons were surrounded, and after a gallant defence compelled to surrender. To this day the defile between Mittewald and Oberau is called the " Sachsenklemme."

Hofer, meanwhile, had again crossed the Jaufen, and lay a couple of hours' march to the west of Sterzing, in a position where he could join hands with Haspinger on the right and on the left with Speckbacher, who, with his usual rapidity, had moved to the north of Sterzing, and now occupied a line of which the centre was the village of Tschöffs. At noon on August the 6th Marshal Lefebvre, with 7,000 men and 10 guns, entered Sterzing, and at 3 A. M. on the following day marched forward to Mauls, having taken the precaution of putting on the uniform of a private soldier. He also endeavored to clear the heights with skirmishers. Haspinger gave way at first, probably only with the view of getting his enemy into greater difficulties. When the Tyrolese really advanced, Lefebvre was beaten back, escaping narrowly with his life, and the evening found him back at Sterzing, where he tried to rally his men. But the Tyro-

lese gave him no rest, and on the 10th he ordered a retreat.

The column which was trying to make its way round by Landeck had no better luck. At the ill-omened bridge of Pontlatz they fared just as their countrymen had fared 106 years before. The "stone-batteries" played so effectively on them that most had to surrender, and only a third of the whole number got back to Landeck. On the 10th they were again at Innsbruck, with a loss of 22 officers and over 1,000 men.

Lefebvre arrived on the following day, but he had not been allowed to reach the capital unmolested. "The finest hunt I ever had in my life," said Speckbacher, who led the pursuit, and stuck so close to the heels of the enemy that he himself dragged a Bavarian officer from his horse, and, like one of Homer's heroes, carried off his sword and spear as a trophy. Some of the German officers seem to have found a little consolation in the thought that the French had now had a taste of the Tyrolese.

Both sides rested on the 12th. The 13th was a Sunday. In the early morning Father Joachim said mass in the church of Schönberg. Hofer made one of his short speeches: "Are you all here, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard mass, you have taken your dram. In the name of God, then." The military service in the

great abbey church of Wilten was not over when the first shots were fired. The numbers were about the same — some 20,000 on either side, the Bavarians, Saxons, and French having perhaps slightly the advantage. The tactics were very much as in May. Haspinger again led the left wing, Speckbacher the right. The marshal, however, in order to keep his retreat open, had detached a force under Count Arco to hold Schwatz. The levies from the upper Inn valley were on the opposite side of the river, but they were unable to do much more than give employment to part of the enemy's force. At 2 P. M. the marshal ordered an advance. Covered by artillery fire, two regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked Ambras, on the further side of the river Sill. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. The men of Passeir were forced to give way. Speckbacher was driven from his positions. Only Haspinger, on the left, hurled the attacking columns back into the plain. The Bavarians began to set fire to the houses. It was the worst move they could have made, as it only served to infuriate the Tyrolese. Rallying under cover of the forests, they burst out again, and after one volley charged home with clubbed guns, the weapon which served them best. All the positions were recovered, and though Lefebvre ordered

five more assaults, the assailants reeled back each time with broken heads.

The struggle only ended with daylight. The Bavarians had lost 2,000 men. Count Arco had fallen, like his ancestor, to a Tyrolese bullet, but the way to Kufstein was still open; nor was Hofer desirous to drive the enemy to extremities. So long as the land was freed from his presence, it was enough. At 7 P. M. on the 14th the Marshal Duke of Danzig left Innsbruck with his whole force. That night he entrenched himself at Schwatz, but soon found that the neighborhood of Haspinger and Speckbacher made the position undesirable, and on the 19th he proceeded to Salzburg. For the third time in four months Tyrol was freed.

It is beside our present purpose to trace the course of events further. It may be said that for some weeks Hofer governed Tyrol from Innsbruck, with about as much success as could be expected from a peasant suddenly raised to such a position. His upright nature prevented him from making so many blunders as his want of education and experience might have been expected to lead him into. On October 4th, the Emperor's " nameday," a great festival was held, and Hofer was presented with a medal, sent by the Emperor himself. On the same day the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed, and Tyrol was

finally handed back to Bavaria, and overwhelming forces were sent to enforce submission. Speckbacher was defeated on the Salzburg frontier on October 16th, and barely escaped capture. A few days after, Hofer left Innsbruck, and took up his quarters at Schönberg.

Once again, on the 27th, the Tyrolese turned to bay, and inflicted some loss on the Bavarians; but on November 1st General Wrede succeeded in surprising their position on Berg Isel at a time when they were celebrating the festival of All Saints in the neighboring churches, and inflicted a heavy defeat.

Once more victory was propitious to Hofer, when, after three days' hard fighting at St. Leonhard, close to his own home, he compelled 1,200 Frenchmen, who had crossed the Jaufen in pursuit of him, to lay down their arms. But this was the last gleam of success. Hofer's mind seemed failing; he was no longer master of himself. A price was set on his head, and on December 2d he fled into the mountains, and took refuge in a remote spot known only to himself and a few trusty friends. The secret was, however, betrayed, and at the end of January a force of 600 Frenchmen was sent to take him. He was brought to Mantua, and tried by a military commission. The majority were in favor of some penalty short of death; but Napo-

leon was not likely to spare the man who had baffled his generals so long, and a peremptory message commanded that he should be shot forthwith. He underwent the sentence with heroic fortitude on February 20th, 1810.

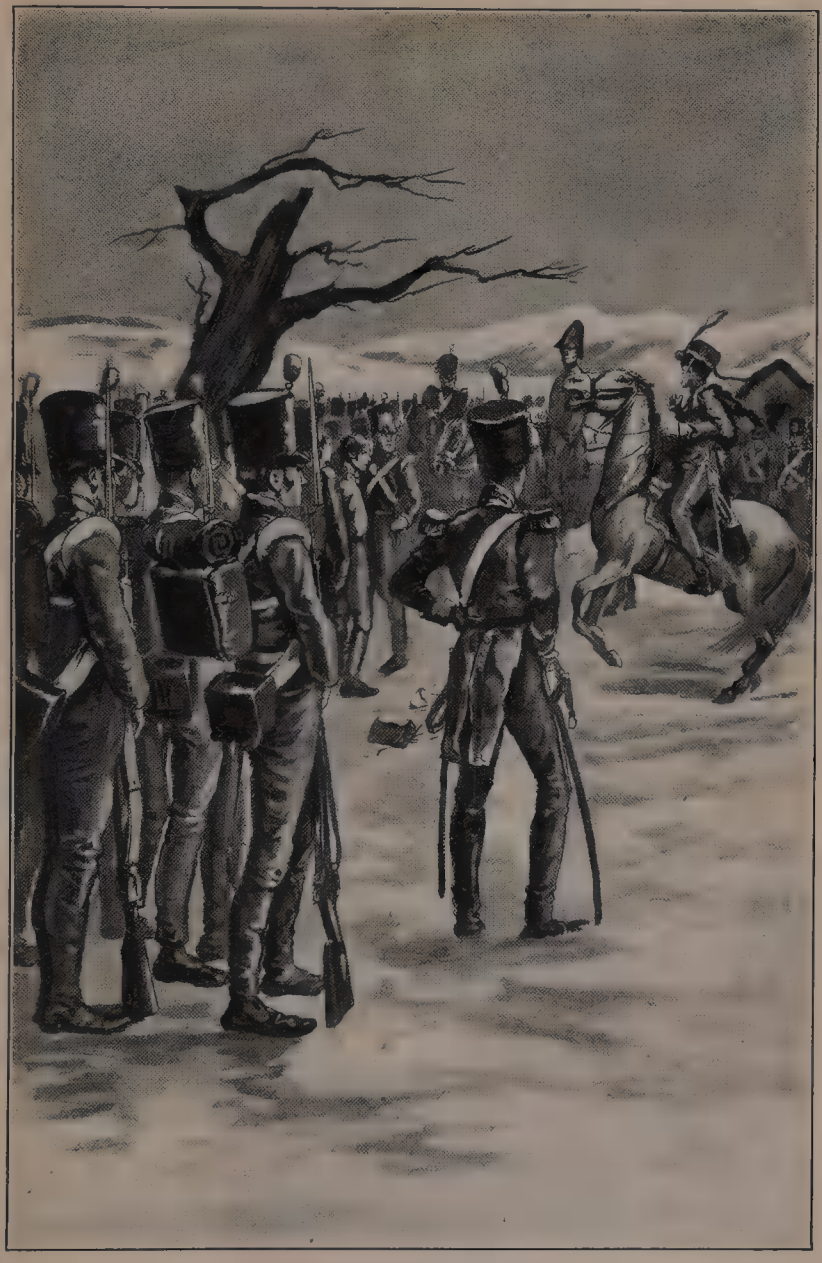
IX

With Wellington in the Peninsular War

By GEORGE A. HENTY

IT was in the beginning of December, 1811, that the Scudamore boys again sailed up the Tagus to Lisbon, after an absence of just six months. When they had passed the medical board they were transferred from the unattached list to the Fifty-second Regiment, which was, fortunately for them, also in Spain. No events of great importance had taken place during their absence. Wellington, after the battles of Fuentas d'Onoro and Albuera, had been compelled to fall back again to the frontier in the face of greatly superior forces, and had maintained his old position on the Coa till the approach of winter compelled the French to retire into the interior, where they had their magazines and depots.

The Scudamores found that the Fifty-second were encamped on the Agueda, and they at once prepared to go up country to join them. Their chargers — presents from their aunt on leaving



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— were fresh and vigorous, and they purchased a strong country horse for Sambo, who, thanks to some practice which he had had in England, was now able to cut a respectable figure on horseback. A few hours were sufficient to make their preparations, and at noon on the day after landing they mounted, and followed by Sam, accompanied by a muleteer and two mules carrying their baggage, they started from the hotel at which they had put up.

As they rode down the main street they saw several mounted officers approaching, and at once recognized in the leader the commander-in-chief, who had just arrived from the front to pay one of his flying visits, to endeavor to allay the jealousies in the Portuguese Council, and to insist upon the food which the British government was actually paying for being supplied to the starving Portuguese soldiers. Drawing their horses aside, they saluted Lord Wellington as he rode past. He glanced at them keenly, as was his custom, and evidently recognized them as he returned the salute.

When he had passed they turned their horses and continued their way. They had not gone fifty yards, however, when an officer came up at a gallop. Lord Wellington wished them to call at his quarters in an hour's time.

There are few things more annoying than,

after having got through all the trouble of packing and getting fairly on the road, to be stopped; but there was no help for it, and the boys rode back to their hotel again, where, putting up their horses, they told Sam not to let the muleteer leave, for they should probably be on the road again in an hour.

At the appointed time they called at the headquarters, and giving their cards to two officers on duty, took their seats in the anteroom. It now became evident to them that their chance of an early interview was not great, and that they would in all probability be obliged to pass another night in Madrid. Portuguese grandees passed in and out, staff officers of rank entered and left, important business was being transacted, and the chance of two line captains having an interview with the commander-in-chief appeared but slight. Two hours passed wearily, and then an orderly sergeant came into the room and read out from a slip of paper the names "Captain Thomas Scudamore; Captain Peter Scudamore. This way, if you please," he added, as the boys rose in answer to their names, and he led the way into a room where a colonel on the staff was seated before a table covered with papers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have news which I think will be pleasant to you both. Lord Wellington has not forgotten the services you ren-

dered in carrying his communications to the guerrilla chiefs. Your reports were clear and concise, and your knowledge of Spanish especially valuable. Lord Beresford, too, has reported most favorably of your conduct while with him. There happen to be two vacancies on his staff, and he has desired me to fill them up with your names."

Although the Scudamores would in some respects rather have remained with their regiment, yet they could not refuse an honor which was generally coveted as being a post in which an active officer had plenty of opportunities of distinguishing himself, and which was certain to lead to speedy promotion. They accordingly expressed their warm thanks for the honor which Lord Wellington had done them.

"Are you well mounted?" Colonel Somerset asked.

"We have one capital charger each," Tom said.

"You will want another," Colonel Somerset remarked. "There are a lot of remounts landed to-day. Here is an order to Captain Halket, the officer in charge. Choose any two you like. The amount can be stopped from your pay. How about servants; you are entitled to two each?"

"We have one man of the Norfolk Rangers — a very faithful fellow, who has returned with

us from leave; if he could be transferred, he would do for us both if we had a cavalry man each for our horses."

The colonel at once wrote an order for Sam's transfer from his regiment on detached service, and also one to the officer commanding a cavalry regiment stationed in Madrid, to supply them with two troopers as orderlies.

"May I ask, sir, if we are likely to stay in Madrid long — as, if so, we will look out for quarters?" Tom asked.

"No; the general returns to-morrow, or next day at latest, to Almeida, and of course you will accompany him. Oh, by the bye, Lord Wellington will be glad if you will dine with him to-day — sharp six. By the way, you will want to get staff uniforms. Here is the address of a Spanish tailor, who has fitted out most of the men who have been appointed here. He works quickly, and will get most of the things you want ready by to-morrow night. Don't get more things than are absolutely necessary — merely undress suits. Excuse my asking, how are you off for money? I will give you an order on the paymaster if you like."

Tom replied that they had plenty of money, which indeed they had, for their aunt had given them so handsome a present upon starting that they had tried to persuade her to be less gener-

ous, urging that they really had no occasion for any money beyond their pay. She had insisted, however, upon their accepting two drafts, saying that one never knew what was wanted, and it was always useful to have a sum to fall back on in case of need.

Two days later the Scudamores, in their new staff uniforms, were, with some six or eight other officers, riding in the suit of Lord Wellington on the road to the Coa. The lads thought they had never had a more pleasant time; the weather was fine and the temperature delightful; their companions, all older somewhat than themselves, were yet all young men in high health and spirits. The pace was good, for Lord Wellington was a hard rider, and time was always precious with him. At the halting-places the senior officers of the staff kept together, while the aides-de-camp made up a mess of their own, always choosing a place as far away as possible from that of the chief, so that they could laugh, joke, and even sing, without fear of disturbing his lordship.

Sam soon became a high favorite with the light-hearted young fellows, and his services as forager for the mess were in high esteem.

Three days of hard riding took them to Almeida, where the breaches caused by the great explosion had been repaired, and the place put

into a defensible position. Tom and Peter had been afraid that there would be at least four months of enforced inactivity before the spring; but they soon found that the post of aide-de-camp to Wellington was no sinecure. For the next month they almost lived in the saddle. The greater portion of the English army was indeed lying on the Agueda, but there were detached bodies of British and large numbers of Portuguese troops at various points along the whole line of the Portuguese frontier, and with the commanders of these Lord Wellington was in constant communication.

Towards the end of December some large convoys of heavy artillery arrived at Almeida, but every one supposed that they were intended to fortify this place, and none, even of those most in the confidence of the commander-in-chief, had any idea that a winter campaign was about to commence. The French were equally unsuspicious of the truth. Twice as strong as the British, they dreamed not that the latter would take the offensive, and the French marshals had scattered their troops at considerable distances from the frontier in winter quarters.

Upon the last day of the year the Scudamores both happened to have returned to the front — Tom from Lisbon, and Peter from a long ride to a distant Portuguese division. There was a

merry party gathered round a blazing fire in the yard of the house where they, with several other aides-de-camp, were quartered. Presently a colonel of the staff, who had been dining with Lord Wellington, entered. "Here's a seat, colonel," was shouted in a dozen places, but he shook his head and held up his hand.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but orders must be obeyed. Villiers, Hogan, Scudamores both, Esdaile, Cooper, and Johnson, here are dispatches which have to be taken off at once. Gentlemen, I should recommend you all to look to your horses. All attached to the transport had better go to their headquarters for orders."

"What is up, colonel?" was the general question.

"The army moves forward at daybreak. We are going to take Ciudad."

A cheer of surprise and delight burst from all. There was an emptying of glasses, a pouring out of one more bumper to success, and in five minutes the court was deserted, save by some orderlies hastily devouring the interrupted supper, and ere long the tramp of horses could be heard, as the Scudamores and their comrades dashed off in different directions with their dispatches.

The next morning a bridge was thrown over the Agueda at Marialva, six miles below Ciudad, but the investment was delayed, owing to the slow-

ness and insufficiency of the transport. Ciudad Rodrigo was but a third-class fortress, and could have been captured by the process of a regular siege with comparatively slight loss to the besiegers. Wellington knew, however, that he could not afford the time for a regular siege. Long before the approaches could have been made, and the breaches effected according to rule, the French marshals would have been up with overwhelming forces.

Beginning the investment on the 7th, Wellington determined that it must be taken at all costs in twenty-four days, the last day of the month being the very earliest date at which, according to his calculations, any considerable body of French could come up to its relief.

Ciudad lies on rising ground on the bank of the Agueda. The fortifications were fairly strong, and being protected by a very high glacis, it was difficult to effect a breach in them. The glacis is the smooth ground outside the ditch. In well-constructed works the walls of the fortification rise but very little above the ground beyond, from which they are separated by a broad and deep ditch. Thus the ground beyond the ditch, that is, the glacis, covers the walls from the shot of a besieger, and renders it extremely difficult to reach them. In the case of Ciudad, however, there were outside the place two ele-

AT CIUDAD RODERIGO. (p. 200)

vated plateaus, called the great and small Teson. Guns placed on these could look down upon Ciudad, and could therefore easily breach the walls. These, then, were the spots from which Wellington determined to make the attack. The French, however, were aware of the importance of the position, and had erected on the higher Teson an inclosed and palisadoed redoubt, mounting two guns and a howitzer. A great difficulty attending the operation was that there were neither fuel nor shelter to be obtained on the right bank of the river, and the weather set in very cold, with frost and snow, at the beginning of the siege. Hence the troops had to be encamped on the left bank, and each division, as its turn came to occupy the trenches for twenty-four hours, took cooked provisions with it, and waded across the Agueda.

On the 8th Pack's division of Portuguese and the light division waded the river three miles above the fortress, and, making a circuit, took up a place near the great Teson. There they remained quiet all day. The French, seeing that the place was not yet entirely invested, paid but little heed to them. At nightfall, however, Colonel Colborne, with two companies from each of the regiments of the light division, attacked the redoubt of San Francisco with such a sudden rush that it was carried with the loss of only

twenty-four men, the defenders, few and unprepared, being all taken prisoners. Scarcely, however, was the place captured than every gun of Ciudad which could be brought to bear upon it opened with fury. All night, under a hail of shot and shell, the troops labored steadily, and by daybreak the first parallel, that is to say, a trench protected by a bank of earth six hundred yards in length, was sunk three feet deep. The next day the first division relieved the light division.

Tom and Peter, now that the army was stationary, had an easier time of it, and obtained leave to cross the river to see the operations. The troops had again to wade through the bitter cold water, and at any other time would have grumbled rarely at the discomfort. When really engaged in the work of war, however, the British soldier cares for nothing, and holding up their rifles, pouches, and haversacks to keep dry, the men crossed the river laughing and joking. There was but little done all day, for the fire of the enemy was too fast and deadly for men to work under it in daylight. At night the Scudamores left their horses with those of the divisional officers and accompanied the troops into the trenches, to learn the work which had there to be done. Directly it was dusk twelve hundred men fell to work to construct their batteries.

The night was dark, and it was strange to the Scudamores to hear the thud of so many picks and shovels going, to hear now and then a low spoken order, but to see nothing save when the flash of the enemy's guns momentarily lit up the scene. Every half minute or so the shot, shell, and grape came tearing through the air, followed occasionally by a low cry or a deep moan. Exciting as it was for a time, the boys, having no duty, found it difficult long to keep awake, and presently dozed off — at first to wake with a start whenever a shell fell close, but presently to sleep soundly until dawn. By that time the batteries, eighteen feet thick, were completed.

On the 10th the fourth division, and on the 11th the third, carried on the works, but were nightly disturbed, not only by the heavy fire from the bastions, but from some guns which the French had mounted on the convent of San Francisco in the suburb on the left. Little was effected in the next two days, for the frost hardened the ground and impeded the work. On the night of the 13th the Santa Cruz convent was carried and the trenches pushed forward, and on the next afternoon the breaching batteries opened fire with twenty-five guns upon the points of the wall at which it had been determined to make the breaches, while two cannons kept down the fire of the French guns at the

convent of San Francisco. The French replied with more than fifty pieces, and all night the tremendous fire was kept up on both sides without intermission. Just at daybreak the sound of musketry mingled with the roar of cannon, as the Fortieth Regiment attacked and carried the convent of San Francisco. Through the 16th, 17th, and 18th the artillery duel continued, sometimes one side, sometimes the other obtaining the advantage; but during each night the trenches of the besiegers were pushed forward, and each day saw the breaches in the ramparts grow larger and larger. On the 19th the breaches were reported as practicable — that is, that it would be possible for men to scramble up the fallen rubbish to the top, and orders were therefore given for the assault for that night.

The attack was to be made at four points simultaneously; the Fifth, Ninety-fourth, and Seventy-seventh were to attack from the convent of Santa Cruz, to make for the ditch, enter it, and work their way along to the great breach; Mackinnon's brigade of the third division was to attack the great breach from the front; the light division posted behind the convent of San Francisco were to attack from the left and make their way to the small breach; while a false attack, to be converted into a real one if the resistance was slight, was to be made by Pack's Portuguese

at the St. Jago gate at the opposite side of the town. As night fell the troops moved into their position, and Lord Wellington went to the convent of San Francisco, from the roof of which he could survey the operations. The Scudamores, with the rest of the staff, took up their places behind him. Suddenly there was a shout on the far right, followed by a sound of confused cheering and firing, while flashes of flame leaped out along the walls, and the guns of the place opened fire with a crash. Now the Fifth, Ninety-fourth, and Seventy-seventh rushed with great swiftness along the ditch, when, at the foot of the great breach, they were met by the third division. Together they poured up the breach, and the roar of musketry was tremendous. Once at the top of the breach, however, they made no progress. From a trench which had been cut beyond it, a ring of fire broke out, while muskets flashed from every window in the houses near. It was evident that some serious obstacle had been encountered, and that the main attack was arrested.

"This is terrible," Peter said, as almost breathless they watched the storm of fire on and around the breach. "This is a thousand times worse than a battle. It is awful to think how the shot must be telling on that dense mass. Can nothing be done?"

"Hurrah! There go the light division at the small breach," Tom exclaimed, as the French fire broke out along the ramparts in that quarter. A violent cheer came up even above the din from the great breach, but no answering fire lights the scene, for Major Napier, who commanded, had forbidden his men to load, telling them to trust entirely to the bayonet. There was no delay here; the firing of the French ceased almost immediately, as with a fierce rush the men of the light division bounded up the ruins and won the top of the breach. For a moment or two there was a pause, for the French opened so fierce a fire from either side that the troops wavered. The officers sprang to the front, the soldiers followed with the bayonet, and the French, unable to stand the fierce onslaught, broke and fled into the town. Then the men of the light division, rushing along the walls, took the French who were defending the great breach in rear, and as these gave way the attacking party swept across the obstacles which had hitherto kept them, and the town was won. Pack's Portuguese had effected an entrance at the St. Jago gate, which they found almost deserted, for the garrison was weak, and every available man had been taken for the defence of the breaches.

Thus was Ciudad Rodrigo taken after twelve days' siege, with a loss of twelve hundred men

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and ninety officers, of which six hundred and fifty men and sixty officers fell in that short, bloody fight at the breaches. Among the killed was General Craufurd, who had commanded at the fight on the Coa.

Upon entering the town three days afterward, at the termination of the disgraceful scene of riot and pillage with which the British soldier, there as at other places, tarnished the laurels won by his bravery in battle, the boys went to the scene of the struggle, and then understood the cause of the delay upon the part of the stormers. From the top of the breach there was a perpendicular fall of sixteen feet, and the bottom of this was planted with sharp spikes, and strewn with the fragments of shells which the French had rolled down into it. Had it not been for the light division coming up and taking the defenders — who occupied the loop-holed and fortified houses which commanded this breach — in rear, the attack here could never have succeeded.

The next few days were employed in repairing the breaches, and putting the place again in a state of defence, as it was probable that Marmont might come up and besiege it. The French marshal, however, when hurrying to the relief of the town, heard the news of its fall, and as the weather was very bad for campaigning, and provisions short, he fell back again to his winter

quarters, believing that Wellington would, content with his success, make no fresh movement until the spring. The English general, however, was far too able a strategist not to profit by the supineness of his adversary, and immediately Ciudad Rodrigo was taken, he began to make preparations for the siege of Badajos, a far stronger fortress than Ciudad, and defended by strong detached forts. Three days after the fall of Rodrigo General Hill came up with his division; to this the Norfolk Rangers now belonged, and the Scudamores had therefore the delight of meeting all their old friends again. They saw but little of them, however, for they were constantly on the road to Lisbon with dispatches, every branch of the service being now strained to get the battering train destined for the attack on Badajos to the front, while orders were sent to Silviera, Trant, Wilson, Lecca, and the other partisan leaders, to hold all the fords and defiles along the frontier, so as to prevent the French from making a counter-invasion of Portugal.

On the 11th of March the army arrived at Elvas, and on the 15th a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Guadiana. The following day the British troops crossed the river and invested Badajos with fifteen thousand men, while Hill and Graham, with thirty thousand more, moved forward so as to act as a covering army in case

the French should advance to raise the siege. Badajos was defended by five thousand men under General Phillipson, a most able and energetic commander, who had in every way strengthened the defences, and put them in a position to offer an obstinate resistance.

Before attacking the fortress it was necessary to capture one of the outlying forts, and that known as the Picurina was selected, because the bastion of the Trinidad, which lay behind it, was the weakest portion of the fortress. The trenches were commenced against this on the night of the 17th, and although the French made some vigorous sorties, the works progressed so rapidly that all was ready for an assault on the forts on the 25th, a delay of two days having been occasioned by the French taking guns across the river, which swept the trenches and rendered work impossible until a division was sent round to drive in the French guns and invest the fortress on that side.

The Picurina was strong and desperately defended, but it was captured after a furious assault which lasted one hour and cost nineteen officers and three hundred men. It was not, however, until next evening that the fort could be occupied, for the guns of the town poured such a hail of shot and shell into it that a permanent footing could not be obtained in it. Gradually, day by day, the trenches were driven nearer to

the doomed city, and the cannon of the batteries worked day and night to establish a breach. Soult was known to be approaching, but he wanted to gather up all his available forces, as he believed the town capable of holding out for another month at least. Still he was approaching, and although the three breaches were scarcely yet practicable and the fire of the town by no means overpowered, Wellington determined upon an instant assault, and on the night of the 6th of April the troops prepared for what turned out to be the most terrible and bloody assault in the annals of the British army.

There were no less than six columns of attack, comprising in all eighteen thousand men. Picton, on the right, with the third division, was to cross the Rivillas and storm the castle. Wilson, with the troops in the trenches, was to attack San Roque. In the centre the fourth and light division, under Colville and Barnard, were to assault the breaches; and on the left Leith, with the fifth division, was to make a false attack upon the fort of Pardaleras, and a real attack upon the bastion of San Vincente by the river side. Across the river the Portuguese division under Power was to attack the works at the head of the bridge. The night was dark and clouded, and all was as still as death outside the town, when a lighted carcass, that is, a large iron canister filled with

tar and combustibles, fell close to the third division, and, exposing their ranks, forced them to commence the attack before the hour appointed. Crossing the Rivillas by a narrow bridge, under a tremendous fire, the third division assaulted the castle, and although their scaling-ladders were over and over again hurled down, the stormers at last obtained a footing, and the rest of the troops poured in and the castle was won.

A similar and more rapid success attended the assault on San Roque, which was attacked so suddenly and violently that it was taken with scarcely any resistance. In the meantime the assaults upon the breaches had commenced, and it is best to give the account of this terrible scene in the words of its eloquent and graphic historian, as the picture is one of the most vivid that was ever drawn.

"All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upward uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some haypacks were thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division,

five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition; but then a bright flame shooting upward displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts crowded with dark figures and glittering arms were on one side; on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava. It was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels. For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight; but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, the men flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below — and at the same moment, amid a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in, and descended with a like fury. There were only five ladders for the two columns, which were close together; and a deep cut, made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation. Into that watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the Fusiliers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered.

"Those who followed checked not, but, as if such

a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed toward the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were, indeed, before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran toward the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad, the two divisions got mixed, the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the paral-

lel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which, feet being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Once and again the assailants rushed the breaches, but always the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly.

"Hundreds of men had fallen, hundreds more were dropping, still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by

many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued.

"At the beginning of this dreadful conflict Andrew Barnard had, with prodigious efforts, separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such, no command would be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heap on each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations; order was impossible! Officers of all ranks, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering

with steel, seemed like the mouth of a huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod, of the Forty-third, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed; wherever his voice was heard his soldiers had gathered, and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins that when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not; but, continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. Yet there was no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers, until two hours passed in these vain efforts had convinced the troops the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the soldiers did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early.

"Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, 'Why they did not come into Badajos?' In

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR. (*p.* 216)

this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burned flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas, of the Engineers, was observed by Lieutenant Shaw, of the Forty-third, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw immediately collected fifty soldiers, of all regiments, and joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of that breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers led their gallant band, with a rush, up the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! With inexpressible coolness he looked at his watch, and, saying it was too late to carry the breaches, rejoined the masses at the other attack.

"After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for of the riflemen on the glacis many leaped early into the ditch and joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant

bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

"About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, ordered the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault; he had heard the castle was taken, but, thinking the enemy would still resist in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion; the French fire never slackened. A cry arose that the enemy was making a sally from the distant flanks, and there was a rush toward the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded, who could not move and expected to be slain, increased, and many officers who had not heard of the order endeavored to stop the soldiers from going back; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd."

While this terrible scene was passing the victory had been decided elsewhere. The capture of the castle by Picton would, in itself, have caused the fall of the town upon the following day, but Leith, with the fifth division, after hard fighting, scaled the St. Vincente bastion, and came up through the town and took the defenders of the breaches in the rear. Then the French gave

way, the British poured in, and the dreadful scenes which had marked the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo were repeated, and even surpassed. Up to the present day the name of an Englishman is coupled with a curse in the town of Badajos.

At this siege, as at the last, the Scudamores acted the part of lookers-on, and although they bitterly regretted it, it was well for them that it was so. The capture of Badajos cost the allied army five thousand men, of whom thirty-five hundred fell on the night of the assault. Each of the divisions which attacked the breaches lost over twelve hundred men, and the Fifty-second Regiment, who formed part of the light division, lost their full share. Among the ranks of the officers the slaughter was particularly great, and scarce one escaped without a wound. The Scudamores would fain have volunteered to join their regiment in the assault, but it was well known that Lord Wellington would not allow staff officers to go outside their own work. Therefore they had looked on with beating hearts and pale faces, and with tears in their eyes, at that terrible fight at the Trinidad, and had determined that when morning came they would resign their staff appointments and ask leave to join their regiment. But when morning came, and the list of the killed and wounded was sent in, and they went down with a party to the

breach to collect the wounded, they could not but feel that they had in all probability escaped death, or what a soldier fears more, mutilation.

"After all, Tom," Peter said, "we have done some active service, and our promotion shows that we are not cowards; there can be no reason why we should not do our duty as the chief has marked it out for us, especially when it is quite as likely to lead to rapid promotion as is such a murderous business as this." After this no more was said about resigning the staff appointment, which gave them plenty of hard work and constant change of scene, whereas had they remained with the regiment they would often have been stationed for months in one place without a move.

The great triumphs of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos did not lead to the rapid successes which Wellington had hoped. The French generals, on hearing of the loss of the latter fortress, again fell back, and Wellington was so much hampered by shortness of money, by the inefficiency, obstinacy, and intrigues of the Portuguese government, and by want of transport, that it was nearly three months before he could get everything in readiness for an advance into Spain. At last all was prepared, and on the 13th of June the army once more crossed the Agueda, and marched toward the Tamar, in four columns.

On the 17th it was within six miles of Salamanca, and Marshal Marmont, unable for the moment to stem the tide of invasion, evacuated the city, which that evening blazed with illuminations, the people being half wild with joy at their approaching deliverance. The French, however, had not entirely departed, for eight hundred men still held some very strong forts overlooking and guarding the city.

These forts held out desperately; the British battering train was weak, and upon the 23d Marmont, having received considerable reinforcements, advanced to raise the siege. Wellington, however, refused to be tempted to leave his trenches to deliver a general battle, but faced the enemy with a portion of his army while he continued the siege.

Marmont, upon his part, believing that the forts could hold out for fifteen days, put off the attack, as he knew that large reinforcements were coming up. His calculations were frustrated by one of the forts taking fire on the 27th when an assault was delivered, and the whole of the forts surrendered; Marmont at once fell back across the Douro, there to await the arrival of his reinforcements.

Wellington, on his part, followed slowly, and his army took up a position between Canizal and Castrejon, thereby covering the roads from

Toro and Tordesillas, the only points at which the French could cross the river. The reports of the spies all agreed that the former was the place at which the crossing would be made.

On the 16th of July an officer rode into Canizal at headlong pace, with the news that a reconnoitering party had crossed the Douro that morning near Tordesillas, and had found that place deserted, except by a garrison; and an hour later the news came in that three divisions of the enemy were already across the river at Toro. Five minutes later the Scudamores were on horseback, carrying orders that the whole of the army, with the exception of the fourth and light divisions, which were on the Trabancos, under General Cotton, were to concentrate at Canizal that night. By the morning the movement was accomplished.

The day wore on in somewhat anxious expectation, and toward afternoon Wellington, accompanied by Lord Beresford, and escorted by Alten's, Bock's, and Le Marchant's brigades of cavalry, started to make a reconnaissance of the enemy's movements. Caution was needed for the advance, as it was quite uncertain whether the French were pushing on through the open country toward Canizal or whether they were following the direct road from Toro to Salamanca. Evening closed in, but no signs of the

French army were seen, and the party halted about six miles from Toro, and small parties of cavalry were dispatched right and left to scour the country, and find out where the enemy had gone.

"It's very strange where the French can have got to," was the remark made for the fiftieth time among the staff.

The detached parties returned, bringing no news whatever, and Lord Wellington again advanced slowly and cautiously toward Toro. Small parties were pushed on ahead, and presently an officer rode back with the news that he had been as far as the river, and that not a Frenchman was to be seen. It was too late to do any more, and they remained in uncertainty whether the enemy had recrossed the river after making a demonstration, or whether they had marched to their right, so as to make a circuit, and throw themselves between Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, upon the line of communication of the British army.

Lord Wellington with his staff took possession of a deserted farmhouse, the cavalry picketed their horses round it, and the Scudamores, who had been more than twenty-four hours in the saddle, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and stretching themselves on the floor, were soon asleep. Just at midnight the sound of a horse's

footfall approaching at a gallop was heard, and an officer, who had ridden without drawing rein from Canizal, dashed up to the farm.

Five minutes later the whole party were in the saddle again. The news was important indeed. Marmont had drawn his whole army back across the Toro on the night of the 16th, had marched to Tordesillas, crossed there, and in the afternoon, after a march of fifty miles, had fallen upon Cotton's outposts and driven them across the Trabancos.

Not a moment's time was lost by Wellington after he received the news; but, unfortunately, six precious hours had already been wasted, owing to the dispatches not having reached him at Canizal. With the three brigades of cavalry he set off at once toward Alaejos, while an officer was dispatched to Canizal to order the fifth division to march with all speed to Torrecilla de la Orden, six miles in rear of Cotton's position at Castrejon.

Four hours' riding brought them to Alaejos, where a halt for two or three hours was ordered to rest the weary horses and men. Soon after daybreak, however, all thought of sleep was banished by the roar of artillery, which told that Marmont was pressing hard upon Cotton's troops. "To horse!" was the cry, and Lords Wellington and Beresford, with their staff, rode

off at full speed toward the scene of action, with the cavalry following hard upon their heels. An hour's ride brought them to the ground. Not much could be seen, for the country was undulating and bare, and each depression was full of the white morning mist, which wreathed and tossed fantastically from the effects of the discharges of firearms, the movements of masses of men, and the charges of cavalry hidden within it. Upon a crest near at hand were a couple of British guns, with a small escort of horse.

Suddenly, from the mist below, a party of some fifty French horsemen dashed out and made for the guns. The supporting squadron, surprised by the suddenness of the attack, broke and fled; the French followed hard upon them, and just as Lord Wellington, with his staff, gained the crest, pursuers and pursued came upon them, and in pellmell confusion the whole were borne down to the bottom of the hill. For a few minutes it was a wild *mêlée*. Lords Wellington, Beresford, and their staff, with their swords drawn, were in the midst of the fight, and friends and foes were mingled together, when the leading squadrons of the cavalry from Alaejos came thundering down, and very few of the Frenchmen who had made that gallant charge escaped to tell the tale.

The mists were now rapidly clearing up, and

in a short time the whole French army could be seen advancing. They moved toward the British left, and Wellington ordered the troops at once to retire. The British fell back in three columns, and marched for the Guarena, through Torrecilla de la Orden. The French also marched straight for the river, and now one of the most singular sights ever presented in warfare was to be seen.

The hostile armies were marching abreast, the columns being but a few hundred yards apart, the officers on either side waving their hands to each other. For ten miles the armies thus pressed forward, the officers urging the men, and these straining every nerve to get first to the river. From time to time the artillery of either side, finding a convenient elevation, would pour a few volleys of grape into the opposing columns, but the position of the two armies did not often admit of this. Gradually Cotton's men, fresher than the French, who had in the two previous days marched fifty miles, gained ground, and, reaching the river, marched across by the ford, the winners of the great race by so little that one division, which halted for a moment to drink, was swept by forty pieces of French artillery, which arrived on the spot almost simultaneously with it.

On the Guarena the British found the remaining divisions of the army, which had been brought

up from Canizal. These checked Marmont in an attempt to cross at Vallesa, while the Twenty-ninth and Fortieth Regiments, with a desperate bayonet charge, drove Carier's French division back as it attempted to push forward beyond Castrillo. Thus the two armies faced each other on the Guarena, and Marmont had gained absolutely nothing by his false movement at Toro, and his long and skilful détour by Tordesillas.

Quickly the rest of the day passed, as did the one which followed, the troops on both sides resting after their fatigues. Wellington expected to be attacked on the next morning, and his army was arranged in two lines ready for the combat. At daybreak, however, Marmont moved his army up the river, crossed at a ford there, and marched straight for Salamanca, thus turning Wellington's right, and threatening his communications. The British at once fell back, and the scene of the previous day was repeated, the armies marching along the crest of two parallel hills, within musket-shot distance of each other.

This time, however, the French troops, although they had marched considerably further than the English, proved themselves the best marchers, and when night fell Wellington had the mortification of seeing them in possession of the ford of Huerta on the Tormes, thus securing for Marmont the junction with an army which

was approaching under King Joseph, and also the option of either fighting or refusing battle. Wellington felt his position seriously threatened, and sent off a dispatch to the Spanish General Castanos, stating his inability to hold his ground, and the probability that he should be obliged to fall back upon Portugal. This letter proved the cause of the victory of Salamanca, for it was intercepted by the French, and Marmont, fearing that Wellington would escape him, prepared at once to throw himself upon the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and thus cut the British line of retreat, in spite of the positive order which he had received from King Joseph not to fight until he himself arrived with his army.

Upon the 21st both armies crossed the Tormes, the French at Alba and Huerta, the British at Aldea Lengua, and San Marta. Upon that day the news reached Wellington that General Chauvel, with two thousand cavalry and twenty guns would reach Marmont on the evening of the 22d or the morning of the 23d, and the English general therefore resolved to retreat, unless Marmont should, by some mistake, give him a chance of fighting to advantage.

Close to the British right, and the French left, were two steep and rugged hills, called the Hermanitos, or Brothers, and soon after daybreak on the 22d the French seized upon the one

nearest to them, while the British took possession of the other. Then watching each other, the two armies remained until noon, for Wellington could not commence his retreat by daylight; but a long cloud of dust along the road to Ciudad Rodrigo showed that the baggage of the army was already *en route* for Portugal. Marmont now determined to make a bold stroke to cut off Wellington's retreat, and, although all his troops had not yet arrived, he ordered Maucune, with two divisions, to march round by the left and menace the Ciudad road. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Wellington, who had been up all night, thinking that Marmont would make no move that day, had gone to lie down for an hour or two, when Tom Scudamore, who from an elevated point was watching the movements of the enemy, hurried in with the news that the French were pushing their left round toward the Ciudad road.

Wellington leaped to his feet and hurried to the high ground, where he beheld with stern satisfaction that Marmont, in his eagerness to prevent the British escape, had committed the flagrant error of detaching his wing from his main body. Instantly he issued orders for an attack, and the great mass of men upon the British Hermanito moved down upon the plain to attack Maucune in flank, while the third division was

ordered to throw itself across his line of march, and to attack him in front. As the advance across the plain would be taken in flank by the fire from the French Hermanito, General Pack was ordered to assail that position directly the British line had passed it.

Marmont, standing on the French Hermanito, was thunderstruck at beholding the plain suddenly covered with enemies, and a tremendous fire was at once opened upon the advancing British. Officer after officer was despatched to hurry up the French troops still upon the march, and when Marmont saw the third division dash across Maucune's path, he was upon the point of hurrying himself to the spot, when a shell burst close to him, and he was dashed to the earth with a broken arm, and two deep wounds in his side.

Thus, at the critical point of the battle, the French army was left without a head.

It was just five o'clock when Pakenham, with the third division, fell like a thunderbolt upon the head of Maucune's troops. These, taken by surprise by this attack on the part of an enemy whom they had thought to see in full flight, yet fought gallantly, and strove to gain time to open out into order of battle. Bearing onward, however, with irresistible force, the third division broke the head of the column, and drove it back upon its supports. Meanwhile, the battle raged

all along the line; in the plain the fourth division carried the village of Arapiles, and drove back Bonnet's division with the bayonet, and the fifth division attacked Maucune's command in flank, while Pakenham was destroying its front.

Marmont was succeeded in his command by Bonnet, who was also wounded, and Clausel, an able general, took the command. He reinforced Maucune with his own divisions, which had just arrived, and for awhile restored the battle. Then, past the right and left of Pakenham's division, the British cavalry, under Le Marchant, Anson, and d'Urban, burst through the smoke and dust, rode down twelve hundred of the French infantry, and then dashed on at the line behind. Nobly the charge was pressed, the third division following at a run, and the charge ceased not until the French left was entirely broken, and five guns and two thousand prisoners taken.

But forty minutes had passed since the first gun was fired, and the French defeat was already all but irretrievable, and the third, fourth, and fifth divisions, now in line, swept forward as to assured victory. Clausel, however, proved equal to the emergency. He reinforced Bonnet's division with that of Fereij, as yet fresh and unbroken, and, at the same moment, Sarrut's and Brennier's divisions issued from the forest, and formed in the line of battle. Behind them the

broken troops of Maucune's two divisions reformed, and the battle was renewed with terrible force.

Pack, at the same moment, attempted unsuccessfully to carry the French Hermanito by assault with his Portuguese division, and the fate of the battle was again in the balance; the British divisions, outnumbered and outflanked, began to fall back. Generals Cole, Leith, and Spry were all wounded, and the French cavalry threatened the flank of the line. Wellington, however, had still plenty of reserves in hand, and at this critical moment he launched them at the enemy. The sixth division was brought up from the second line, and hurled at the centre of the enemy in a fierce and prolonged charge, while the light and first divisions were directed against the French divisions which were descending from the French Hermanito, and against that of Foy, while the seventh division and the Spaniards were brought up behind the first line. Against so tremendous an assault as this the French could make no stand, and were pushed back in ever-increasing disorder to the edge of the forest, where Foy's and Maucune's divisions stood at bay, and covered their retreat in the fast-gathering darkness.

Wellington believed that he should capture a great portion of the beaten army, for he relied upon the Castle of Alba de Formes, commanding

the ford of that place, being held by the Spaniards, but these had evacuated the place on the preceding day, and had not even informed Wellington that they had done so.

Thus, hidden by the night, the French retreated with but slight loss from the pursuing columns. In the battle the French had forty-two thousand men and seventy-four guns; the allies forty-six thousand and sixty guns; but of the infantry a division were composed of Spaniards, and these could not be relied upon in any way. It was probably the most rapidly fought action ever known, and a French officer described it as the defeat of forty thousand men in forty minutes. The French loss was over twelve thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and so completely were they dispersed that Clausel a week afterward could only collect twenty thousand to their standards. It was a great victory, and celebrated as the first which Wellington had gained over the French, for although at Talavera and Busaco he had repulsed the French attack, he was not, in either case, in a position to do more than hold his ground.

Throughout this short and desperate fight the Scudamores had been fully engaged in conveying orders from one part of the field to another. Shot and shell flew around them in all directions, and yet when they met at the end of the action

they found that they had escaped without a scratch. The day following the battle the pursuit began. Had King Joseph's advancing army united with Clausel's broken troops he could have opposed Wellington's advance with a force far superior in numbers to that defeated at Salamanca. But Joseph, after hesitating, fell back in one direction, Clausel retreated in another, the opportunity for concentration was lost, and Wellington found no foe to bar his way on his triumphant march upon Madrid.

Joseph fell back from the capital as the English approached, leaving some thousands of men in the strong place known as the Retiro, together with an immense amount of arms, ammunition, and military stores of all kinds, all of which, including the troops, fell into the hands of the English within a few days of their arrival at Madrid.

It was a proud moment for the Scudamores, as riding behind Lord Wellington they entered Madrid on the 14th of August.

The city was half mad with joy. Crowds lined the streets, while every window and balcony along the route was filled with ladies, who waved their scarfs, clapped their hands, and showered flowers upon the heads of their deliverers. Those below, haggard and half-starved, for the distress in Madrid was intense, thronged round the gener-

al's horse, a shouting, weeping throng, kissing his cloak, his horse, any portion of his equipments which they could touch. Altogether it was one of the most glorious, most moving, most enthusiastic welcomes ever offered to a general.

The next fortnight was spent in a round of *fêtes,* bull fights, and balls, succeeding each other rapidly, but these rejoicings were but a thin veil over the distress which was general throughout the town. The people were starving, and many deaths occurred daily from hunger. The British could do but little to relieve the suffering which they saw around them, for they themselves were — owing to the utter breakdown of all the arrangements undertaken by the Portuguese government, and to the indecision and incapacity of the home government — badly fed, and much in arrears of their pay. Nevertheless, the officers did what they could, got up soup kitchens, and fed daily many hundreds of starving wretches.

The heat was excessive and a very great deal of illness took place among the troops. The French were gathering strength in the south, and Wellington determined upon marching north and seizing Burgos, an important place, but poorly fortified. Leaving General Hill with two divisions at Madrid, he marched with the rest of the army upon Burgos.

General Clausel fell back as Wellington ad-

vanced to Burgos, and the British laid siege to the castle of that place. Like all Wellington's sieges, this was commenced with a wholly insufficient train of artillery, and without the time necessary to carry out regular siege operations. A considerable portion of the army was posted so as to watch Clausel. The place was badly fortified, but the French under Governor Dubreton defended themselves with immense skill and courage, the English assaults were repulsed, successful sorties were made by the garrison, and at last, after the failure of the fourth assault, the siege was given up, and the allied armies turned their faces once more toward Portugal.

It was time; the operations in the south upon which Wellington had relied to keep at least a portion of the French forces engaged had failed signally, and the French generals were bringing up their troops from all parts of Spain, and General Souham, having under him Generals Clausel, Maucune, and Foy, with a force far superior to that of the British, advanced to give battle. Then Wellington, whose Anglo-Portuguese troops were much weakened by sickness, fell back rapidly, sending orders to General Hill, who commanded the troops left behind in Madrid, to evacuate that city, and to fall back and unite with him on the Tormes.

It was only by some masterly manœuvring and

some stiff fighting at Venta de Pozo, on the Carrion, and on the Huebra, that Wellington drew off his army to Ciudad Rodrigo.

During the retreat the British suffered very severely, and the discipline of the army became greatly impaired, so much so that Lord Wellington issued a general order rebuking the army, saying that "discipline had deteriorated during the campaign in a greater degree than he had ever witnessed or read of in any army, and this without any unusual privation or hardship, or any long marches."

The number of stragglers may be imagined by the fact that the loss of the allied army was upward of nine thousand, of whom not more than two thousand were killed and wounded at Burgos and in the combats during the retreat. This number includes the Spanish as well as the Anglo-Portuguese loss.

It was the beginning of December when the allied army reached their winter quarters around Ciudad Rodrigo. It was fortunate that the season of the year, and the necessity which the French had to refill their magazines and collect food, gave breathing time and rest to the British. Although strengthened by his junction with Hill, and by the arrival of reinforcements from the coast, Wellington was not in a position to

have made a stand against such a force as the French could have brought against him.

Tom and Peter Scudamore had rejoined the army at the hottest part of the siege of Burgos, and had taken up their work at once.

The next four months were passed in preparations for the grand attack with which Wellington confidently hoped to drive the French out of Spain. The news of the defeat of Napoleon in Russia had cheered the hearts of the enemies of France, and excited them to make a great effort to strike a decisive blow. The French army was weakened by the withdrawal of several corps to strengthen the armies which Napoleon was raising for his campaign in Germany, and British gold had been so freely spent that the Portuguese army was now in a really efficient state; a portion of the Spanish army had been handed over to Wellington, and were now in a far more trustworthy condition than they had been heretofore, while the whole of the north of Spain was in a state of insurrection, which the French, in spite of all their efforts, were unable to repress.

The invasion was delayed until the end of May, in order that the crops might be in a fit state for the subsistence of the cavalry and baggage animals; but in the last week in that month all was ready, and, in several columns, the allied army poured into Spain nearly a hundred

thousand strong. The French, ignorant alike of Wellington's intentions and preparations, were in no position to stem effectually this mighty wave of war, and were driven headlong before it, with many fierce skirmishes, until their scattered forces were, for the most part, united on the Ebro.

Here Joseph occupied a strong position, which he thought to hold until the whole of his troops could come up; but Wellington made a détour, swept round his right, and the French fell back in haste, and took up their position in the basin of Vittoria, where all the stores and baggage which had been carried off as the army retreated from Madrid, Valladolid, Burgos, and other towns, were collected. At Vittoria were gathered the court, and an enormous mass of fugitives, as all the Spaniards who had adhered to the cause of Joseph had, with their wives and families, accompanied the French in their retreat. Hence the accumulation of baggage animals and carts, of stores of all descriptions, of magazines, of food and artillery, of helpless, frightened people, was enormous, and for the retreat of the army in case of defeat there was but one good road, already encumbered with baggage and fugitives!

This terrible accumulation arose partly from the fault of Joseph, who was wholly unequal to the supreme command in an emergency like the

present. Confused and bewildered by the urgency of the danger, he had hesitated, wavered, and lost precious time. By resistance at any of the rivers, which Wellington had passed unopposed, he might easily have gained a few days, and thus have allowed time for the great mass of fugitives to reach the French frontier, and for Foy and Clausel, each of whom were within a day's march upon the day of the battle, to have arrived with a reinforcement of twenty thousand good fighting men. Instead of this he had suffered himself to be outflanked day after day, and his army forced into retreat without an effort at resistance — a course of action irritating and disheartening to all troops, but especially to the French, who, admirable in attack, are easily dispirited, and are ill-suited to defensive warfare.

The position which he had now chosen for the battle, on which his kingdom was to be staked, was badly selected for the action. The front was, indeed, covered by the river Zadora, but this was crossed by seven available bridges, none of which had been broken down, while there was but the one good line of retreat, and this, besides being already encumbered with baggage-wagons, could be easily turned by the allies. The French army, weakened by five thousand men, who had marched upon the preceding days in charge of convoys for France, was still about seventy thou-

sand strong, the allies — British, Portuguese, and Spanish — about eighty thousand. The French were the strongest in artillery.

Wellington, seeing that Joseph had determined to stand at bay, made his arrangements for the battle. On the left Graham, with twenty thousand men, was to attempt to cross the Zadora at Gamara Mayor, when he would find himself on the main road, behind Vittoria, and so cut the French line of retreat. Hill, with a like force, was to attack on the right, through the defile of Puebla, and so, entering the basin of Vittoria, to threaten the French right, and obtain possession of the bridge of Nanclares. In the centre Wellington himself, with thirty thousand troops, would force the four bridges in front of the French centre, and attack their main position.

At daybreak on June 21, 1813, the weather being rainy with some mist, the troops moved from their quarters on the Bayas, passed in columns over the bridges in front, and slowly approached the Zadora. About ten o'clock Hill seized the village of Puebla, and commenced the passage of the defile, while one of the Portuguese battalions scaled the heights above. Here the French met them, and a fierce fight ensued; the French were reinforced on their side, while the Seventy-first Regiment and a battalion of light infantry joined the Portuguese.

Villatte's division was sent from the French centre to join the fray, while Hill sent up reinforcements. While the fight on the heights still raged, the troops in the defile made their way through, and, driving the French back, won the village of Subijano de Alava, in front of the French main position.

Meanwhile, far to the left, Graham came into action with Reille's division at Gamara Mayor. The French here, knowing the vital importance of the position, fought desperately, and the village of Gamara was taken and retaken several times, but no effort upon the part of the allies sufficed to carry either the bridge at this place or that by which the main road crossed the river higher up. A force, however, was pushed still further to the left, and there took up a position on the road at Durana, drove back a Franco-Spanish force which occupied it, and thus effectively cut the main line of retreat to France for Joseph's army. The main force under Wellington himself was later in coming into action, the various columns being delayed by the difficulties of making their way through the defiles.

While waiting, however, for the third and seventh divisions, which were the last to arrive, a peasant informed Wellington that the bridge of Tres Puentes was unbroken and unguarded. Kempt's brigade of the light division were im-

mediately ordered to cross, and, being concealed by the inequalities of the ground, they reached it and passed over unobserved, taking their place under shelter of a crest within a few hundred yards of the French main line of battle, and actually in rear of his advanced posts.

Some French cavalry now advanced, but no attack was made upon this isolated body of British troops, for the French were virtually without a commander.

Joseph, finding his flank menaced by the movements of Graham and Hill, now ordered the army to fall back to a crest two miles in the rear, but at this moment the third and seventh divisions advanced at a run toward the bridge of Mendoza; the French artillery opened upon them, the British guns replied, a heavy musketry fire broke out on both sides, and the battle commenced in earnest.

Now the advantage gained by the passage of Kempt's brigade became manifest, for the riflemen of his division advanced and took the French advanced cavalry and artillery in flank. These, thus unexpectedly attacked, fell back hastily, and a brigade of the third division took advantage of the moment and crossed the bridge of Mendoza. The other brigade forded the river a little higher up, the seventh division and Vandeleur's brigade of the light division,

followed, Hill pushed the enemy further back, and the fourth division crossed by the bridge of Nanclares; other troops forded the river, and the battle became general all along the line.

Seeing that the hill in front of Arinez was nearly denuded of troops by the withdrawal of Villatte's division earlier in the day to oppose Hill, Wellington launched Picton with the third division and Kempt's brigade against it, and the French, thus attacked with great strength and fury, and dispirited by the order to retreat, began to fall back. Fifty pieces of artillery and a cloud of skirmishers covered the movement, and the British guns answering, the whole basin became filled with a heavy smoke, under cover of which the French retired to the heights in front of Gomecha, upon which their reserves were posted. Picton and Kempt carried the village of Arinez with the bayonet, Vandeleur captured the village of Margarita, and the Eighty-seventh Regiment won that of Hermandad.

This advance turned the flank of the French troops near Subijana de Alava, and of those on the Puebla mountain, and both fell back in disorder for two miles, until they made a junction with the main body of their army. Still the British troops pressed forward, the French again fell back, and for six miles a running fight of musketry and artillery was kept up, the ground

being very broken, and preventing the concerted action of large bodies of troops. At six o'clock in the afternoon the French stood at bay on the last heights before Vittoria, upon which stood the villages of Ali and Armentia. Behind them was the plain upon which the city stood, and beyond the city thousands of carriages, animals, and non-combatants, women and children, were crowded together in the extremity of terror as the British shots rang menacingly over their heads.

The French here defended themselves desperately, and for awhile the allied advance was checked by the terrible fire of shot and shell. Then the fourth division with a rush carried a hill on the left, and the French again commenced their retreat. Joseph, finding the great road absolutely blocked up, gave orders for a retreat by the road to Salvatierra, and the army, leaving the town of Vittoria on its left, moved off in a compact mass toward the indicated road. This, however, like the other, was choked with carriages. It led through a swamp, and had deep ditches on each side; the artillery, therefore, had to cut their traces and leave their guns behind them, the infantry and cavalry thrust aside the incumbrances and continued their march. Reille, who had defended the upper bridges nobly until the last moment, now came up, and his division,

acting as a rear-guard, covered the retreat, and the French retired with little further loss.

They had lost the battle solely and entirely from the utter incapacity of their general, for their loss had been but little greater than that of the allies, and they fell back in perfect order and full of fighting. The French loss, including prisoners, was not more than six thousand, and that of the allies exceeded five thousand. The French loss in material was, however, enormous. They carried off two guns only, and one hundred and forty-three guns fell into the hands of the British. They lost all their parks of ammunition, all their baggage, all their stores, all their treasure, all their booty. Last of all, they lost Spain.

The British pursued the French army for some days, and then invested the two fortresses of San Sebastian and Pampeluna.

Ten days after the battle of Vittoria Napoleon dispatched Soult, one of the best of his generals, to displace Joseph and assume the supreme command of the French troops. Travelling with great speed, he reached the frontier upon the 11th of July, and took command. He soon collected together the divisions which had retired beaten but not routed from Vittoria, drew together the troops from Bayonne and the surrounding towns, and in a few days found himself at the head of an army, including the garri-

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sons, of one hundred and fourteen thousand men. Besides these there were the armies of Aragon and Catalonia, numbering sixty thousand men.

After spending a few days in organizing the army, Soult moved forward to relieve Pampeluna, and then in the heart of the Pyrenees were fought those desperate combats at Maya, Roncevalles, Buenza, Sauroren, and Doña Maria, which are known in history as the battles of the Pyrenees. In these terrible nine days' fighting there were ten serious combats, in which the allies lost seventy-three hundred men, the French, including prisoners over fifteen thousand, and Soult fell back baffled and beaten across the frontier.

Throughout this account of the short and sanguinary campaign by which in two short months Wellington shattered the power of the French and drove them headlong from the Peninsula, but little has been said respecting the doings of the Scudamores. Their duties had been heavy, but devoid of any personal achievements or events. Wellington, the incarnation of activity himself, spared no one around him, and from early dawn until late at night they were on horseback, carrying orders and bringing back reports. At night their quarters were sometimes in a village hut, sometimes in a straggling château,

which afforded accommodation to the commander-in-chief and his whole staff.

While the battles of the Pyrenees were being fought, the siege of San Sebastian had continued, and once again the British troops had suffered a terrible loss, from the attempt to carry a fortress with an insufficient siege-train, and without the time necessary to drive the trenches forward in regular form. San Sebastian stood upon a peninsula. In front of the neck of this peninsula was the hill of San Bartholomeo, on which stood the convent of that name. At the narrowest part of the neck stood a redoubt, which was called the Cask Redoubt, because it was constructed of casks filled with sand. Behind this came the hornwork and other fortifications. Then came the town, while at the end of the peninsula rose a steep rock, called Mount Orgullo, on which stood the citadel. Upon its left side this neck of land was separated from the mainland by the river Urumea; and upon the heights of Mount Olia and the Chofres, across the Urumea, were placed the British batteries, which breached the fortifications facing the river.

General Graham commanded the allied forces which were detached to undertake the siege, and on the 10th of July batteries were commenced against the convent of San Bartholomeo, which had been fortified by the French. On the 17th

the convent was in ruins, and an assault was made upon the position. The Ninth Regiment took the place in gallant style, but an attempt being made to carry the Cask Redoubt with a rush, the assault was repulsed, the British remaining possessors of San Bartholomeo.

On the 24th the batteries on Mount Olia, having effected what was believed to be a practicable breach, two thousand men of the fifth division, consisting of the third battalion of the Royals, the Thirty-eighth, and the Ninth, made an assault at night. To arrive at the breach they had to make their way along the slippery rocks on the bed of the Urumea, exposed to a flank-fire from the river-wall of the town. The breaches had been isolated from the town, and guns placed to take the stormers in flank. The confusion and slaughter were terrible, and at daybreak the survivors fell back, with a loss of forty-nine officers and five hundred and twenty men.

The whole arrangement of the siege was bad. The plan of Major Smith, of the Engineers, a most excellent officer, which had been approved by Wellington, was not followed, and the assault, contrary to Wellington's explicit order, took place at night, instead of by day, the consequence being confusion, delay, and defeat. The total loss to the allies of this first siege of San Sebastian was thirteen hundred men.

Neither of the Scudamores were present at the first siege, but both witnessed the second assault, of the 31st of August, as Wellington himself was present on the 30th, to see to the execution of the preparation for attack, and they obtained leave to remain for the next day to witness the assault. The siege had been resumed on the 5th of that month, and on the 23d the batteries had opened fire in earnest, and immense damage was done to the defences and garrison. But upon this occasion, as upon the former one, the proper precautions were not taken; no lodgment had been effected in the hornwork, and, worst of all, the blockade had been so negligently conducted by the fleet that large bodies of fresh troops, guns, and ammunition had been passed in, and the defence was even stronger than it had been when the first assault was delivered.

General Graham took up his position on the heights of the Chofres to view the assault, and the Scudamores stationed themselves near him. A dense mist hid the fortress from view, and it was not until eight o'clock that the batteries were able to open. Then for three hours they poured a storm of shot and shell upon the defences. The Scudamores sat down in one of the trenches, where they were a little sheltered from the blazing heat of the sun, and Sam took his place at a short distance from them.

As the clock struck eleven the fire slackened, and at that moment Sam exclaimed, "Golly, Massa Tom, dere dey go." As he spoke Robinson's brigade poured out from the trenches, and, passing through the openings in the sea-wall, began to form on the beach.

It was known that the French had mined the angle of the wall overhanging the beach, and a sergeant, followed by twelve men, dashed gallantly forward to try to cut the train leading to the mine. He was unsuccessful, but the suddenness of the rush startled the French, who at once fired the mine, which exploded, destroying the brave sergeant and his party, and thirty of the leading men of the column, but not doing a tithe of the damage which it would have inflicted had the column been fairly under it.

"Hurrah! dere dey go," Sam exclaimed, as the column clambered over the ruins and pursued its way unchecked along the beach. They had, however, to make their way under a storm of fire.

The French, as before, lined the wall, and poured a tremendous musketry fire into their flank, and the batteries of Mount Orgullo and St. Elmo plied them with shot and shell, while two pieces of cannon on the cavalier and one on the hornwork raked them with grape.

Still the column neither halted nor faltered, but dashed like a wave upon the breach. When,

however, they reached the top they could go no further. A deep gulf separated them from the town, while from every loophole and wall behind the French musketry swept the breach. The troops could not advance and would not retreat, but sullenly stood their ground, heaping the breach with their dead. Fresh bodies of men came up, and each time a crowd of brave men mounted the breach, only to sink down beneath the storm of fire.

"This is awful, horrible, Tom!" Peter said, in a choked voice. "Come away; I can't look at this slaughter; it is a thousand times worse than any battle."

Tom made no reply; his own eyes were dim with tears, and he rose to go, taking one more look at the deadly breach, at whose foot the survivors of the last attempt had sunk down, and whence the mass of soldiers were keeping up a musketry fire against the guns and unseen foes who were sweeping them away, when an officer ran up from General Graham's side, and in a minute fifty guns from the Chofres batteries opened a storm of fire upon the curtain and the traverses behind the breach.

It was a terrible trial to the nerves of the assaulting columns when this terrific fire was poured upon a spot only twenty feet above them; but they were not men to shrink, and the men

of the light division seized the opportunity to pull up the broken masonry and make a breastwork, known in military term as a lodgment.

For half an hour the iron storm poured overhead unchecked, smashing the traverse, knocking down the loopholed walls, and killing numbers of the defenders. Then it ceased, and the troops leaped to their feet and again rushed upon the breach, while the Thirteenth Portuguese Regiment, followed by a detachment of the Twenty-fourth, waded across the Urumea under a heavy fire from the castle, and attacked the third breach.

But still no entry could be effected. The French fire was as heavy as ever, and the stormers again sank baffled to the foot of the great breach. The assault seemed hopeless, the tide was rising, the reserves were all engaged, and the men had done all that the most desperate courage could do. For five hours the battle had raged, when, just as all appeared lost, one of those circumstances occurred which upset all calculations and decide the fate of battles.

Behind the traverses the French had accumulated a great store of powder barrels, shells, and other combustibles. Just at this moment these caught fire. A bright flame wrapped the whole wall, followed by a succession of loud explosions; hundreds of French grenadiers were destroyed,

and before the smoke had cleared away the British burst like a flood through the first traverse.

Although bewildered by this sudden disaster, the French rallied and fought desperately; but the British, desperate with the long agony of the last five hours, would not be denied; the light division penetrated on the left, the Portuguese on the right. The French, still resisting obstinately, were driven through the town to the line of defence at the foot of Mount Orgullo, and the town of San Sebastian was won.

"Will you go across, Peter, and enter the town?"

"No, no, Tom; the sight of that horrible breach is enough for me. Let us mount and ride off at once. I am quite sick after this awful suspense."

It was as well that the Scudamores did not enter the town, as, had they done so, they might have shared the fate of several other officers, who were shot down while trying to stop the troops in their wild excesses. No more disgraceful atrocities were ever committed by the most barbarous nations of antiquity than those which disgraced the British name at the storming of San Sebastian. Shameful, monstrous as had been the conduct of the troops at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and at Badajos, it was infinitely worse

at San Sebastian. As Rapin says, hell seemed to have broken loose.

The castle held out until the 9th, when it surrendered and the governor and his heroic garrison marched out with the honors of war. The British loss in the second siege exceeded twenty-five hundred men and officers.

There was a pause of two months after the fall of San Sebastian, and it was not until the 10th of November that Wellington hurled his forces against the lines which, in imitation of those of Torres Vedras, Soult had formed and fortified on the river Nivelle to withstand the invasion of France. After a few hours' desperate fighting the French were turned out of their position with a loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners, of four thousand two hundred and sixty-five men and officers, the loss of the allies being two thousand six hundred and ninety-four.

Now the army of invasion poured into France. The French people, disheartened by Napoleon's misfortunes in Germany, and by the long and mighty sacrifices which they had for years been compelled to make in order to enable Napoleon to carry out his gigantic wars, showed but slight hostility to the invaders.

Wellington enforced the severest discipline, paid for everything required for the troops, hanging marauders without mercy, and finding that

it was impossible to keep the Spanish troops in order, he sent the whole Spanish contingent, twenty thousand strong, back across the Pyrenees.

He then with the Anglo-Portuguese army moved on toward Bayonne, and took up a position on both sides of the river Nive, driving the French from their position on the right bank on December 9. On the 13th, however, Soult attacked that portion of the army on the right of the river, and one of the most desperate conflicts of the war took place, known as the battle of St. Pierre. General Hill commanded at this battle, and with fourteen thousand Anglo-Portuguese, with fourteen guns, repulsed the furious and repeated attacks of sixteen thousand French, with twenty-two guns.

In five days' fighting on the river the French lost more than as many thousand men.

The weather now for a time interrupted operations, but Wellington was preparing for the passage of the Adour. Soult guarded the passages of the river above Bayonne, and never dreamed that an attempt would be made to bridge so wide and rough a river as is the Adour below the town. With the assistance of the sailors of the fleet the great enterprise was accomplished on the 13th of February, and leaving General Hope to contain the force in the entrenched camp

at Bayonne, Wellington marched the rest of the army to the Gave.

Behind this river Soult had massed his army. The British crossed by pontoon bridges, and before the operation was concluded, and the troops united, Soult fell upon them near Orthes.

At first the French had the best of the fight, driving back both wings of the allied forces, but Wellington threw the third and sixth divisions upon the left flank of the attacking column and sent the Fifty-second Regiment to make a détour through a marsh and fall upon their other flank. Taken suddenly between two fires, the French wavered, the British pressed forward again, and the French fell back fighting obstinately, and in good order. The allies lost twenty-three hundred men, and the French four thousand. Soult fell back toward Toulouse, laying Bordeaux open to the British.

X

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow

By D. H. PARRY

THERE are few stories in history more appalling than that of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812.

With an army of nearly 650,000, composed of Frenchmen and Poles to whom he had promised the liberation of their nation from the Russian yoke, Napoleon started on his march into Russia in June, 1812, determined to dictate terms to his enemy in the capital of that country.

The wily Russians offered just sufficient opposition to his progress to tempt him into an unknown country far from his base of supplies, where forced marches, cold, and hunger would fight for them. He did not, however, reach Moscow without suffering severe losses, and it was with a much reduced force that he saw the goal of his ambition, the ancient capital of Russia, glowing in the light of the afternoon sun.

In the centre of a vast plain, and built, like Rome, on seven hills, the two hundred and

ninety-five churches and countless magnificent buildings of the "city of the gilded cupolas," twenty miles in circumference, with a river meandering through it, burst on the view of the army as it crested the "Mount of Salvation," and a shout went up of "Moscow! Moscow!" as the soldiers cheered and clapped their hands; whole regiments of Poles falling on their knees to thank the God of Battles for delivering it into their grasp.

Fairy-like it stretched before them, dazzling with the green of its copper domes and the minarets of yellow stone. Oriental in its architecture, and constructed in Asiatic style with five enclosures one within the other, it was like some fabled city of the Arabian Nights, sparkling with brilliant colors, the famous Kremlin towering above the palaces and gardens.

The advance-guard under Murat mingled with bands of Cossacks, who applauded him for his known valor, and the King distributed his jewelry and that of his staff among them; but an officer arrived from Miloradowitch with a threat of burning the city if his rear-guard were not allowed time to evacuate it.

Napoleon stayed his march therefore, and the day wore on. When Murat at last entered by the Dorogomilow Gate he found that Moscow was deserted: the streets were empty, the houses

closed, a few loathsome wretches released from the prisons, and a handful of the lowest of the low, alone surged round their horses near the Kremlin; but the inhabitants were gone, in a cloud of dust that hid the retreating Russian army, toward Voladimir. The gates of the Kremlin were battered open by cannon shot, a convoy of provisions captured, some thousands of stragglers were afterwards taken, but that was all; and on the gate of the Governor's mansion at Voronowo, the following notice was found in French: —

" I have passed eight years in embellishing this retreat, in which I have lived happily in the bosom of my family; the inhabitants of this property, to the number of seventeen hundred and twenty, quit it at your approach, and I set fire to my house in order that it may not be defiled by your presence. Frenchmen, I have abandoned to you my two houses in Moscow, with furniture to the value of half a million of roubles. *Here* you will find nothing but ashes. — ROSTOPSCHIN."

With the army singing the " Marseillaise," Napoleon entered at night, and appointed Marshal Mortier governor, saying: " No pillage — your head shall be responsible for it." And though several French residents acquainted him with the Russian intention of burning the city

— that the senate had agreed to it with only seven dissentient voices, that all the engines had been removed, and they were treading on the brink of a volcano — he refused to believe it, and tried in vain to sleep.

At two o'clock in the morning they brought him news that Moscow was on fire!

When daylight came he hurried to the spot to reprimand Mortier and the Young Guard, but the marshal showed him that black smoke was issuing from houses that had not been opened, and the whole affair had evidently been carefully planned.

He went to the Kremlin — a vast structure, half palace, half castle, surmounted by the great Cross of Ivan, and built on a hill — from which he wrote overtures of peace to the Czar, overtures that received no attention.

In spite of the efforts of the soldiers the flames spread, a ball of fire had been let down into Prince Trubetskoi's palace, the bazaar was in a blaze, and the strong north wind blew towards the Kremlin itself, which, report whispered, was undermined.

Murat, Eugène, and Berthier urged the Emperor to leave the city, without success; he had come there, and there he would remain — a conqueror in the very centre of the Russian empire. But the cry arose that the Kremlin itself was on

fire: a police-agent was discovered near the burning tower, and bayoneted by the Old Guard almost in Napoleon's presence. There was no longer time for hesitation, or dreams of empty glory, and passing down the northern staircase, where the massacre of the Strelitzes took place under Peter the Great, he left the city for the castle of Petrowsky, a league on the St. Petersburg road.

The army also marched out, encamping in the fields, eating their horse-flesh from silver dishes and swathing their wounds with costly silks, the rain falling in torrents, and Moscow a sheet of fire for four days.

Much has been written of Napoleon's escape by a postern, of hurried wanderings through burning lanes, past convoys of powder, which the whirling sparks might have ignited at any moment, and various dramatic situations dear to the French historian. In point of fact, he ran little personal risk, and left the Kremlin by the great gate, returning thither when the flames had abated, and ordering the Guard to occupy the ruins of the city on the 20th and 21st.

About a tenth of the houses remained intact, especially in the Kitaigorod, or Chinese quarter; many rich merchants' dwellings, and here and there a palace or church reared its barbaric form amid the general chaos; gay flower-beds still

bloomed in the suburbs, and the old red wall that surrounded the Kremlin was comparatively unharmed; but the aspect of the place, which should have furnished winter quarters for the *Grande Armée,* struck a chill into the hearts of all, and caused the Emperor to say that "the commerce of Russia was ruined for a century, and the nation had been put back fifty years." In *six,* however, a new Moscow had arisen and Napoleon was a captive in St. Helena!

Six thousand Russian wounded are said to have been in the city when the French entered: what became of them one dare not contemplate.

On the return of the troops universal pillage became the order of the day, and readers of the early French editions of Labaume's narrative will understand why I pass much over in silence. Some of the inhabitants had returned, others had been concealed in the vaults of churches and the cellars of their homes; but the grenadiers routed them out and committed unmentionable excesses.

In the camps and quarters all the wealth of the East lay scattered about under foot: priceless carpets, velvet hangings, lamps of gold and silver set with gems, ecclesiastical vestments and works of art, became the prey of settlers and the riff-raff of Parisian slums; choice wines and liqueurs flowed like water; lace, linen, and ladies' jewelry were taken from carved chests and cof-

fers of exquisite workmanship, for the household effects had been left untouched when the city was abandoned.

Drunken sappers lolled on sofas covered with costly satin, and muddy boots were cleansed on rich furs and cashmere shawls of enormous value: seldom had an army, famed for its rapacity, had such an opportunity for its gratification, while, with the Russian forces, white bread was six shillings a loaf, sugar ten shillings a pound, and butter unprocurable at any price.

In the midst of this disorder, the real originator of it all dated his correspondence from the Kremlin Palace, and thought of pushing on to St. Petersburg. A march of nine hundred leagues, with sixty conflicts *en route,* had produced nothing; difficulties were increasing, winter was coming fast. Still the Czar kept an ominous silence, and although an armistice had been declared, the Russians daily cut off the foraging parties, and the peasantry rose to arms.

"Take your three-pronged forks," wrote Rostopschin in his proclamation to them. "A Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of corn!"

Murat, always to the front, had followed Kutusoff in his circuitous march round Moscow, and lay observing him between that city and Kalouga, fighting two sharp but indecisive actions — Czerikowo and Winkowo.

During the truce the Russian officers asked the French if they had not corn, and air, and *graves* enough in their own country; adding, "In a fortnight the nails will drop from your fingers."

The little pale-faced man grew visibly paler with anxiety, and went on hoping against hope; discussing poetry just arrived from Paris, drawing up regulations for the *Comédie Française,* and trying to reassure himself that the winter was still far off by poring over the almanacks for forty years back, and trusting to the hot sun that still shone in a blue sky above him.

Chef d'escadron Marthod, with fifty Dragoons of the Guard — *his* Guard, so seldom defeated had been cut off while foraging. A slight fall of snow lay white for a few hours on the plain — a foretaste of what was coming. No message arrived from Alexander, and one day, to crown all, while he was reviewing some troops, young Beranger galloped in with the alarming news that Murat had been overthrown at Tarutina, near Winkowo, two generals being killed, the King wounded, and the advance-guard almost destroyed.

It was clearly time to go, and dismissing the troops, Napoleon issued orders for immediate departure, leaving Moscow late the same evening, October 18th, or, as some say, before dawn on the 19th, Marshal Mortier remaining behind with

the Young Guard to cover the retreat and blow up the Kremlin.

Where are the words that will paint that enormous and disorderly throng moving in a ragged column over the plain to the south of the ruined city? Coats and gaiters were patched and mended; shakoes assumed every shape but the regulation one; brass no longer shone, and steel had grown rusty, as the troops struggled onward, their knapsacks bulging with plunder; bearskin-capped grenadiers pushing wheelbarrows full of gold and silver plate, and the ambulance wagons creaking and groaning with costly brocade, household furniture, pictures, statuary, and every conceivable article of value the pillagers could carry away.

Napoleon set the example; for the huge Cross of Ivan, torn down by his orders, lumbered along with many other trophies, under a strong escort, and miles of carts of every description thronged the road and fields on either side.

The French residents fled in the wake of the army; delicate ladies, clad in thin dresses and stuff shoes, peering at the strange procession from the windows of travelling-carriages; wounded soldiers jolted by, lying on piles of loot, their aching limbs ill-tended amid the lavish profusion of spoil, for never has man's selfishness displayed

itself more forcibly than during that terrible retreat.

Night fell, and the host halted only a league from the city. With the 103,000 men who marched, more than 500 guns were dragged by lean horses, the Emperor insisting that they should not be abandoned; but at the present moment the bulk of them are ranged in rows in the great square of the Kremlin — a lasting memorial of that awful war.

Two roads led from Moscow to Kalouga, and Napoleon pushed along the old one, on which Kutusoff awaited him; but at Krasno Pachra the Emperor turned off to the right and crossed the fields to the *new* road, in the rain, which hampered the artillery and lost much time; but once on the causeway, which they gained on the 23d, they set their faces towards Kalouga again, trusting to pass Kutusoff undetected in one day's march.

Napoleon slept at Borowsk that night, and Delzons had occupied Malo Jaroslavetz, four leagues in advance.

In the early morning, however, Doctoroff, with the 6th Corps of Kutusoff's army, came shouting out of the woods, drove Delzons down the steep hill, and commenced one of the fiercest battles of the campaign.

At sunrise Delzons forced the town again, and

the victory seemed won, but a ball through the head slew him. His brother tried to carry him out of the *mêlée,* and another ball laid *him* lifeless. Guilleminot placed a hundred grenadiers in the churchyard on the left of the road, and for hours it became a mimic Hougoumont, the Russians alternately charging past it and being driven up again, exposed to a hot fire from the loopholed wall.

The whole of the 14th Division was engaged, and the fight surged along the high road, now on the heights, now in the valley by the river; the wooden town ignited by the howitzers, and burning the wounded, while the guns, breasting the hill at a gallop, scrunched the charred corpses, grinding the living and the dead into a sickening pulp.

The 15th Division, mostly Italians, attacked the burning town and suburbs, and took it for the fourth time, but were driven back to the foot of the slope, and as a last resource, Eugène advanced with his Guard. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Divisions rallying, and Colonel Peraldi charging bravely with the Italian Chasseurs, they gained the heights for the last time, and the Russians, 50,000 strong (some say 90,000), retired from their vantage ground before 18,000 men, who had fought *uphill* against the most stubborn resistance.

All the eye-witnesses speak of the awful sight presented by the high road and churchyard. The brothers Delzons were buried in one grave, and the Grenadiers of the 35th fired a salute over General Fontane; while Napoleon himself had a narrow escape as he hurried towards the sound of the cannonading.

The road was blocked by the baggage train; stragglers marched along in safety in the midst of the army, when the Emperor, Rapp, Berthier, and a few officers, having outstripped the escort, saw bands of Cossacks darting out of the woods, between the rear of the advance-guard and the head of the *Grande Armée.*

"Turn back!" shouted Rapp; "it is they!" and grasping the bridle, he pulled the Emperor's charger round.

Reining in by the roadside, Napoleon drew his sword, and they awaited the attack, Rapp riding forward to shield his Emperor.

A Cossack's lance penetrated six inches into the chest of Rapp's horse and brought him down, but the staff rescued him, and unconscious of the prize within their reach, the Cossacks rode for the baggage wagons, until the cavalry of the Guard came up and drove them into the woods again. They were 6,000 of Platoff's men, and Napoleon's life had hung in the balance!

That night, in a weaver's hut, filthy beyond

expression, an emperor, two kings, and three marshals of France held a stormy council of war, at which Murat and Davout quarrelled, as was their wont, and which Napoleon broke up by saying, "It is well, messieurs — *I* will decide," electing eventually to retreat by the most difficult road — that which the army had wasted on its advance.

It was the last time that they had any option in the matter. A few days more, and the retreat became a disorderly rout — emperor, kings, marshals, and men glad to seize the first road that led them from their remorseless enemies.

On the 23d, at half-past one in the morning, a hollow boom had startled their ears, even those who were expecting it. The *capitaine* Ottone, of the Naval Artillery, had fired his train. Mortier's orders were executed, and the Kremlin had been partially blown up by 180,000 lbs. of gunpowder, Mortier rejoining, to the surprise of all, at Vereia with 8,000 men, mostly dismounted cavalry.

At Vereia there was another brush with Platoff, and his son, mounted on a magnificent white Ukraine horse, was killed by a Polish trooper.

On a hill covered with sombre fir trees the Cossacks buried the dead boy, riding slowly round him with lances lowered, uttering wild cries of grief, and then filing silently away with vengeance in their hearts.

Every village at which the French halted was burned on their departure, each succeeding corps helping to complete the devastation, so that the route was marked by ruined homes, huge dogs from each hamlet following the army until they increased to enormous packs, *living on the dead* who lined the road, and adding a new terror to the retreating invaders.

At Mojaisk the sky lost its intense blue, and the landscape became gloomy, the cold wind sobbing and wailing down the avenues of melancholy pines, and the men drawing closer to each other as they marched.

The columns debouched on to the field of Borodino, and sad memories were aroused at every step; for, although thousands of bodies had been burned by the Russians, the plain, the heights, and especially the redoubts were littered with broken weapons and innumerable accoutrements, the hands and feet of the hastily buried slain protruding from the sandy soil in all directions.

One ghastly incident, vouched for by the great majority of writers, occurred as the head of the army traversed the field. Cries were heard, and a mutilated spectre crawled towards the startled soldiers. It was a Frenchman, whose legs had been broken during the battle more than *seven weeks* before, and who, unaided, had lived on

the putrid flesh around him, sleeping in the stinking carcase of a disembowelled horse.

Taking him tenderly up, the army hurried on. The skeletons they were leaving behind grinned silently as the straggling band passed by. A little further on, the wounded at the abbey of Klotskoi held out their hands beseechingly, and an order was issued that every vehicle should carry at least *one* of them, the weakest being left to the tender mercies of the Russians.

Every now and again a dull explosion came from the line of march as caisson after caisson was blown up when the horses became too weak to drag them; and a few miles on the road to Gjatz a terrible outcry arose as wounded men were found lying on the ground, having been thrown out of the sutler's carts in order that the vile wretches might save their plunder — one sufferer, *a general,* living just long enough to tell the tale.

As evening drew down and Napoleon approached Gjatz a fresh horror awaited him; for Russian dead, still warm, and with their brains battered out in a peculiar manner, were met with at every few yards. The escort of Poles, Portuguese, and Spaniards told off to guard the prisoners had chosen that method of ridding themselves of the weakly ones who lagged behind.

A stringent order went forth, and the murders

ceased; but every night the miserable captives were herded together like cattle, without fire, on the bare ground, a meagre ration of raw horse-flesh served out to them, and when that failed the frantic wretches *turned cannibals and devoured each other.*

The 4th Corps, under Eugène, meanwhile followed the Imperial column, and Davout commanded the rear-guard, five days' march behind.

Intense cold had now set in, and the land was icebound; violent winds fluttered the ragged uniforms, the fifteen days' rations brought from Moscow were exhausted, and the depth of misery seemed to have been reached. Yet all this was as nothing to the sufferings in store.

Napoleon waited thirty-six hours at Wiazma for the rear-guard to come up, and seeing no sign of it, left Ney there to relieve it, and marched for Dorogobouje on the 1st November; while Eugène and Davout, arriving at Wiazma on the 3d, found Ney hotly engaged with Miloradowitch, the Russian Murat, who opposed further advance.

A battle ensued, lasting many hours. Great heroism was displayed, especially by the 25th, 57th, and 85th Regiments, and at length Eugène got away through the town; Davout, in his turn, retiring step by step before 20,000 men and the crashing fire of twenty-four guns, was met by

another force in the winding streets, and only extricated himself after tremendous loss, the bulk of the Russians under old Kutusoff remaining motionless within earshot, in spite of all the efforts of Sir Robert Wilson to induce him to attack.

During the fourteen days since the *Grande Armée* left Moscow it had lost 43,000 men, reducing its numbers to 60,000; and its condition may be understood from the fact that the day after Wiazma a little flour, carefully measured out in a spoon, formed the only food of the officers of the 4th Corps.

The dogs howled round the tail of the straggling columns, croaking ravens followed in black flocks. When a horse fell the hungry soldiers rushed upon it and tore it to pieces before life was extinct; and on the 6th November the sun disappeared, a gray fog enveloped the troops, the wind dashed them one against the other as they stumbled mechanically along, AND IT BEGAN TO SNOW!

Whirled on the storm wind, the flakes shut out the country on either hand. No sooner had a wagon — a gun carriage — a decimated regiment gone by than it was instantly lost to sight. The road vanished, the hollows were filled up; one could pass within twenty yards of a log hut and not see it. Everything became white — a pitiless,

monotonous, dead level of snow, and strong men sobbed struggling onward — as they hoped — towards that *Belle France* that not a third of their number was destined to reach again.

Napoleon was on the heights above Mikelewska when the snow began, and news of the most serious import reached him at the same moment, Count Daru arriving with the account of General Mallet's attempted conspiracy in Paris.

Surrounded by a circle of his Chasseurs, shivering in their scarlet pelisses, the Emperor listened to the startling narrative, the storm howling round him as he bent over the neck of his horse; and even when he retired into a post-house to digest the alarming intelligence his cup of bitterness was not full, for Colonel Dalbignac came from the rear-guard, which Ney had taken over, with a terrible report of the disorder that the marshal had discovered at Dorogobouje.

"I do not ask you for these details, colonel," said Napoleon; but some wagons arriving from Smolensk laden with provisions, he waved Bessières, who wished to keep them for the Guard, aside, and sent them on to Ney, saying, "Those who fight shall eat before the rest," begging him, if possible, to check the foe, and allow the main body some time to reorganize at Smolensk.

The bulk of the Russian spoil, including the great Cross of Ivan, had been sunk in the lake of

Semlewo, and cannon were abandoned at every mile. Generals and staff officers marched in bands, without men, without thought of anything but their own preservation. Twelve to sixteen horses were required to draw a single gun up the slightest hill, slippery as glass, and, with the thermometer registering twenty-eight and thirty degrees of frost, 10,000 wretched animals died in a single night — the terrible night of sixteen hours of darkness. In some Italian villages they still speak with horror of " the night of the fifteen hundred frozen " — that being the number of Italians that died on one occasion between sunset and sunrise.

Even the Russian Miloradowitch suffered from a frozen eye, and men who sat to rest a moment on the snow fell back in a stupor, a little blood gushed from mouth and nose, and their earthly woes were over.

Horrible the fate of those who straggled from the track and fell in with the villagers. Sir Robert Wilson at one place saw sixty naked Frenchmen laid in a row, their necks on a felled tree, while men *and women* hopped round them, singing in wild chorus, and battering out their brains in succession with fagot sticks.

At Wiazma fifty were *burned alive;* at Selino the same number, still breathing, were *buried,* the dog belonging to one of them returning daily

to the graveside for a fortnight before the peasants slew it.

Yet amid all this misery, his men wearing bedquilts, pieces of carpet, women's clothes from the baggage wagons which they began to pillage on the 7th November, and existing too often on the bodies of their comrades roasted by the flames of a burning log hut, Marshal Ney, well styled "the bravest of the brave," set his face to the foe, and fought for ten days and nights against Cossacks — artillery, horse, foot, and dragoons — and, worst of all, the terrible *Général Morizov*, as the Russians called the frost. Holding each wood, contesting every hill, knowing that he was virtually sacrificed to save the wreck of the army, his men deserting, despairing, dying, he fought on foot to give them courage, his face livid with the cold, and almost unrecognizable from the long red beard he had allowed to grow.

Some idea of the stubborn character of those wild Cossacks may be formed from one little incident. One of them came into the Russian camp, having ridden twenty miles after being hit by a cannon-shot. His arm was taken out at the shoulder-joint by the famous Doctor Wiley, who afterwards amputated Moreau's legs at Dresden. During the operation, which lasted four minutes, the man never spoke, the next morning walked about his room, and drank tea,

and, getting into a cart which jolted him fourteen miles over a Russian road, was afterwards heard of, many hundreds of miles on his journey homeward to the Don, doing well!

Small wonder, then, that the hoarse *hourra* struck terror into the fugitives, and that half a dozen of the barbarians would send a battalion of bleeding conscripts flying for their lives down the glittering aisles of drooping birches, whose fairy-like branches glistened with magic beauty in the wintry sunshine.

Eugène was attacked as his corps crossed the Wop with five or six thousand soldiers under arms, double that number of stragglers and wounded, and more than a hundred guns. The ford became blocked, the current was very rapid. and the river only partially frozen. A shameful pillage of the wagons took place, gold, silver, and costly plunder being scattered in the mud; and it was not until a brave Italian colonel named Delfanti crossed up to his waist in the floating ice that the others took heart and followed him.

Colonel Labaume tells us that he picked up a magnificent cup of splendid workmanship, drank some muddy water out of it, and flung it aside with indifference; but others, thinking only of gain, exchanged silver money for gold at a great sacrifice, secretly laughing at their com-

rades, who soon sank under the weight, while they escaped with the lesser bulk.

One officer, apparently lifeless, felt a man pulling off his boots, and exclaimed, "Ah, rascal, I have still need of them. I am not quite dead."

"*Eh bien, mon général,*" said the soldier, coolly sitting down beside him, "*I can wait.*"

Napoleon rested five days at Smolensk; but so neglected had been his orders that no meat was found there — only rye flour, rice, and brandy — and the army fought desperately at the doors of the magazines, killing many men, raging at the Guard, whom they accused, with great reason, of being unduly favored, and breaking out into excesses of every kind.

On the 14th November, at four o'clock in the morning, the main column left for Krasnoë, leaving little or nothing behind them for Eugène, Davout, and the valiant Ney, who had instructions to evacuate the city with a day's interval between each corps, Ney to blow up the place when he took his departure.

Out of 37,000 dashing cavalry who had crossed the Niemen, only *eight hundred* remained mounted at Smolensk, the 20th Chasseurs being credited with a hundred; and this remnant was collected under Latour-Maubourg, a brave and very popular officer, who, on losing a leg at Dresden the following year, said to his weeping

servant, "*Mon ami,* why do you grieve? In future there's only one boot to clean."

The army was now 42,000 strong, having lost 18,000 in the previous eight days; but it was estimated that 60,000 unarmed stragglers still impeded the march. Before leaving Smolensk, however, a reinforcement brought the force up to 47,000 to meet *four* Russian armies, one of them with 90,000, under Kutusoff, another commanded by Miloradowitch with 20,000 men.

The artillery of the Guard took twenty-two hours to do the first five leagues out of Smolensk. One company of sturdy Wurtembergers mustered *four* men, and when Eugène reached the abandoned city in a furious gale his men had to mount the slippery hill literally *on their knees.*

Beyond Korythnia Miloradowitch opened on the Imperial column, and Napoleon rode in the centre of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for three times a certain Captain Finkein had penetrated Moscow to kill him, and he was often under fire during the retreat. This time, however, he had to pass a hill bristling with cannon, and the band struck up a then well-known air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?"

"Stop," cried Napoleon, fearful of the memories it might raise in the minds of the men. "Rather play, 'Let us watch over the safety of

the Empire.'" And to that air they marched past the batteries, soon leaving the danger behind them.

When the column had gone, Miloradowitch descended from the hills, drew across the road, and cut off the rear corps, who had to fight their way through with terrible loss.

Eugène tried to force a passage, but failed; and leaving his fires burning — and what miserable fires they were! — turned the flank of the Russians, and got by in the night.

At the critical moment the moon shone out, and the wretched band was challenged.

"Hist, fool," whispered a Polish officer named Klisby in Russian. "Do you not see that we belong to Suvarow, bound on a secret mission?" And so, without interruption save from the Cossacks, the Viceroy joined his stepfather at Krasnoë, where Napoleon made a retrograde march to succour Davout, who came in, his baggage gone, his marshal's baton taken, his men reduced to a few platoons, and with no news of Ney, who was reluctantly left to his fate, the army moving on Orcha, Mortier and the wreck of the Young Guard retiring slowing in the rear, after holding Krasnoë as long as possible, Laborde saying to the troops, "The marshal orders the ordinary time — do you hear? — the ordinary time, sol-

diers," although under a heavy fire of balls and grape shot.

At Orcha Napoleon destroyed his papers. At Lubna the twenty-one staff officers of the 4th Corps crouched round a miserable fire in a cart-shed, with their horses behind them. At Krasnoë the brave Delfanti limped along on the arm of Villeblanche. A round shot struck him between the shoulder-blades, carried off Villeblanche's head, and they fell dead on the snow. Wherever one turned it was horror upon horror. Delicate women and little children lay by the roadside. The Cossacks stripped every one they found.

Wilson has some dreadful details in his interresting diary. At one place a number of naked men sat round a burning hut, their backs quite frozen, when, turning to warm them, the fire caught the congealed flesh and roasted it in his presence.

Again, he saw four wretches huddled together, hands and limbs immovable, *but minds yet vigorous,* with two dogs snarling and tearing at their frozen feet; while nearly all the dead he came across seemed to have been " writhing with some agony at the moment their heart's blood congealed."

Woe to the man who lost his bivouac, and strayed to another fire. He was driven away with

blows and curses from one after another until he sank and died. If any one fell on the march, and implored a helping hand, the passers-by shook their heads and passed on, although many were still laden with plunder.

An awful thing occurred as Ney left Smolensk, showing the depths to which human nature can sink, a female sutler being seen to throw her little five-year-old boy off her heavily-laden sledge and leave him. Twice the marshal had him placed in her arms, and twice she flung the child from her, saying, "He had never seen France, and would never regret it, while she was resolved to see it again." The soldiers could stand it no longer. They carried the boy safely through the rest of the march, and left the unnatural woman to perish in the snow!

Ney's retreat with the rear-guard was one of the great events in French history, and has never been exceeded by any general for courage, determination, and self-reliance.

With barely 6,000 men, twelve guns, and 300 crawling skeletons — which it is a mockery to call horses — and burdened with his 7,000 stragglers, whose wants and selfishness added greatly to the difficulties, he followed the traces of the *Grand Armée,* easily recognizable by the burnt-out bivouacs with their circles of dead — the white mounds that indicated where a cuirassier,

dragoon, a barefooted voltigeur, slept his last sleep, and the patches of trampled, blood-stained snow strewn with helmets and corpses, over which the dogs wrangled and the ravens croaked in the dull light that showed a battle-ground.

Beyond the plain of Katova, where, three months before, they had driven Newerowskoi through the cornfields, they were summoned by an officer in the name of Kutusoff; but while he was speaking forty guns opened on the French, and Ney exclaimed, "A marshal never surrenders — you are my prisoner," the astonished Russian marching with them for twenty-six days without attempting to break his parole.

Ney boldly attacked the *eighty thousand* men, heading his feeble band in person. They broke the first line, and were rushing on the second when the guns began again, sweeping the columns and killing some women in the wagons.

The French fell back in confusion, but Ney rallied them again, replying with his *six* remaining guns, and showing his teeth with the *two thousand* ragged wretches who kept their ranks. If Kutusoff had sent a single corps against them, not a man would have survived to tell the tale. As it was, when night fell Ney turned his back on them, and retreated towards Smolensk.

After an hour's dreary march they halted, Ney, as usual, in the rear; and breaking the ice on a

streamlet to find which way the current ran, followed its course through the silent forests until they reached the Dnieper.

Guided by a lame peasant, they found a spot where the ice would bear them, although a thaw was setting in; and, after lighting fires to deceive the hovering Cossacks, the intrepid marshal rolled himself in his cloak and slept on the river-bank for three hours.

At midnight they began to cross, the ice parting and letting many of them in as they crept in single file. An attempt was made to get the wounded over in the wagons, but the treacherous blocks gave way, and they were drowned with heartrending screams, Ney himself rescuing one survivor, an officer named Brigueville.

Using the cowardly stragglers as a shield, by placing them between his men and the foe, he pursued his way, taking advantage of the woods, surrounded by 6,000 Cossacks, and repeatedly played upon by cannon; lying in the forests by day, and marching when darkness had set in, until, with 1,500 men under arms, most of the stragglers slain or taken, and all his guns and baggage gone, he rejoined the wreck of the army at Orcha on the 20th November, Napoleon well saying before his arrival, "I have two hundred millions (francs) in the cellars of the Tuileries,

and I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Oudinot and Victor also joined the wreck about this time, bringing up the total number to 30,000 or thereabouts, the Emperor's column mustering only *seven* thousand men and *forty* thousand stragglers, mingled with the enormous baggage train of the 2d and 9th Corps that had escaped much of the previous disaster; and closely pressed on each flank by the immense armies of Kutusoff and Witgenstein, the doomed men prepared to cross the Berezina in the face of Admiral Tchitchakof, who lined the opposite bank.

Latour-Maubourg had only 150 horsemen left, and Napoleon formed 500 mounted cavalry officers into what he called his Sacred Squadron, Grouchy and Sebastiani commanding it, and generals of divisions serving in it as captains; but in a few days this last romantic idea had crumbled away.

Corbineau, with the remains of the 8th Lancers and 20th Chasseurs, saw a peasant riding a wet horse, and compelled him to show them the ford opposite to Studzianka; and while the French made all the parade they could lower down the river to attract Tchitchakof's attention, the brave engineer Eblé arrived at Studzianka in the dark winter evening of the 25th November with two field forges, six chests of tools, some

clamps made from wagon tires, and a few companies of pontoniers, and began to make a bridge, the water rising, the ice floating in blocks, and the men working up to their necks without even a draught of brandy to protect them from the cold.

As the gray dawn broke, the first pile was driven; eight hours' work was required before the bridge would be practicable, and the haggard fugitives waited with agonized hearts for the cannonade that would destroy their last hope; but to the astonishment of all, the admiral was seen in full retreat on the farther bank, disappearing into the woods with all his guns.

A caricature exists, showing Kutusoff and Witgenstein tying Napoleon up in a sack, while Tchitchakof is cutting a hole in the bottom of it; clearly indicating the Russian view of that individual's conduct.

Napoleon wished to question a prisoner, and two officers swam their horses across, through the ice, Jacqueminot, Oudinot's aide-de-camp, seizing a Russian, holding him on his saddle-bow, and *swimming back with him.*

When an old man he mounted to the top of Strasbourg Cathedral, and hung fearlessly from an arm of the cross with hundreds of feet of space beneath him: it was natures like his alone that survived the retreat.

Chef d'escadron Sourd, with fifty men of the 7th Chasseurs, carried some infantry over behind them, and two rafts conveyed four hundred more across to defend the bridge head. A second bridge for artillery and baggage was finished at four o'clock; it broke twice during the night, and again the following evening: all was confusion and disorder. The Russians were expected any moment on the heights that commanded the low-lying snow-covered shore, yet the stragglers waited fatuously until the morning of the 27th, and then all attempted to cross at the same time.

When the remnant of the Guard was seen clearing a way for the Emperor, there was a rush; the bridges were blocked — men, women, and children were crushed to death and many drowned. Yet that night — the panic over — thousands returned to the bivouacs of Studzianka, and the bridges were deserted again.

Victor, with 6,000 men, kept Witgenstein in check; Tchitchakof, a martyr to the cold, who had by that time warmed his toes thoroughly, returned to the opposite shore and began firing, and another terrible rush was made for the frail structures on the 28th, while Ney, across the river, was repulsing the admiral, and Victor fought all day long to give the wretches time.

The wagons and carriages were more than could have crossed in six days, said Eblé — who

died soon after from exposure. Ney wished them burned, but Berthier, who was little better than a writer of reports and a species of machine actuated by Napoleon himself, opposed it on his own responsibility, and caused the death of a multitude of sufferers in consequence; for when the shot and shell began to fall in the river and splinter the ice, the drivers charged down on the bridges, tearing their way remorselessly through the living obstacle.

Sword in hand, single horsemen cut a passage for themselves; women, waist-deep in the water alongside, were frozen with their arms raised to preserve their children, who were too often left to freeze there by the passers-by.

The Countess Alesio — a young Italian bride of eighteen, who had accompanied her husband on that ghastly wedding-trip — survived all these horrors, and *lives,* as I write these lines, full of terrible memories of the retreat.

Selfishness and heroism went hand in hand. An artilleryman jumped from the bridge to save a mother and her two little ones, succeeding in rescuing one boy; others pushed their comrades off to find room for themselves. And even when the early night settled down, the Russians knew where to point their guns by the screams and curses that rang over the waste amid a fearful snowstorm.

When the 4th Corps reached the other side, their only fire was a miserable blaze lighted for Eugène, of wood begged from some Bavarians, and his officers ran about *all night* to keep warm.

The artillery bridge had long since broken down — hundreds being engulfed — and only one remained, leading into a marsh choked with carriages, guns, wagons, wounded, dead, and dying; across which, at nine o'clock, Victor's shattered battalions had to force their way over with their bayonets.

One instance of remarkable coolness is recorded of an artillery officer named Brechtel, whose wooden leg was smashed by a cannon-ball. "Look for another leg in wagon No. 5," he said to a gunner; and when it was brought, he screwed it on, and calmly continued his firing.

Ney's pay-wagons were crossing at the same time under the care of Nicolas Savin, a hussar who had been at Toulon in 1793, in Egypt with Bonaparte, at Austerlitz, Iéna, and in the Peninsula; but through a breakage of the bridge he and his gold were taken by Platoff's Cossacks, and marvellous to relate, the veteran died in Russia, during the winter of 1894, at the extraordinary age of 127.

In vain Eblé urged the fugitives to fly — many still lingering on, until at half-past eight on the morning of the 29th, the engineer set fire to

their sole means of escape on the approach of the enemy.

Heartrending was the scene; language fails to describe it, though many men of many nations have poured forth all their eloquence upon the theme.

Snow, flames, round shot and shells; the half-frozen river, the army already passed on its way; France, friends, home, *everything* gone. A father on one bank, a mother on the other, never to meet again in this world; brothers, children, old men, and young girls, the bridges blazing, and the hoarse "Hourra!" of the Cossacks as they tore down the bank among the forsaken crowd like vultures on a carcass.

A little while and the frozen land was still again; the wolves came out of the woods to sniff at the ghastly heaps; the white dogs, no longer lean and famished, wrangled with each other for the choicer morsels, finding the mother and the babe more to their liking, and leaving the war-worn veteran to the carrion crows.

When spring thawed the ice, *thirty thousand* bodies were found and burned on the banks of the Berezina; and happy they whose troubles had ended there. For the weather grew colder, the storms were more frequent, hundreds of miles had yet to be traversed; the Old Guard had lost from cold and missing a *third* of its dimin-

ished numbers, the Young Guard *half*, and the army was reduced to a wandering mob of *nine thousand*, twenty-one thousand having fallen in three days and four actions.

Over the marshes in the keen north wind they hurried, Ney still commanding the rear-guard; on the 30th, Oudinot, badly wounded, defended himself in a wooden house with *seventeen men* for several hours, and drove the Russians out of the village.

The sun shone out to mock them; there was hard fighting almost every day; and at length, when the main body reached Smorgoni, the Emperor resolved to put in practice an intention he had formed some time before of hurrying secretly to Paris to forestall the real truth of his disasters.

He has been unjustly accused of deserting his men when they were at their last gasp; but in reality no blame attaches to him, as his presence in France was absolutely necessary, and had he remained with the army he could have done nothing to restore it, for things had gone too far. To what extent he had contributed to those disasters is, of course, another matter.

After revising his 29th Bulletin, and appointing Murat to the chief command, he got into his carriage with Caulaincourt (brother of Auguste), Rustan the Mameluke, and Captain Wukasowitch sitting on the box, Duroc and

Lobau following in a sledge, and escorted by some Polish lancers, drove off in the dark on the night of the 5th December.

Later on he exchanged the carriage for another sledge, the peasant driver of which died in Bavaria as recently as 1887, preserving to the last some of the coins Napoleon had given him.

On the 18th the Emperor arrived in Paris. The day after his departure the cold increased to a frightful degree; men lost their reason, and sprang into the burning huts. At Wilna, where there were great stores of food, they pillaged without check; and even the Old Guard paid no heed to the *générale*. All Napoleon's linen and his state tent were burned there, and the few remaining trophies, drawings being made of them before their destruction by his orders.

The Jews committed nameless cruelties on the French wounded, and although Durutte's division increased the army by 13,000, they died by hundreds, immense numbers having been frozen and suffocated at the gate of the city in their mad attempt to get in.

The day after their arrival the Russians were on them again. De Wrede's Bavarians were routed, Murat lost his head and bolted, and everything devolved on the heroic Ney, who volunteered again for rear-guard duty, keeping Kutusoff at bay while the army retreated on the road

to Kowno, the last Russian town before they could reach the Niemen, 4,000 men alone preserving an orderly demeanor under arms.

At the hill of Ponari the Cossacks fell foul of them, and, while under fire, Napoleon's private treasure was portioned out equally among such of the Guard as remained, every man who survived afterwards accounting for his share to the last coin.

It is calculated that 552,000 unfortunate creatures who had marched under the Eagles of Napoleon, never returned from that campaign, and the medal struck by Alexander to commemorate it sums up the whole case in a sentence of singular piety. On one side in a triangle surrounded by rays is the Eye of Providence with the date beneath it; on the other, the inscription: "Not unto us: not unto me: but unto Thy name."

XI

THE Fight Between the Constitution and the Guerriere, Sept. 19, 1812

By H. M. BRACKENRIDGE

THE *Constitution,* Captain Hull, had sailed from Annapolis on the fifth of July, 1812. On the morning of the 17th, off Egg Harbor, she was chased by a ship of the line, the *Africa,* and the frigates *Shannon, Guerriere, Belvidera,* and *Æolus.* These vessels were approaching rapidly, with a fine breeze, while it was nearly a calm about the *Constitution.* At sunrise the next morning, escape from the enemy was almost hopeless, as they were then within five miles. The *Constitution* was therefore cleared for action, determined to make a desperate resistance. The enemy still drawing near, Captain Hull resolved to make another effort to escape. Boats were sent ahead, with anchors for the purpose of warping, there prevailing almost a calm. The others finding the *Constitution* gaining upon them resorted to the same expedient.

The chase continued in this manner for two days, partly sailing with light breezes, and partly warping, until the 20th, when the squadron was left entirely out of sight. This escape from so great a disparity of force was considered as deserving a high rank in naval exploits, and was much admired at the time, as evincing superior nautical skill. The advantage to the British in this chase was considerable, when we reflect that their foremost vessel had the assistance of all the boats of the squadron, for the purpose of towing. The superiority of Captain Hull was that of seamanship alone. The superiority was some time afterwards proved in a most remarkable manner; while history lasts it will not be forgotten.

The *Constitution* again put to sea, on the 2d of September. On the 19th, a vessel hove in sight, and a chase instantly commenced. It was soon discovered to be the *Guerriere*, one of the best frigates in the British navy; and which seemed not averse from the rencontre, as she backed her maintopsail, waiting for the *Constitution* to come down. This was a most desirable occurrence to our brave tars, as this frigate had for some time been in search of an American frigate, having given a formal challenge to all our vessels of the same class.

She had at one of her mastheads a flag on

which her name was inscribed in large characters, by way of gasconade, and on another, the words, " Not the Little Belt," in allusion to the broadsides which the *President* had given that vessel, before the war. The *Guerriere* had looked into several of our ports, and affected to be exceedingly anxious to earn the first laurel from the new enemy.

The *Constitution,* being made ready for action, now bore down, her crew giving three cheers. At first it was the intention of Captain Hull to bring her to close action immediately; but on coming within gunshot, she gave a broadside on the other tack, but without effect. They now continued wearing, and manœuvring on both sides for three-quarters of an hour, the *Guerriere* attempting to take a raking position; but failing in this, she bore up under her topsail and jib. The *Constitution,* perceiving this, made sail to come up with her. Captain Hull, with admirable coolness, received the enemy's fire without returning it. The enemy, mistaking this conduct on the part of the American commander for want of skill, continued to pour out his broadsides with a view to cripple his antagonist.

From the *Constitution* not a gun had been fired. Already had an officer come on deck, with information that several of the men had been killed at their guns. The gallant crew, though

burning with impatience, silently awaited the orders of their commander. The moment so long looked for at last arrived. Sailing-master Aylin, having seconded the views of the captain with admirable skill, in bringing the vessel exactly to the station intended, orders were given at five minutes before five P. M. to fire broadside after broadside in quick succession. The crew instantly discovered the whole plan, and entered into it, with all the spirit the circumstance was calculated to inspire. Never was any firing so dreadful. For fifteen minutes the vivid lightning of the *Constitution's* guns continued one blaze, and their thunder roared with scarce an intermission. The enemy's mizzenmast had gone by the board, and he stood exposed to a raking fire which swept his decks.

The *Guerriere* had now become unmanageable; her hull, rigging, and sails dreadfully torn; when the *Constitution* attempted to lay her on board. At this moment Lieutenant Bush, in attempting to throw his marines on board, was killed by a musket-ball, and the enemy shot ahead, but could not be brought before the wind. A raking fire now continued for fifteen minutes longer, when his mainmast and foremast went, taking with them every spar, excepting the bowsprit. On seeing this, the firing ceased, and at twenty-five minutes past five she surrendered.

"In thirty minutes," says Captain Hull, "after we got fairly alongside of the enemy, she surrendered, and had not a spar standing, and her hull, above and below water, so shattered, that a few more broadsides must have carried her down."

The *Guerriere* was so much damaged, as to render it impossible to bring her in; she was therefore set fire to the next day, and blown up. The damage sustained by the *Constitution* was comparatively of so little consequence, that she actually made ready for action, when a vessel appeared in sight the next day. The loss on board the *Guerriere* was fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded; on the side of the *Constitution,* seven killed and seven wounded. It is pleasing to observe that the British commander on this occasion bore testimony to the humanity and generosity with which he was treated by the victors. The American frigate was somewhat superior in force, by a few guns, but this difference bore no comparison to the disparity of the conflict. The *Guerriere* was thought to be a match for any vessel of her class, and had been ranked amongst the largest in the British navy. The *Constitution* arrived at Boston on the 28th of August, having captured several merchant vessels.

This glorious event, as may well be conceived,

spread the most unbounded joy over the whole country. The gallant Hull, and his equally gallant officers, were received with enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude, wherever they appeared. He was presented with the freedom of all the cities through which he passed on his way to the seat of government, and with many valuable donations. Congress voted fifty thousand dollars to the crew, as a recompense for the loss of the prize, and the executive promoted several of the officers. Sailing-master Aylin, who had been severely wounded, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and Lieutenant Morris, who had been also wounded, was promoted to the rank of post captain. This affair was not less mortifying to Great Britain, who, for thirty years, had in no instance lost a frigate in anything like an equal conflict.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS. (p. 301)

XII

The Attack on Queenston Heights

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

A GRANDER setting for a battle could not well be found than Nature had prepared for the battle of Queenston Heights. This neat little town of Queenston, with its population of five hundred souls, was in the stirring days of 1812 a place of no small importance. Here were established the depots for all public stores brought from Lower Canada and bound for the West; here was the focus-point between the Upper and the Lower Canada — the outlet for the now rapidly developing West. The two western forts — Erie at the juncture of Lake Erie and the Niagara River, and Malden at the mouth of the Detroit River — were both dependent upon Queenston for their stores and supplies, as were also the great tracts of countries those two forts dominated.

In those days there centred at Queenston a picturesque gathering of queer, rough people: fur-traders, merchants, Indians, *voyageurs* from Lower Canada, pioneers, soldiers, hunters — in-

deed, a typical frontier throng. Here the civilized East touched elbows with the barbarous West. From the West came stores of rich furs; from the East many things — including rum. But trade is precarious: Nature alone is unchanging. The commercial glory has long since deserted the little town on the banks of the Niagara. The fur-ladened canoes have drifted down the streams of Time. The pioneer has shouldered his axe and marched into the past. But still, perched upon a ledge of the rock, Queenston looks down upon a river — deep, rapid, braided with currents, dimpled with eddies, and carrying on its bosom the bubbles born of the mammoth falls. Across this strait the banks of the American shore rise to a great height. Behind the quiet town the land heaves abruptly to a hill which commands a view of all the surrounding country. On top of this hill now stands the grandest shaft in Canada, to the memory of the general who fell in the fight below. In the distance can be seen the perpetual cloud of spray which is flung to heaven by the thundering waters of the Falls of Niagara, for these are only nine miles distant from Queenston.

The latter days of September and the opening days of October of the year 1812 were busy ones on either side of the Niagara River. Both Americans and Canadians were energetically

preparing for the struggle that was inevitable. Van Rensselaer had chosen the village of Lewiston as his headquarters, and here he assembled a motley crew, almost as diversified in its atoms as were the Canadian ranks across the river. Among the American general's 4,000 men were many strange characters — frontiersmen, trappers, bushmen, Indian fighters, half-savage troops from the West and the South, together with New England farmers and sailors from the seaboard. These were more or less loosely knit together by the 1,500 regulars that were under the valiant general's command.

But, do what he might, the unruly troops failed to understand a number of things — for instance, why a flag of truce should be allowed to shelter its bearer, and many other niceties which go without saying when regulars confront one another on the field of battle. However, the men, unruly or no, proved themselves brave in battle, which in the world of arms covers a multitude of sins. Those who chose to take part in the battle fought to the bitter end.

During the second week in October General van Rensselaer found himself in command of a sufficient force to warrant him in beginning operations without further delay. He chose the morning of the 11th for crossing the river. General Brock was uncertain as to which part

of the river the Americans would pick upon for crossing, and had established himself in Fort George, leaving Queenston in charge of a small force under Captain Dennis. From some cause, the American general found it impracticable to cross on the 11th, as he had intended, and, unfortunately for him, was under the necessity of postponing the movement until the 13th.

Now it so happened that on the 12th of October General Brock, desiring to effect an exchange of prisoners, despatched for the purposes of negotiation, Colonel Evans across the river under the meagre protection of a flag of truce. When this British officer reached the American shore, he was met at the waterside by an American officer who forbade him to land, and, after a couple of hours' delay, he was told to return to his commander and tell him that "Everything would be satisfactorily arranged the day after to-morrow." This strange reply set the colonel a-thinking, and as he was turning the matter over in his mind, trying to make head or tail of such a message, his quick eye discovered boats slung in the fissures of the rocks and covered with bushes. At once he guessed that an attack was imminent. He hastened back to Queenston, and, without waiting to ride the seven miles to Fort George, he took matters in his own hands, and prepared the place for the threatened attack.

At this time the only regulars at Queenston — men of the 49th — were under arrest for mutiny. These Evans at once released, as he did so urging them to do their duty, and word was sent far and wide to the Canadian Militia, calling upon them to assemble at Queenston and Fort George. When these arrangements were completed, Colonel Evans, leaving Captain Dennis in charge, rode to inform General Brock of what he had heard, seen, and done. Brock agreed in his surmises of an attack, approved of his acts, but had his doubts as to whether the Americans would land at Queenston or no. That night the officers slept in their uniforms.

Sure enough, at two o'clock in the morning, the ominous boom of cannon awakened the garrison in Fort George. The attack on Queenston Heights had commenced.

The morning was black. The wind blew cold and raw, and a drenching rain had for days been stripping the last remaining leaves from the trees, and beating them into the sodden ground, and hurrying the laggard bird to its winter home in the south. But neither the darkness and dampness of the morning, nor the dangers of the swirling river daunted the hearts of the American troops as they set out in silence to cross the water and to scale the heights of Queenston. Skilled navigators of the treacher-

ous river had been pressed into service, and all things having been carefully arranged, great boats loaded with troops breasted the rapid river, and commenced to make a landing on a narrow ledge below the village of Queenston. The darkness and the silence seemed only to be increased by the lap of the swiftly flowing waters.

That night the Canadians kept a vigilant watch. Brock, anticipating a crossing, and quite unable to guess at what point of the rocky shore the Americans would attempt to land, had seen to the throwing up of slight breastworks all along the river from Queenston to Fort George — a distance of seven miles; and behind each of these a handful of troops were posted and on the alert for any signs of an invasion. In the gray of the morning sharp eyes made out the boats upon the waters, and an alarm was at once sounded. Captain Dennis called to arms his two companies of the 49th, and these, together with a hundred militia, set out to oppose the landing of the forces.

The troops under the charge of Colonel van Rensselaer — a relation of the commanding general's — first encountered the Canadian forces.

The Americans effected a landing on a woefully narrow strip of beach, and notwithstanding that the batteries on the American side of the river swept the heights above where stood the

adventurous invaders, Captain Dennis managed to bring his little band within rifle-shot, and to direct his hail of bullets so well that Van Rensselaer and his men were driven to take shelter behind a steep bank, where, safe from the Canadian riflemen, they awaited reinforcements, firing as best they might up the steep cliffs. But soon the boats, industriously plying across the river, had landed more and more of their comrades at different points of the shore. Not without serious loss, however, for the Canadian volunteers were splendid marksmen. Captain Dennis and his small band found themselves sorely pressed. The Americans, crouching behind the rocks on the narrow strip of shore, began to cast about for a place to scale the cliffs. They were not long in finding one to their liking.

When General Brock, away at Fort George, heard the cannonading from the direction of Queenston, he called for his horse, and at once mounted. There seems to be little doubt that he thought the firing at Queenston a feint by the Americans, made in the hope that he would withdraw the garrison from Fort George, and that the invaders, when their expectations in this particular should be fulfilled, would land and take easy possession of the fort. Determined to find out the true state of affairs, and leaving General Sheaffe in command at headquarters, he set

out, unattended, on the back of his favorite horse, Alfred, for Queenston. He rode hard. On his way he passed the Canadian volunteers hurrying on foot to the succor of their comrades at Queenston. Arriving at a favorable position for a survey of the field, a height where stood an 18-pound battery, he and his two aides-de-camp, who had now caught him up, dismounted.

Matters were going well with the defending forces. The Americans had been discovered much too early for the good of their project. Captain Dennis, with his handful of regulars and their backing of militia, doggedly confining the invaders to their original landing-place, and although lacking the necessary force to prevent a landing, still harassed the troops as they crossed the wide river. Brock swept the scene of action through his telescope. His officers and men were doing the best that could be done. That the movement on the part of Van Rensselaer's troops was no feint, but a full-blooded action, was now quite apparent to Brock. That it was very unlikely to succeed should Dennis manage to hold the Americans to their strip of white sand by the margin of the swirling river until reinforcements, at that moment on the way, had time to arrive from Fort George, Chippewa, and the various breastworks on the river, must

also have been the thoughts of the general who had planned, with the minutest care, the defences of the frontier.

But a sad disappointment heralded a still more calamitous loss. At the very moment that General Brock had finished his survey of the field, and was lowering his telescope, the rattle of small arms came down from the heights. This was immediately followed by a sweeping hail of bullets which cut into the ranks of the gallant defenders of Queenston Heights. Enemies in the rear! There was no time for mounting. General Brock and his aides, together with the men in charge of the battery, being hopelessly exposed to a fire they had no power to silence, rushed pell-mell to a place of safety.

The volley which had caused such a startling change in the aspect of affairs came from the crest of the heights.

Captain Wool, a young American officer, finding the position on the strip of sand a far from pleasant one, with men falling about him and no prospect of an immediate alteration in the state of affairs, and being of a daring turn of mind, asked for and obtained permission from his senior officers to attempt the scaling of the heights at a point which seemed to him to hold out hopes of success. Taking with him a strong detachment of regulars, he began to search the

face of the cliff, and was not long in discovering a fisherman's path cut into the face of the rock. This had been looked upon by the Canadians as an impossible path. But Wool and his brave men quickly turned the impossible into a most successful possibility. Scaling the heights undetected by the Canadians, displaying in so doing, singular agility, coolness, and sagacity for one so young and unused to war, he established his force in a commanding position before making his presence known to the Canadians by the most disastrous volley that whistled past the ears of General Brock. This bold movement put an entirely different complexion on the conflict. The Canadians were now between two fires. The salvation of the Canadian position demanded that he be driven from his dangerous hold.

General Brock saw that this must be done, and done at once. First despatching in hot haste a message to General Sheaffe, ordering him to bring on the troops from Fort George, Brock prepared to personally lead the attack on the young American's position. Placing himself at the head of Captain William's command of one hundred regulars, and with his own beloved York (Toronto) Volunteers supporting, he advanced towards the stronghold. After exchanging a heavy fire, he ordered a charge. But the Americans, tenaciously holding their ground, all

the while poured down the hill a steady and well-directed fire.

General Brock standing as he did quite six feet two in height, dressed in the conspicuous uniform of a British officer, and in the very thickest of the fight, it was small wonder that the men of Captain Wool's command, good shots as were all frontiersmen, soon singled him out. At the very instant the brave general raised his hand toward the height and shouted, "Push on, the York Volunteers!" a bullet struck him on the right breast, and passed completely through his body. Brock sank to the earth. Many who saw him fall ran to give him the assistance that not one of them had in his power to give. As they raised his head he had only breath left to ask that the news of his death be kept from the soldiers, so that they might not be discouraged. Then he spoke some words of his sister; but his voice was weak, his breath failing, his heart's-blood gushed from him, and those about who strained an ear were quite unable to make out his request. As his body lay wrapped in his cloak at a small house in Queenston, the cannon of the Tower of London thundered, and the bells of London rang madly and merrily. The news of Brock's capture of Detroit had, that very hour, reached the people of England.

The honors that were bestowed upon him fell upon a pale, dead face.

Here let it be told to the credit of mankind that when the body of the British general was on its way to its first burial-place the American general caused his men to fire minute-guns, out of respect for the dead.

The death of the leader of the Canadian forces brought the battle to a momentary lull. The nerve-centre of the army had been struck. But when the first shock of the news passed, consternation changed to fury. With an angry shout the Canadians made for the heights. However, Wool and his men were not to be driven, and the Canadians quickly sustained a second shivering blow. In the charge Brock's Provincial aide-de-camp, Macdonell, who had assumed command of the York Volunteers, fell mortally wounded.

But the losses were not all Canada's. Wadsworth and Colonel van Rensselaer, the American leaders, had fallen badly wounded. In fact, about this time so many officers were down on both sides that there came a second cessation in the fighting. The Americans had much the better of the position at this stage of the game. Wool had been reinforced, and fresh boatloads of soldiers crossed the river.

But a change was now about to take place.

General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved, was on his way to the field of action when he heard of Brock's death. He proved to be the man for the emergency, acting with promptness and great determination. When, after a hard march, he arrived within sight of the field, matters looked black indeed for the defenders of Canada.

Sheaffe set about his task in soldier-like fashion. With the assistance of the two Indian chiefs Brant and Norton and their warriors, 200 volunteers from Chippewa, a post some miles above the Niagara Falls, and his own 300 regulars and two companies of militia, he formed, on the brow of the heights, a cordon around the whole field, the flanks of his forces resting on the river; and taking every advantage the ground offered him, he began to narrow the semicircle, firing volleys into the now exposed forces of the States. The Americans, in turn, now found themselves taken in the rear. The fighting had not long continued when Wool fell badly wounded, and Scott took his place. But the fatal tightening of the cordon continued, and General van Rensselaer saw that unless substantial reinforcements were brought forward at once his hardy men, who, at the cost of so much blood, had gained a firm footing on Canadian soil, would be swept into the river. He took boat

across the Niagara to hurry over the necessary reinforcements.

When he stepped ashore on his own side of the river he found that his troops refused to cross. They were Fencibles. They had not enlisted to serve out of their native land. The invaders refused to invade.

The truth of the affair seems to be that the sight of the dead and wounded brought back to camp from Queenston Heights had struck terror into the hearts of those who had remained behind, and that when their general commanded them to cross the river they fell back upon their undoubted rights as Fencibles. But it was a pretty mess for an invading general to get in.

Van Rensselaer did all that he could under the circumstances to induce his troops to go to the assistance of their comrades now clinging for dear life to the precipitous cliffs of Queenston Heights. But no; they refused to quit their native land. Meanwhile the Canadian Volunteers, now aware of the death of their leader, were fighting with the fury of maddened tigers. The cry ran along the lines, "Avenge Brock," and the Indians, who all looked upon Brock as a father, launched on the air their ominous war-whoops, as they darted here and there like evil spirits, firing with unerring aim at the invaders, who, in turn shouting, "For the honor of

America," clung to the face of the heights like lichen.

For the core of that fatal circle the Americans fought grimly and prayed for the reinforcements that never came. As time passed the Canadians tightened and tightened the circle. Soon the American officers were in difficulties: then the men slipped out of hand — and at last with a rush and a hurrah the Canadians were upon the invading forces. Nothing could withstand the down-hill charge of Sheaffe's men. Wool and his men were spilt over the shoulder of the cliffs like water. Many a man with the bayonets and tomahawks behind him leaped to his destruction, falling on the rocks below or into the ominous, silent river; while the Indians, infuriated, hurled down the cliffs many that would fain have placed themselves as prisoners in the hands of the Canadians. The carnage was horrible. The cliffs dripped with red.

When at last Scott, bearing on his sword-point a fluttering white cravat, surrendered the American army to Sheaffe, and when the Indians could be called from their slaughter — they had fought a winning fight with their wonted fury, for they hated the Americans ("Long Knives" as they called them) and were maddened by the death of Brock — General Sheaffe found himself in possession of a field slippery with blood and

about 1,000 prisoners, including Major-General Wadsworth and many officers.

The number killed in this, the first great battle of "the War of 1812," will never be known.

One man was heard to cry significantly to a group of his fellows, "Come, men; it is better to be drowned than hanged," for there were many British renegades serving in the American army and navy during the years of this war.

Although the Americans were severely defeated in their determined invasion, it is probable that Canada lost more by the death of General Brock than she gained by the victory at Queenston Heights, for he was a man trained to war in the ablest school, and a leader who knew every mile of the frontier he was called upon to defend, and who was loved by his soldiers.

XIII

The Story of Laura Secord

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

LAURA SECORD'S name is revered by the Canadians in much the same way as is that of Grace Darling in England, or, still better illustration, for each was concerned in war, Jeanne d'Arc in the land of "dame and dance." Of her deed the verse-writers of Canada, and they are many, have, one may say without exception, spun their rhymes; and no history of the wonderful northland would be acceptable to the Canadians did it fail to mention her name and chronicle her heroism. Tales have been told, dramas woven, songs sung to her honor; and as time goes on, her memory is surely destined to be kept green by the warm-hearted people of the great Dominion. For with heroic determination she pressed stoutly on through dark woods and across swollen streams to save the little army of Canadians from surprise and annihilation.

Mrs. Laura Secord was a daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a United Empire Loyalist who removed from the United States to Canada after

the war for independence and founded Ingersoll, now a flourishing town of some five thousand inhabitants. Laura married Mr. James Secord, and at the outbreak of the War of 1812 the two were living in Queenston on the banks of the Niagara River. When news came to the Canadians that an army for invasion was being formed on the opposite bank, James Secord, like most Canadians able to bear arms, volunteered for the defence of his country. He ranked as captain when the first decisive battle, Queenston Heights, was fought. That he bore himself gallantly and fought with all his might there can be no disputing, for towards the end of the awful day his wife Laura, as she picked her way among the wounded and dead — while the war-whoops of the frenzied red men still rang from the cliffs where the invaders were clinging to the face of the rock, with above the savages and below the swirling river — she came upon her husband lying among the dead as one dead. The wife gathered the wounded volunteer into her arms, and made her way with as great speed as the burden would allow to their house. There she found that, although he had received two desperate wounds, he still breathed. All that winter she nursed and tended him, and when in June the secret of the invading army came into her possession, her husband was still a cripple, and she her-

self determined to risk all and make the long journey alone.

As a reward for the valiant part he had played at the battle of Queenston Heights, James Secord had been granted by the Canadian Government a small tract of land, which lay some distance outside of the village of Queenston. On the farm he and his wife lived, himself crippled and sorely distressed; and to their house, on the evening of the 22d of June, 1813, came two American officers, who demanded food. While awaiting for or partaking of this, they fell to discussing the situation and Dearborn's plans, and, most imprudently as it turned out, carried on their conversation in a tone of voice loud enough for Mrs. Secord, who was waiting on them at table, to overhear everything they said.

Soldier's wife that she was, and patriotic Canadian as well, she quickly guessed that some decisive move against her country's troops was meditated, and she paid careful but cautious attention to everything that passed between her two unbidden guests. When they had finished their meal and departed, Laura Secord repeated to her husband all that she had heard, and he agreed with her that an attempt to surprise the Canadians would certainly be made. If the surprise succeeded, the whole of western Canada must fall. That night the husband and wife dis-

cussed the pros and cons of the situation, and, the husband being unable to leave the house, the wife decided to make an attempt to steal through the American lines, and thread, by a circuitous route, twenty miles of bush to warn FitzGibbon of his great danger.

Laura Secord arose at dawn. She had planned every step of her journey and arranged the strategy by which she hoped to pass the vigilant pickets, whom the American general had thrown out at the skirt of the woods to prevent the accomplishment of just such enterprises as she had undertaken. Dressing herself only in a jacket and short flannel skirt, and without shoes or stockings, she took her milking-pail in one hand, her three-legged milking-stool in the other, and set out to where her cow was lying, not yet having arisen from her night's sleep. As soon as she quitted the house, she beheld the pickets at their stations all alert with the vigilance of a coming crisis. She had not gone a rod from her house before the soldiers detected her, and, although they would know that, on a farm, woman's first duty is to milk the cow (it takes precedence over everything, the object being to allow the beast to eat her fill before the scorching heat of day and the swarms of flies drive her to take shelter under a tree), they still kept strict watch over her actions.

But to all outward appearances the good woman's only ambition was to get the milking over as soon as possible, for she walked straight to the cow and, causing her to arise, set down pail and stool, and commenced to milk. The beast had always been a quiet one, but this morning something was wrong. The soldiers, as they looked on, saw the animal kick over the pail and run a short distance towards the woods before being brought to a standstill by the entreaties of the farmer's wife. Again Mrs. Secord settled herself down to milk, and again the cow kicked over the pail and ran still nearer to the dark forest. One of the Americans, no doubt himself born and bred on a rich New England farm where cows had often kicked and run, sauntered over and offered his assistance; but Mrs. Secord expressed a determination to master the brute if she had to follow her about all day. Then she sat down and once more slily pinched the astonished animal. In this way, by short and easy flights, and all under the observation of the unsuspecting and completely befooled pickets, the cow and the woman reached the elge of the wood, passed into the wood, far into the wood, and finally deep enough into the wood for the woman's purpose.

Mrs. Secord leaped to her feet. Flinging pail and stool aside, she darted into the deepest gloom,

and as fast as her bare feet would carry her, and with nothing but a vague knowledge of the lay of the land and the way, made off to warn the Canadians and their faithful allies, the Indians, of approach of a foe.

Those who have never traversed a Canadian wood can have but a poor conception of the difficulties that are encountered even in a short walk. Laura Secord's journey was both a long and an anxious one. For half her distance she was in danger of coming upon American scouting parties and pickets (the Americans held the country for that distance around Queenston); and, besides this, many creeping animals lay in her path, animals that a woman with bare feet does not like to encounter. On her journey that day Laura Secord met with a thousand harassing impediments.

Underfoot the beech roots raised their gnarled and knotted backs through the soil; fallen trees, their dead branches held up as if, like a drowning man, in appeal for help, lay at every angle to be scrambled over as best she could; tangled clumps of briars and scrubby thorn, interwoven underbrush and rank grasses, and limbs of standing trees so low that she found it impossible to proceed upright. Again and again she was under the necessity of driving the rattlesnakes from her path by slashing at them with a goad which she

carried for the purpose. (Those venomous reptiles were once to be found in great numbers in the peninsula formed by Lakes Ontario and Erie and the Niagara River, the scene of the brave Canadian's exploit, and in the month of June were very active.) But without pausing or paying more than momentary heed to the promptings to return to her home which must have on occasions surged upon her, she pressed on; the soil, loosened by the long winter's frost, treacherous under her feet, the gloomy closeness of the woods causing the perspiration to run from her brow; down into deep gullies she passed and up their steep sides again, over rocks, through morasses and cold spring swamps, across rapid streams on the trunks of fallen trees, keeping an anxious lookout in front of her for signs of friend or foe.

Night falls early in the woods. Dimness in the clearing is blackness under the interlocked branches of the forest. Owls began to hoot from the tree-tops and to flit past her with the soft rustle of ghosts; strange sounds awakened on the air; warm, sweet, enervating smells oozed from the ground where lay the leaves of ages; the whip-poor-will cried sharply and clear. The passage through the woods had been terribly trying to her, and during the last part of the journey she made but little progress. Her clothing was torn, her feet blistered and bleeding, and her

strength all but left her. So it was that when, with whoop and spring, a band of Indians pounced upon her, she could not have been entirely unthankful that at length her long journey was ended for weal or woe. It happened that the Indians were allies of the Canadians; and Laura Secord, woefully bedraggled, was carried before the commander, FitzGibbon. He heard her story, and had her carefully attended to, for she was in sore straits.

FitzGibbon and his Indian allies acted with promptitude and decision, and the result of Laura Secord's remarkable journey through the woods was the complete discomfiture of the American army. FitzGibbon captured every man and officer.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he visited Mrs. Secord, then an old, old lady; and a few days later she received a handsome present from the heir to the throne of England.

XIV

The Storming of Ogdensburgh

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

THE storming of the old French fort looked upon as one of the most curious and daring exploits of the War of 1812. The business was coolly planned, and carried out with irresistible dash. But then, what but valor and dash could be expected from men who had inherited the very spirit of self-reliant bravery from the same sources as they had inherited their sturdy frames and determined, if fiery, tempers? Highlanders of the real fighting stock, heirs to the deeds of a long line of valiant warriors, many of them the direct descendants of those hot-headed mountain men who poured down from the hills to be scattered at Culloden, and who, for their failure to win or to fall, were transported to the shore of the then savage continent, North America. The sons of those who had fought at Culloden again fought a hapless fight against Washington in his struggle for freedom, and when the war for independence ended they left their all in the United States and journeyed

to Canada rather than live under any flag but the Union Jack. It was these men and their sons that stormed Ogdensburgh.

The war broke out, Queenston Heights had been carried and retaken, and the harsh winter of the northern zone of America came down and effectively put an end for a time to active hostilities. But long before this took place — in fact, at the first serious news from Washington — Father Macdonnell's fighting blood had stirred in him and the fiery cross was sent through the land. The Highlanders lay by their axes, donned their tartans, took down their broadswords from their places on the ceiling beams, and repaired to the rendezvous where Colonel George Macdonnell — "George the Red," as he was called, after the Highland manner of distinguishing one of a name from another by some personal peculiarity — was ready to drill the men and lead them afterwards. "George the Red" was a near relative of the priest's, and a fighting Highlander through and through. The men he gathered around him were called the Glengarry Fencibles, and during the war proved themselves sore stumbling-blocks to the ingenious and valiant Americans.

The Glengarries were given a great stretch of the St. Lawrence to guard, their headquarters being at Prescott, in Grenville County, Ontario.

After their long schooling against the highly trained troops of France, it must have been a curious experience for these men to engage in the semi-guerilla fighting that took place in the War of 1812. On the American side of the river and directly opposite to Prescott is Ogdensburgh, a thriving place to this day. Between the Canadian and the American towns the St. Lawrence flows, at this point quite a mile and a quarter in width, a strait of beautiful waves in summer, but a mass of grinding ice-floes in early winter and early spring. In the depth of winter it presents a curious spectacle: a wind-swept plain, glittering in the sunlight and eerily white under the moon, broken into rugged furrows and dotted here and there by air-holes — breathing-places an acre or more in extent, from which ascend, when the temperature is very low, clouds of vapor as if from huge caldrons. The freezing over of the great rivers of America is a gradual process, the ice growing out from either bank until one clear night the ice-floes are jammed, their ragged edges are joined, their giddy whirlings cease, and the grinding roar is hushed. As the days pass the ice becomes so thick that it can bear any burden that man ever places upon it. Such was the river in the month of February, 1813.

At Ogdensburgh stood an old French fort, and in this fort a Captain Forsyth held command

with five hundred American soldiers and a proportionate number of artillery. Early in February, Forsyth, with a small company at his back, had crossed the river late one night on a foraging expedition. This audacious proceeding enraged the "Glengarries." Father Macdonnell and "George the Red" laid their heads together. The outcome was the order that Ogdensburgh must be stormed, and stormed without delay. The leader at once set about preparing for the action.

His plans were as simple as bold. A stretch of ice more than a mile wide, offering no shelter from shot or shell, lay between the Highlanders and their foe. From the walls of the fort eleven cannon looked over this ice-plain. But Macdonnell cared nothing for the strange footing, and hoped to reach the cannon before the cannon would have time to reach him. Morning after morning the red leader marched his men out upon the frozen surface of the river, and for hours at a time used the ice as a drill-ground. To the Americans at Ogdensburgh, who at first watched every movement of their dangerous neighbors, it appeared as though Macdonnell was determined to keep his men in thorough training for the spring campaign. Not only did the Highlandmen march and countermarch, but they hauled with them a couple of ugly-looking

field-guns. Day by day they ventured farther out upon the ice in their practice, until the centre of the river was reached if not passed.

On the morning of the 22d February the Highlanders as usual turned out upon the ice. Four hundred and eighty of them there were all told, and the everlasting two old field-pieces dragging behind them like the tail of a beaver. From the walls of the fort at Ogdensburgh the usual number of soldiers took their places to watch the drill. Captain Forsyth himself watched the spectacle for a time, but having seen enough of it, hastened to his breakfast. As he sat over his meal an officer came to him and said that he thought there was something suspicious about the looks of the Highlanders this morning. Forsyth thought otherwise, and went on with his breakfast. The junior officer, unfortunately for the Glengarry men, felt uneasy and sceptical, and resolved to keep a suspicious watch over the goings-on on the ice. Not many minutes passed before his shout from the walls of the fort caused the soldiers to spring to their arms. The Highland hosts had suddenly rent asunder, and two columns dashed straight for opposite sides of the fort.

"George the Red" himself headed the left wing. His men held the ropes of the two field-guns. Foremost in the right wing ran Captain

Jenkins, a Canadian born and bred. On they dashed for the fort, running as fast as legs would carry across a frozen river. But half a mile of ice is a long, long road to travel, and before the columns had progressed many hundreds of yards the first cannon-load of grape-shot came sweeping across the field of ice to meet the oncoming columns. Another hundred yards forward and the musket-balls began to drop in the ranks, and men leaped into the air to fall flat upon the glittering ice.

Macdonnell's men carried the guns. It was the leader's plan to plunge into Ogdensburgh, brush out of his way any opposition that might there be offered, and plant the artillery in a position to fire into the fort from the rear, in this way preparing a breach for Jenkins, who was to storm the fort at the opposite side. But Macdonnell had not counted on his movements being so quickly discovered, nor that he would encounter such obstacles when he approached the bank. His men reached the American shore, swept through the village with irresistible fury; but when they reached the chosen spot for planting the guns, the guns were not forthcoming. They had, it turned out, become buried in a great bank of snow and ice that skirted the marge of the river. It took a weary time to hoist them out of their helpless position, tumble them up

the river bank, and plant them in a commanding position. Meanwhile the Americans, rare marksmen and cool fellows, did not let the minutes slip unprofitably by.

While Macdonnell's men were floundering in the snowdrift, poor Jenkins and his band were having a very bad time of it. No sooner had he started forward than seven cannon were pointed at him, and the grape played havoc with his men, momentarily throwing them into confusion. He himself had his left arm shattered by the very first shot from the fort, but calling bravely to his men they all sprang forward. However, they had not gone many yards before a second shot struck the leader, this time on the right arm, completely disabling that also. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds — his left arm had to be amputated and his right was never afterwards of any use to him, although it hung by his side — the gallant Canadian pressed stoutly forward to inspire his men, but at length fell exhausted on the ice from loss of blood. His men, however, never lost heart.

Leaving their commander where he lay, they breasted the fire from the fort, scrambled up the bank, formed in proper order, and charged over the breastworks, depending on their bayonets to carry the day. In the nick of time "George the Red" got his guns into posi-

tion, and with a "Hurrah!" both wings made for the old French fort. Forsyth, seeing all lost, retired with those men who were able to follow him, escaping into the woods that surrounded the place. The Highlanders secured the fort, burned four armed vessels that lay in the bay, carted a vast quantity of stores across the ice to Prescott, and having destroyed the fortification, retired to Canadian soil.

The Canadian loss in the gallant affair amounted to eight killed and fifty-two wounded, most of them struck down on the ice by the raking grape-shot.

XV

Tecumseh, the Shawnee War-Chief

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

SOME of the grandest figures in American history are Indians. Among these Pontiac and Tecumseh stand out in commanding proportions, and it is a strange coincidence that both of these mighty warriors, during the years in which their greatest deeds were done, had their wigwams pitched on the banks of the Detroit River. Pontiac, than whom no greater war-chief ever swung the tomahawk, personally directed the operations against Fort Detroit, then garrisoned by British soldiers, and conducted the greatest siege that is recorded in the history of the red man. Tecumseh, the next striking figure in Indian history, fought on the banks of the same stream side by side with the British, whom his great forerunner had attempted to expel from American soil. As a striking figure of the War of 1812, this Tecumseh may be placed shoulder to shoulder with Sir Isaac Brock, hero of Queenston Heights, whom he knew and loved. Tecumseh was a born leader, eloquent in

speech, lofty in principle, and brilliant in war. His death in the battle of the Thames caused a thrill of sorrow to pass through Canada, sorrow only less intense than that which moved the Canadians when they heard of the death of Brock on Queenston Heights.

Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, was born about 1770. His earliest recollections were of war, for his people, turbulent and fierce, found themselves in unending trouble with the Americans. He was twenty years old when General Harmer, commanding a large body of American troops, was sent to punish his tribe. The Shawnees met the Americans, and the cruel fight that resulted was altogether disastrous to the white men. They were forced to fight at great disadvantage, and finally had to take to heels to escape a general massacre. Next year General St. Clair undertook to avenge Harmer's defeat, and the end of this expedition was that the Americans were again almost annihilated. This of course could not last. The United States Government, two years later, fitted out a column, giving the command to General Wayne. Ample troops for the war were placed under the general's care, and Wayne most effectively administered the punishment which in the previous attempts had failed to be given. The Shawnees

lost a greater part of their territory and a large number of their best warriors.

The disaster to his people had a curious effect on the mind of Tecumseh. At that time a young and no doubt unimportant buck, the defeat rankled in his heart without in any way cowing his independent nature. A great hatred for the Americans grew in his breast, and he formed a determination to overwhelm them in the West and drive them east of the Alleghanies. To do this he saw clearly that he must not begin by leading one tribe to war against the soldiers, but that all Indians on the continent must be formed into a confederacy and made to act in concert. It was a dream cherished by most of the great Indian chiefs, but none set about its accomplishment with clearer intelligence and sterner determination to surmount all obstacles than Tecumseh.

His resolve once formed, he without loss of time set out to preach the crusade among the neighboring tribes. His oratory, rich in the metaphor which the Indian loves and thrilling with martial fire, touched the hearts of the restless warriors; and when in 1804 Tecumseh's brother, the then chief of the tribe, proclaimed himself a prophet sent by the Great Spirit to lead the Children of the Forest back to their original ways of life and ancient heritage, and

at the same time renounced the chieftainship in favor of Tecumseh, the young warrior found himself at the head of a splendid band of warriors, which his own and his brother's fame, ringing through the land, was causing to be increased every day by ambitious spirits from friendly tribes. So threatening did the movement among the Indians appear to the United States that the President instructed General Harrison, himself President in after years, to see Tecumseh and learn his intentions.

This was the first meeting between Harrison and Tecumseh. They last came face to face in the swamp-lands of the valley of the Thames in Canada, and Tecumseh, fighting like a mountain-cat, fell riddled with buckshot.

This first meeting threw into relief the character of the Indian war-chief. Both Americans and red men arranged to meet unarmed. Tecumseh at the head of his warriors appeared at the appointed place punctually. One of General Harrison's officers offered a chair to the chief, saying:

"Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat."

Tecumseh gazed into the sky before answering:

"My father! The sun is my father, and the

earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I will rest on her bosom."

Having spoken, he flung himself on the turf.

The interview was short and unsatisfactory. Tecumseh refused to relinquish his idea of forming a confederacy, unless the President, on behalf of the United States, undertook to keep the white man within the boundaries already occupied by him.

Immediately after the interview the Shawnee chief set out to preach his favorite scheme to the Indians of the South. During his absence his tribe got into further trouble with the troops, and were again sorely cut up and defeated. Tecumseh returned home, gathered around him the warriors who had escaped destruction, and, the War of 1812 breaking out, he hastened with his band to Detroit, there to place himself at the disposal of the Canadians. From that day to the day of his death he led his braves with a judgment and brilliancy scarcely equalled in the annals of Indian warfare.

To Tecumseh and his warriors fell the distinction of striking the first telling blow in the War of 1812. An American army commanded by Hull had crossed to Canadian soil, expecting to easily subdue the western part of Canada. Hull's army depended on the west for supplies, and Tecumseh, knowing this, beset the road lead-

ing from Ohio, and ambushed a large convoy under Van Horne. The Americans were taken by surprise, but held their ground bravely against Tecumseh and his warriors. A fierce fight followed, but the Indian chief had the advantage of position, and moreover his braves were used to fighting in the woods. Under green trees and among tangled underbrush, as in the marsh-lands, none could war so well as the Indian. After fighting the fight of despair, Van Horne's little army was scattered; most of the troops were killed and important despatches captured. At the news of this disaster Hull retired from Canada, and shut his army behind the stockades of Detroit, leaving Tecumseh to return triumphantly to Amherstburgh. This was a characteristic beginning to a war for the most part fought in the bush.

Fresh from his victory over Van Horne, Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, met for the first and last time Brock, commander of the forces in British North America. It is recorded that the two took a great liking to one another. Brock certainly looked upon Tecumseh as a remarkable man, in whom all trust could be placed. Un-Indianlike, the Shawnee chief scorned liquor. He had been a heavy drinker in his youth, but seeing how liquor was carrying off his people he

renounced its use. In victory he refused to plunder, and his valor was above suspicion.

Brock and Tecumseh planned the storming of Fort Detroit, although the force they had for the purpose was far weaker than that under Hull, who held the fort. Tecumseh undertook the cutting-off of the fort from all communication with the outside world, and with his thousand warriors completely surrounded Detroit, besetting every highway and path; and when Brock summoned Hull to surrender, Tecumseh drew in his circle of ferocious followers, and their war-whoops, ringing from the woods and reëchoing from the old stockade, hastened the American general's resolve to open the gates.

From that day to the day of his death Tecumseh was looked upon by friend and foe alike as one of the great leaders in the war. The Canadians found him an invaluable ally, and the Americans a leader to be reckoned with. Few Indian chiefs ever had such responsibilities placed on their shoulders by the white man as had Tecumseh. It is scarcely too much to say that Brock looked to the Shawnee to hold the territory of Michigan and defend Western Canada from attack. Proctor, who commanded the few troops Brock could spare from his hard task at Niagara, no doubt held

actual command, but Tecumseh was the fighting force. And right well he did his duty.

In January of 1813, Proctor and Tecumseh led out their small force and surprised a brigade of Harrison's army, killing close upon 400 men, and capturing Brigadier Winchester, three field-officers, nine captains, twenty subalterns, and more than 500 men. Considering the small armies in the field at this time, the number of killed was appalling. Unfortunately some Indians, losing control of themselves, commenced to massacre the wounded, and a number of unfortunate American soldiers were in this way done to death before the red men could be brought under control.

News of this action spread among the tribes of the forest and plain, and Tecumseh's band was swelled by volunteers from near and from afar — bucks anxious to see fighting or to avenge the blood of killed tribesmen. Proctor, elated with the success of his offensive operation, determined to pursue the forward policy, and with 1,000 regulars and militia, and 1,200 Indians, he in April laid siege to Fort Meigs. At this siege Tecumseh again distinguished himself by leading Colonel Dudley and 400 American troops into an ambush, with the result that half were slain and the remainder captured. Although Proctor found it impracticable to con-

tinue the siege, he managed during the operation to take 550 prisoners, and the slain of the American forces were estimated at about 500 men. After this General Harrison's army was strengthened to such proportions that the small army of Canadians and Indians found it impossible to act on the offensive with any success, and when Commodore Perry in a gallant action swept the upper lakes of the British fleet, Proctor found himself compelled to evacuate Fort Detroit and retreat towards Niagara. Against this movement Tecumseh protested in one of the finest examples of Indian oratory that has been handed down to us from a time not so long passed, but passed for ever, when the Indian was still a great orator and a sturdy warrior. In the course of his speech he protested strongly against any retreat not preceded by a defeat. To quote a few sentences from his oratory:

"Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with that arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run the other.

"Father, listen! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish

to remain and fight our enemy should they make their appearance.

"Father! you have got the arms which our Great Father sent for his red children. If you intend to retreat give them to us and you may go. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The Great Spirit willed, and Tecumseh left his bones on Canadian soil.

Proctor began his disastrous retreat on September 28th. The country through which his route lay is as peculiar in its way as any on the North American continent. Once upon a time this tract of land was covered by Lake St. Clair, but through the ages the water receded from the face of the earth, leaving a great alluvial plain of waving reeds and coarse grasses, the paradise of the wild duck. Through this the Canadians and Indians made their way, and coming to the River Thames, set out along its northern bank through an open forest.

Closely following on their footsteps came General Harrison with 3,500 men, 1,500 of these Kentucky riflemen mounted on horses that understood the woods as well as any woodsman. Proctor found it impossible to make much progress owing to the terrible state of the ground;

and Harrison, with his mounted men, soon caught him up.

On October 5th the little band of regulars and Indians was forced to halt and prepare for battle. The position he secured was a favorable one. On his left the river Thames flowed deep and treacherous. On his right in the security of a swamp lay Tecumseh and his warriors, delighted with the prospect of another meeting with their foe. The small force of regulars were deployed from river to swamp and all was ready for the appearance of Harrison. Tecumseh held a position that appealed to the Indian heart. A tangled mass of underbrush, long grass, and gnarled swamp-oak hid him from view; underfoot the soil shook like jelly and scarcely would bear the weight of a moccasin foot, being quite impossible to horsemen. In such a place the mighty warrior awaited in all confidence the time when he might spring whooping from his cover to fall upon the flank of the Americans. The last words he spoke to Proctor as he was about to retire to the fastnesses of the marsh lands were, " Father, have a big heart! "

Notwithstanding the telling position he had secured, Proctor neither took ordinary precautions to escape surprise, nor did he or his men display valor in the fight at the first charge of the American horsemen, and before the Indians

had an opportunity to begin the battle according to the arrangements come to between Proctor and Tecumseh, the regulars broke and ran. In fact many did not go to the trouble of attempting to escape, but threw their weapons on the ground and surrendered. Tecumseh saw what happened and his rage was great. He and his warriors might very well have withdrawn and saved themselves, for no army could hope to catch the red man in the woods; but instead of doing this he resolved to give battle, and at the head of his bucks sprang out of the morass and flew at the throats of the renowned riflemen. The Kentucky men — hunters and trappers every one of them — were familiar with Indian tactics and used to fighting under trees. They met the Indian charge with great coolness, and, though badly cut up, held their ground.

In the savage struggle which followed the great Shawnee Tecumseh met instantaneous death, being riddled with buckshot. His death put a stop to all fighting. The Indians quickly melted away under the trees, leaving their chief dead on the banks of the muddy Thames.

Tecumseh's end was one after his own heart. Pontiac died from a tomahawk blow delivered, it is said, in a drunken squabble; but Tecumseh died with a tomahawk in his hand, the heat of battle in his brain, and his face to the foe.

CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON. (*p.* 345)

XVI

The Fight Between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, June 1, 1813

By H. M. BRACKENRIDGE

WE are now to relate an occurrence which imparts a melancholy tinge to our naval chronicle, thus far so brilliant; an occurrence in which uncontrollable fortune had the largest share; but in the midst of visitations which fill our hearts with sorrow, we shall find matter of consolation, almost a recompense for our misfortune.

Captain Lawrence, on arriving to take command of the *Chesapeake,* was informed that a British frigate was lying before Boston Harbor, apparently courting a combat with an American. Listening only to the dictates of his generous nature, he burned with impatience to meet the enemy, and unfortunately did not sufficiently pause to examine whether the terms were equal. The greater part of the *Chesapeake's* crew had been discharged, others to supply their

places were enlisted, several of his officers were sick, and that kind of mutual confidence, arising from a knowledge of each other, was wanting between himself and his men. But he could not brook the thought of being thus defied. On the 1st of June, 1813, he sailed forth, resolved to try his fortune.

When he came in sight of the *Shannon,* he made a short address to his crew, but found it received with no enthusiasm; they murmured, alleging as the cause of complaint that their prize money had not been paid; he immediately gave them tickets for it, and thought they were now reconciled; but, unfortunately, they were at this moment almost in a state of mutiny. Several foreigners, who had accidentally found their way into the crew, had succeeded in poisoning their minds. The brave Lawrence consulted his own heart, and looked only to the enemy without, and not to the enemy within.

The *Shannon,* observing the *Chesapeake,* put to sea, and was followed by her. At half-past five, the *Chesapeake* closed with the enemy, gave him a broadside, which was returned, equally destructive on both sides; but the *Chesapeake* was particularly unfortunate in the loss of officers: the sailing-master, White, was killed; Lieutenant Ballard, mortally wounded; Lieutenant Brown of the marines and Captain Lawrence

himself severely wounded; the latter leaned on the companionway, although in great pain, and still continued to give orders.

A second and a third broadside were exchanged, with evident advantage on the side of the *Chesapeake,* but the same misfortune in loss of officers continued; the first lieutenant, Ludlow, was carried below severely wounded; three men were successively shot from the wheel; a shot disabled her foresail, so that she could no longer answer her helm.

Being disabled in her rigging, the *Chesapeake* then fell with her quarter on the *Shannon's* anchor. This accident may be considered as having decided the contest; an opportunity was then given of raking the *Chesapeake,* and towards the close of the action, of boarding. Captain Lawrence, who, although severely wounded, still persisted in keeping the deck, now commanded boarders to be called up; at this moment a musket-ball entered his body, and he was carried below, having first pronounced these memorable words, which have become the motto of the American navy, *"Don't give up the ship."*

The officers of the *Chesapeake* were nearly all killed, and the command devolved on Lieutenant Budd, who called up the men for the purpose of carrying the order of Lawrence into execution. At this time Captain Broke, finding that his

vessel had received so many shots between wind and water, that there was danger of her sinking, and perceiving the confusion which reigned on board the American, and yet fearful that victory might slip from his grasp, threw twenty of his marines on board, and immediately followed them.

Lieutenant Budd endeavored to shoot the vessel clear of the *Shannon;* but being soon after wounded, and a part of the crew in a state of mutiny, the scheme entirely failed. A number, however, still continued to fight with unalterable resolution. Captain Broke received a wound in the head, and was carried on board his own ship. Lieutenant Watt, who now commanded the enemy, was shot; but a large reinforcement coming to their assistance, they gained possession of the deck, and soon after hoisted the English flag.

In this sanguinary conflict, twenty-three of the enemy were killed and fifty-six wounded; among the killed, her first lieutenant, her clerk, and purser, and amongst the wounded her captain. On board the *Chesapeake,* the captain, the first and fourth lieutenants, the lieutenant of marines, the master, the midshipmen Hopewell, Livingston, Evans, and about seventy men killed; and the second and third lieutenants, the chaplain, midshipmen Weaver, Abbot, Nicholls, Berry,

and about eighty men wounded. The greater proportion of this loss was sustained after the enemy had gained the deck.

The bodies of our naval heroes, Lawrence and Ludlow, on their arrival at Halifax, were interred with every honor, civil, naval, and military, which they could bestow, and no testimony of respect that was due to their memories was left unpaid. They were afterwards brought to the United States, by Mr. Crowninshield of Boston, who obtained a passport from Commodore Hardy for the purpose, in a vessel manned by twelve masters of vessels, who volunteered their services on the occasion.

The loss of the *Chesapeake* has been justly attributed to the accident of her falling on board the *Shannon,* and to the mutinous state of her crew. She was somewhat inferior in force also, but this ought not to be taken into consideration; for until the fatal accident, the advantage was decidedly in her favor. However this may be, we can spare to Great Britain this victory, as some slight consolation for her former and subsequent drubbings. And never did any victory produce such extravagant rejoicing. Not the land victories of Wellington in Spain, nor even the victories of Nelson, called forth such expressions of satisfaction; a proof that our naval char-

acter had risen somewhat in her estimation. In the United States it was regarded as an accident, which proved no superiority on the part of the British, and it was lamented chiefly for the loss of our brave officers.

CHRYSTLER'S FARM. (*p.* 351

XVII

The Fight at Chrystler's Farm

By BRIG.-GEN. JOHN P. BOYD, U. S.

ON the 9th November, 1813, General Brown, the élite corps, and the dragoons (who had joined us and crossed over) moved by land on the Canada shore; the residue of the army embarked and proceeded by water; the whole rendezvoused at Chrystler's Field at 2 o'clock. Late at night, without having had any direction of the order of landing, or without any knowledge of the relative situation of the troops, a verbal order from the commander-in-chief suddenly informed me, that in consequence of the extreme ill health of himself and General Lewis, both being confined to their boats, the command on shore devolved on me; and that the enemy's gunboats and a body of troops by land were approaching our rear. Arrangements were immediately made for their reception.

Early next morning (10th), conformably to the commander-in-chief's order, General Brown was detached with a strong portion of the army and directed to pursue his course down the river

to dislodge some militia, supposed to be intercepting the route to Cornwall.

The rear-guard, consisting of parts of the 1st, 2d, and 4th brigades, a squadron of dragoons, and two pieces of artillery under the command of Brigadier-General Boyd, destined to cover the flotilla, was directed to follow as soon as the boats should put off — "should the enemy hang on the rear, advance, beat him back." Nothing was left to the discretion of General Boyd. General Wilkinson's health was such as to confine him to his cabin, and I had not seen him for several days. Yet, ambitious to be first in the service of his country, he held tenaciously to the command.

The column had taken up the line of march and proceeded about two miles, when Colonel Bissell, of the 5th regiment, was detached from the first brigade, and ordered by the commander-in-chief to reëmbark and disperse a party of the enemy, supposed to have made a lodgment on one of the islands. Ere this could be executed, a vidette from Captain Selden, from the rear, reported a column of 1,500 of the enemy approaching in that direction. The detachment was immediately brought to the right-about, marched up the river, and formed in line of battle.

General Lewis landed and came to the field, viewed our position, gave some directions, and

returned to his boat. I pushed forward with Captain Selden's dragoons to reconnoitre the enemy; he opened his artillery; our line advanced, skirmished, and the enemy retired. After a long, harassing, and stormy day, the troops were directed, by an order from General Lewis, to return and take post for the night (which was inclemently stormy) so as to cover the flotilla. Late in the evening I waited on General Wilkinson, on board his boat, to report the events of the day, to receive orders for the night, and to ascertain who commanded.

The general was so indisposed that I was not permitted to see him, and was directed to call on General Lewis, whose boat I boarded, and received orders to defend my position and the flotilla. Early the next morning (11th), General Lewis sent an aid ordering us to move down the river. The troops were put in motion — the commander-in-chief arrested their march. At 10 o'clock the enemy's gunboats turned a point and commenced a cannonade on our boats without any effect on either side. During the fore part of the day a variety of verbal orders were received, but countermanded before executed, occasioned, as I understand, by want of information from General Brown.

At 12 o'clock, impatient for some decisive or discretionary orders, the troops having been

nearly forty-eight hours under arms, exposed to incessant rains, I rode to the bank of the river, requested and obtained a specific order, written by pencil, "that the flotilla would put off in twenty minutes; four pieces of artillery would be landed to reinforce the rear-guard which would follow the boats; should the enemy harass the rear, turn and beat him back."

While expecting the signal for moving, report from the rear announced the approach of the enemy in the woods which intersected the fields and were flanking our right. General Swartwout was ordered to disperse them, General Covington to support him. Swartwout dashed into the woods and drove the advance back to the main body; here he was joined by Covington. The enemy had judiciously chosen his ground among deep ravines of an extensive plain beyond the woods, and discharged a heavy and destructive fire on our advance columns. No opposition could check the invincible ardor of our troops. By resolute and repeated charges, the enemy were driven more than a mile, disputing every inch of the ground. Colonel Coles, with a detachment of Boyd's brigade, came up, and was immediately directed to turn the enemy's left flank, which was promptly executed, amidst a shower of musketry and shrapnel shells.

Two pieces of artillery under Captain Irvine

now arrived in the field, which had been delayed by a circuitous route; the four other pieces which were landed reached the field soon after, and had their effect. The squadron of dragoons, under Major Woodford, were early in the field, but the nature of the ground did not admit of successful charges. The enemy had now been driven under the protection of their gunboats, which supported their right, and enfiladed, by their numerous and heavy artillery, the field in front; their left rested on the woods, obliquely to the rear supported by light artillery, Indians, and incorporated militia.

Many of our troops beginning to break, and I vainly endeavoring to rally them, it became necessary for the whole to fall back, and reform out of the range of the enemy's floating batteries, which was executed without inducing him to move from his strong position. At this time a reinforcement of 300 men under Colonel Upham came into the field, whose activity while engaged evinced the benefit that might have been derived from their more early assistance. After the troops were reformed, I received orders to return to the ground near the boats, and to embark. A valuable part of the flotilla and the two principal artillery officers had descended the river, and joined General Brown, at Cornwall, during the action, and many of the remaining boats were

already in the stream. Had an early and sufficient reinforcement come into the field, as was expected, the result of this day would have been very different. It is evident, throughout, that the commander-in-chief acted with a misapprehension of the force and designs of the enemy; when the action began, it is probable he considered his strength inferior to ours, else he would not have retained in inactivity so large a force in the boats.

The strength of the enemy, according to the calculation of the principal officer engaged, could not have been less than 2,500, seven pieces of artillery, and nine gunboats, manned from the fleet; the British prisoners state their strength at 2,100. Our force, exclusive of artillery and dragoons, amounted to not more than 1,200 men. Though the result of this battle was not so decisive as I could have wished, and as the first part of it promised, yet when it is recollected that the troops had been exposed for four days to incessant fatigue and inclement storms, from which they had no shelter, that we carried into the field so small a force, that the action commenced unexpectedly and without artillery, and was sustained, with a cool determined valor never surpassed, for more than three hours, and that the enemy were superior in numbers and position, it is hoped that this affair may be justly

considered as having added new glory to the American arms. The field was crimsoned with blood of 339 killed and wounded, whose deaths or scars will immortalize this day. The names of the officers whose bravery and activity characterized this conflict, were reported to the commander-in-chief. The praise, however, which was so parsimoniously bestowed on this occasion but ill accords with their deserts. In the account of the enemy, who reported our numbers 7,000 men, a greater compliment is implied than could be found in the despatches of the commander-in-chief.

XVIII

The Battle of Bridgewater or Niagara Falls, July 25, 1814

From a History of the War of 1812 (Philadelphia, 1816)

THE British had abandoned their works at Chippewa, and burning their barracks, retired to Fort Niagara and Fort George, closely followed by Brown. Here he expected to receive some heavy guns and reinforcements from Sackett's Harbor; but on the 23d of July, 1814, he received a letter by express from General Grimes advising him that that port was blockaded by a superior British force, and that Commodore Chauncey was confined to his bed with a fever. Thus disappointed in his expectations of being enabled to reduce the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, Brown determined to disencumber the army of baggage, and march directly for Burlington Heights. To mask this intention, and to draw from Schlosser a small supply of provisions, he fell back upon Chippewa.

After noon on the 25th, General Brown was advised by an express from Lewistown, that the British were following him, and were in con-

BRIDGEWATER. (p. 358)

siderable force in Queenstown and on its heights; that four of the enemy's fleet had arrived with reinforcements at Niagara during the preceding night, and that a number of boats were in view, moving up the river. Shortly after, intelligence was brought that the enemy were landing at Lewistown, and that the baggage and stores at Schlosser, and on their way thither, were in danger of immediate capture. In order to recall the British from this object, Brown determined to put the army in motion towards Queenstown, and accordingly General Scott was directed to advance with the First Brigade, Towson's Artillery, and all the dragoons and mounted men, with orders to report if the enemy appeared, and if necessary to call for assistance. On his arrival near the falls, Scott learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of woods alone intercepting his view of them. He immediately advanced upon them, after despatching a messenger to General Brown with this intelligence.

The report of the cannon and small arms reached General Brown before the messenger, and orders were instantly issued for General Ripley to march to the support of General Scott, with the Second Brigade and all the artillery, and Brown himself repaired with all speed to the scene of action, whence he sent orders for

General Porter to advance with his volunteers. On reaching the field of battle, General Brown found that Scott had passed the wood, and engaged the enemy on the Queenstown Road and on the ground to the left of it, with the 9th, 11th, and 22d Regiments, and Towson's Artillery, the 25th having been thrown on the right to be governed by circumstances. The contest was close and desperate, and the American troops, far inferior in numbers, suffered severely.

Meanwhile Major Jessup, who commanded the 25th Regiment, taking advantage of a fault committed by the British commander, by leaving a road unguarded on his left, threw himself promptly into the rear of the enemy, where he was enabled to operate with the happiest effect. The slaughter was dreadful; the enemy's lines fled down the road at the third or fourth fire. The capture of General Riall, with a large escort of officers of rank, was part of the trophies of Jessup's intrepidity and skill; and, but for the impression of an unfounded report, under which he unfortunately remained for a few minutes, Lieutenant-General Drummond, the commander of the British forces, would inevitably have fallen into his hands, an event which would, in all probability, have completed the disaster of the British army.

Drummond was completely in Jessup's power;

but, being confidently informed that the First Brigade was cut in pieces, and finding himself with less than two hundred men, and without any prospect of support, in the midst of an overwhelming hostile force, he thought of nothing for the moment but to make good his retreat, and save his command. Of this temporary suspense of the advance of the American column, General Drummond availed himself to make good his escape. Among the officers captured was one of General Drummond's aids-de-camp, who had been despatched from the front line to order up the reserve, with a view to fall on Scott with the concentrated force of the whole army, and overwhelm him at a single effort. Nor would it have been possible to prevent this catastrophe, had the reserve arrived in time; the force with which General Scott would then have been obliged to contend being nearly quadruple that of his own. By the fortunate capture, however, of the British aid-de-camp, before the completion of the service on which he had been ordered, the enemy's reserve was not brought into action until the arrival of General Ripley's brigade, which prevented the disaster which must otherwise have ensued.

Though the Second Brigade pressed forward with the greatest ardor, the battle had raged for an hour before it could arrive on the field,

by which time it was nearly dark. The enemy fell back on its approach. In order to disengage the exhausted troops of the First Brigade, the fresh troops were ordered to pass Scott's line, and display in front, a movement which was immediately executed by Ripley. Meanwhile the enemy, being reconnoitered, was found to have a new position, and occupied a height with his artillery, supported by a line of infantry, which gave him great advantages, it being the key to the whole position. To secure the victory, it was necessary to carry his artillery and seize the height. For this purpose, the Second Brigade advanced upon the Queenstown Road, and the First Regiment of infantry, which had arrived that day, and was attached to neither of the brigades, was formed in a line facing the enemy's on the height, with a view of drawing his fire and attracting his attention, as the Second Brigade advanced on his left flank to carry his artillery.

As soon as the First Regiment approached its position, Colonel Miller was ordered to advance with the 21st Regiment, and carry the artillery on the height by the bayonet. The First Regiment gave way under the fire of the enemy; but Miller, undaunted by this occurrence, advanced steadily and gallantly to his object, and carried the heights and cannon in a masterly

style. General Ripley followed on the right with the 23d Regiment. It had some desperate fighting, which caused it to falter, but it was promptly rallied, and brought up.

The enemy being now driven from their commanding ground, the whole brigade, with the volunteers and artillery, and the First Regiment, which had been rallied, were formed in line, with the captured cannon, nine pieces, in the rear. Here they were soon joined by Major Jessup, with the 25th, the regiment that had acted with such effect in the rear of the enemy's left. In this situation the American troops withstood three distinct desperate attacks of the enemy, who had rallied his broken corps, and received reinforcements. In each of them he was repulsed with great slaughter, so near being his approach that the buttons of the men were distinctly seen through the darkness by the flash of the muskets, and many prisoners were taken at the point of the bayonet, principally by Proctor's volunteers.

During the second attack General Scott was ordered up, who had been held in reserve with three of his battalions, from the moment of Ripley's arrival on the field. During the third effort of the enemy, the direction of Scott's column would have enabled him, in a few

minutes, to have formed line in the rear of the enemy's right, and thus have brought him between two fires. But a flank fire from a concealed part of the enemy falling upon the centre of Scott's command, completely frustrated this intention. His column was severed in two; one part passing to the rear, the other by the right flank of platoons towards Ripley's main line.

This was the last effort of the British to regain their position and artillery, the American troops being left in quiet possession of the field. It was now nearly midnight, and Generals Brown and Scott being both severely wounded, and all the troops much exhausted, the command was given to General Ripley, and he was instructed to return to camp, bringing with him the wounded and the artillery. The pieces, however, were found in so dismantled a state, and such had been the slaughter of the horses, that to remove them at that late hour was found to be impracticable.

The American official account states their loss in this battle at 171 killed, 572 wounded, and 117 missing; the return of British prisoners presents an aggregate of 179, including Major-General Riall, and a number of other officers. The British state their loss to be 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing; their loss in prisoners they stated

only at 41. Major-General Brown and Brigadier-General Scott were among the wounded of the Americans, and Lieutenant-General Drummond and Major-General Riall among those of the British.

XIX

General Jackson and the Campaign of New Orleans

By C. STEIN

AT the western end of Jamaica is Negril Bay, a wide, safe, and convenient anchorage. There, on the 24th of November, 1814, was assembled one of the most imposing and efficient combined naval and military forces that Great Britain has ever sent across the Atlantic. More than fifty ships were there, most of them men-of-war, and the remainder transports. The men-of-war included many vessels of the largest size, and their commanders numbered amongst them the most renowned and trusted officers of England's navy. Sir Alexander Cochrane's flag was hoisted on the 80-gun *Tonnant,* and he had with him Rear-Admiral Malcolm in the 74, *Royal Oak.* Sir Thomas Hardy — Nelson's Hardy — was in the *Ramalies,* and Sir Thomas Trowbridge was in the *Armide.*

Many others were there, scarcely less well known to fame, and fresh from the great

deeds which had given to England the undisputed sovereignty of the seas. The decks of the fleet were crowded with soldiers. Their leader was Major-General Keane, a young and dashing officer, who had been sent out from England to be second in command to General Ross, and who did not know till he reached Madeira on his voyage that, by Ross's lamented death, he had no senior.

Other forces were also on their way, which would eventually join the great armament now in Negril Bay. A fleet from Bordeaux was still on the ocean, the naval squadron of Captain Percy was to effect a junction from Pensacola, and more ships were to come from England conveying a commander-in-chief.

The object with which so much warlike power had been collected had long been studiously kept secret, but at last it was known that a descent on Louisiana was intended, and that the first operation would be the capture of New Orleans. It was thought that the Government of the United States would be taken by surprise, that little or no resistance would be met with, and that the charges of the expedition would be more than covered by the large booty in cotton, sugar, and other products which had not been able to leave the country during the course of the war while the seas were watched by English cruisers.

There was no long delay at the place of rendezvous, and the great fleet got under weigh on the 26th November. Confidence was in every heart, and no forebodings of disaster clouded the anticipations of success, which, as by second nature, came to soldiers and sailors accustomed to victory.

New Orleans is built on the east bank of the Mississippi, the " father of waters," about eighty miles from its mouth. In 1814 its inhabitants numbered from twenty to thirty thousand, of whom the majority were French creoles, while the remainder were Spaniards and Americans, besides a floating multitude of merchants, sailors, and others who had been detained in the city and debarred from their usual avocations by the war. It was doubtful whether this population was loyal to the American Republic, of which it had only for a few years formed a part, and, indeed, if the defence of the town had fallen into less vigorous hands than it did, it is more than likely that serious disaffection might have showed itself. The mighty flood of the Mississippi, bearing down with it a vast accumulation of detritus, had formed a great delta, and the waters themselves found their way to the Gulf of Mexico through many channels. Its main outlet was, however, the only one navigable for ships of any size, and this had at its mouth a constantly shifting bar,

which was impassable for any craft drawing over sixteen or seventeen feet of water. Besides the natural difficulties of the entrance to the river, it was further defended by a fort, strong in itself, and almost impregnable by its position in the midst of impervious swamps. Even supposing that an enemy should be able to pass the bar and the first fort, he would find that when he had ascended the river about sixty miles two other strong forts presented themselves, whose cross fire swept the channel, at a point, too, where the river makes a bend, and the sailing-ships of the day had to wait for a change of wind to ensure their further progress.

The banks of the river were composed of slimy morasses, rank with semi-tropical vegetation and intersected by bayous, or creeks, utterly impracticable for landing or for the march and manœuvring of troops. To the east of the swampy delta formed by the great river, a shallow sheet of open water stretched inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and was only divided from the Mississippi at its further extremity by a narrow neck of comparatively firm land, and on this neck was situated the town of New Orleans. The open water near the gulf was known as Lake Borgne, and, where it widened out eastward of the city, as Lake Pontchartrain.

The entire width of the neck of land be-

tween Lake Pontchartrain and the river might vary from eight to ten miles, but of this about two-thirds was reed-grown morass, while the remainder was occupied by cotton and sugar plantations, separated by strong railings and drained by numerous deep ditches or canals. The whole at certain seasons of the year was below the level of the river, and was protected from inundation by high artificial dykes, or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*. When the designs of the British armament became apparent, Major-General Jackson, of the United States army, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself in Indian wars, was entrusted with supreme command at the threatened point, and arrived at New Orleans on the 2d December. As a man who made his mark in history, and who served his country well at a great crisis in her fortunes, his personal description is of peculiar interest: — " . . . a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy, his hair was iron gray, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful illness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body.

His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters."

Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans General Jackson began making every arrangement for the defence of the town, inspecting and improving the river forts, reconnoitring the shores of Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, fortifying and obstructing the bayous which gave a waterway to the near neighborhood of the town, and stimulating and encouraging the people. In truth he had apparently no easy task before him. We have seen how mighty was the force arrayed against him, which was even now lying off the coast ready to advance in a wave of invasion. To oppose it he had at his immediate disposal only two newly-raised regiments of regular troops, a battalion of uniformed volunteers, two badly-equipped and imperfectly-disciplined regiments of State militia — some of whose privates were armed with rifles, some with muskets, some with fowling-pieces, some not armed at all — and a battalion of free men of color, the whole amounting to between two thousand and three thousand fighting-men.

Two small vessels of war lay in the river, but these were, so far, unmanned. There were also six gunboats on Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Patterson was the senior naval officer, and he had few subordinates. Reinforcements were, however, on their way, and were strenuously pushing forward in defiance of the inclement season, swollen streams, nearly impassable roads, and scant supply of food and forage. General Coffee, with nearly three thousand men, was coming from Pensacola. General Carroll was bringing a volunteer force from Tennessee, and Generals Thomas and Adair, at the head of two thousand Kentuckians, were also on their way down the Mississippi to join in the defence of Kentucky's sister State. Such an army as — even when all should be assembled — General Jackson was to command would, to all seeming, have little chance in a ranged field against the highly-disciplined soldiery of England; but it had, for its greatest and most reliable advantage, the occupation of a position in the highest degree difficult of approach, and, when reached, capable by its nature of effectual resistance.

On the 8th December the leading ships of the English fleet, which had left Negril Bay on the 26th November, anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, which stud the gulf opposite to the entrance of Lake Borgne; and by the 12th the

whole of the men-of-war and troop-ships had arrived. It had been recognized that to advance against New Orleans by the channel of the Mississippi was a task too difficult to be attempted, and Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane had determined to effect a landing on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and hoped, by pushing on at once, to be able to take possession of the town before effectual preparation could be made for its defence. It has been said that Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain were shallow; indeed, their depth varied from six to twelve feet. The troops were, therefore, transferred from the larger into the lighter vessels, and on the 13th were prepared to enter upon the transit of the land-locked waters. They had not proceeded far, however, when it became apparent that the American gunboats which occupied the lake were prepared to offer resistance to the movement, and, until the resistance could be removed, no disembarkation could be attempted. The gunboats, with their light draught of water, could bid defiance to even the lightest vessels of the English fleet, which could not float where they sailed. They could only be reached by ships' launches and barges rowed by seamen, and a flotilla combined under Captain Lockier of the Navy was at once prepared for the enterprise. The boats pushed off, and by noon came in sight of the foe,

who would willingly have retreated and given their attackers long and weary toil in their approach, but that, the morning breeze having died away, they were compelled perforce to fight at anchor in line moored fore and aft.

Captain Lockier resolved to refresh his men before he commenced the action, and, dropping his grapnels just out of reach of the enemy's guns, allowed his crews to eat their dinner. After an hour's repose the boats again got ready to advance, and, with a hearty cheer, they moved on steadily in a long line. Then began one of those brilliant boat actions in which some of the best qualities of the English sailors so often showed themselves. The American guns opened, and a hail of balls was showered upon Captain Lockier's flotilla. One or two boats were sunk, others disabled, and many men were killed and wounded. But the English carronade returned the fire, and, as the determined, stalwart rowers gradually closed with the Americans, the marines were able to open a deadly discharge of musketry. A last powerful effort, the gunboats were reached, and, cutlass in hand, the bluejackets sprang up their sides. The resistance was stern and unyielding, worthy of the American Republic. Captain Lockier received several severe wounds, but, fighting from stem to stern, the boarders at length

overpowered their enemy, the "Stars and Stripes" was hauled down, and on every vessel the English flag was hoisted in its place.

On the waterway of the lakes there was now no longer any resistance, and again the light vessels, to which the troops had been transferred, essayed to pass over it. But the depth beneath the keels became less and less, and even the lightest craft one after another stuck fast. The boats were of necessity hoisted out, and the soldiers, packed tightly in them, cramped in one position, began a miserable transit of thirty miles to Pine Island — a barren spot where all were to be concentrated before further operations were attempted. No boat, heavily laden as all were, could cover the long distance in less than ten hours, and, besides the discomfort to the men, inseparable from such long confinement, matters were made infinitely worse by a change in the weather. A heavy rain began, to which a cloak formed no protection, and such as is only seen in semi-tropical countries.

The operation began on the 16th, and, with all the diligence and continued exertion of which officers and men, soldiers and sailors, were capable, it was not finished till the 21st. By day and night for these days boats were being pulled from the fleet to the island, and from the island to the fleet. The strain upon the sailors was

terrific, and many of them were almost without cessation at the oar. Not only had they to support hunger, fatigue, and sleepless nights, but the constant changes of temperature aggravated the hardships. Drenching rain by day alternated with severe frosts by night, and tried to the uttermost the endurance of all.

Nor was the army, as it landed in successive detachments on Pine Island, in a better plight. Bivouacked on a barren, swampy spot, which did not even produce fuel for camp-fires, the clothes which had been saturated with rain by day congealed into hard and deadly chilling husks by night, with no supply of food but salt meat, biscuit, and a little rum provided from the fleet, soldiers have seldom been exposed to more severe trials of their fortitude. But, in spite of all, no complaints or murmurings rose from the expedition. The miseries of the present were forgotten in the high hopes of the immediate future, and this confidence did not arise alone from trust in their own strength, but deserters from the enemy related the alarm that existed in New Orleans, assured the invaders that not more than five thousand men were in arms against them, that many of the city's inhabitants were ready to join them when they appeared, and that conquest, speedy and bloodless, was within their grasp.

Meanwhile, in New Orleans itself, General Jackson had been meeting difficulties, working to restore confidence, and providing for the necessities of the military situation with all the energy of his nature. The news of the disaster to the American gunboats had filled the people with alarm. Rumors of treason began to spread, an insurrection of the slaves was dreaded, the armed ships in the river were still unmanned, and the expected reinforcements had not arrived.

A desperate situation demanded the strongest and most unusual measures. Jackson did not hesitate to adopt them, and assumed the great responsibility of proclaiming martial law, so that he could wield the whole resources of the town, and direct them unimpaired by faction against his foe. Expresses were sent to the approaching additions to his strength, urging them to increase their efforts to push forward. The two war vessels — the *Carolina* and *Louisiana* — whose possible importance as factors in the approaching struggle was recognized, were manned, and prepared for service; and even a lawless semi-piratical band of barratarian smugglers was forgiven its crimes, taken into the service of the Republic, and organized into two companies of artillerymen. So great, however, was the lack of war munitions that even the flints of these privateers' pistols were received from them as a

precious prize, and were forthwith fitted to muskets.

The whole of the English field army was assembled on Pine Island on the 21st December, but having been so long on board ship, and its various corps having been gathered from many different points, it became necessary, before further advance was made, to form it in brigades, to allot to each brigade a proportion of departmental staff — such as commissaries, medical attendants, etc. — and to establish depots of provisions and military stores. In completing these arrangements the whole of the 22d was passed, and it was not till the morning of the 23d that General Keane's advanced guard could start for its descent on the mainland. This advanced guard was made up of the 4th, the 85th Light Infantry, and the six companies of the 95th Rifles. To it were attached a party of rocket-men and two light three-pounder field-pieces. The whole was under command of Colonel Thornton, 85th. The main body of the force was divided into two brigades — the first, composed of the 21st, 44th, and one West India regiment, with a proportion of artillery and rockets, under Colonel Brook; and the second, containing the 93d and the other West India regiment, under Colonel Hamilton, also provided with rockets and field-guns. The dismounted dragoons remained as a personal

bodyguard to the general until they could be provided with horses.

It was intended that the descent of the army on the mainland should take place on the bank of the Bayou Bienvenu — a long creek which ran up from Lake Pontchartrain to within a short distance of New Orleans through an extensive morass. Every boat that could be sent from the fleet was to be used for the service, but not more could be provided than were sufficient to transport a third of the army at one time. The undertaking was therefore most hazardous, as, if the troops were placed in proximity to the enemy in successive divisions at long intervals of time, each might be cut to pieces in detail. Neither leaders nor rank and file were, however, men to be deterred even by excessive risks, and, as has been said, they had the assurance of deserters that great resistance was not to be anticipated. Colonel Thornton's advanced guard was therefore embarked. Many miles had to be traversed, and again the soldiers were exposed to long hours of confinement in a cramped position; again the heavy rain of the day was succeeded at sundown by a bitter frost. Nor could they proceed after dark had set in, and, during the long weary hours of night, the boats lay in silence off their landing-place. By nine o'clock on the following morning, however, the landing was effected, and

with limbs stiffened and almost powerless, with little available food to restore exhausted strength, 1,600 men stood at last upon the enemy's shore.

Wild and savage was the scene where the little band found itself. A scarcely distinguishable track followed the bank of the bayou. On either side was one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds. No house or vestige of human life was to be seen, and but few trees broke the monotony of the dreary waste. Forbidding as was the spot, and ill-adapted for defence in case of attack, it might have possibly been supposed that General Keane, who accompanied the advanced guard, would have here remained in concealment till the boats, which had returned to Pine Island, had brought the remainder of his force; but he judged it best to push on into more open country, influenced by the hope of striking a swift and unexpected blow, and by his fairly well-founded doubts whether even now his enemy's scouts might not be hovering round him. The advance was formed, and, after several hours' march, delayed by the difficulties of the marshy road, by the numerous streams and ditches that had to be crossed, and by the fetid miasma that filled the air, the track began to issue from the morass, there were wider and wider spots of firm ground, and groves of orange-trees presented themselves.

It was evident that human habitations must

be near, and increased caution and regularity became necessary. At last two or three farmhouses appeared. The advanced companies rushed forward at the double and surrounded them, securing the inmates as prisoners. There was a moment of carelessness, however, and one man contrived to effect his escape. Now all further hope of secrecy had to be abandoned. General Keane knew that the rumor of his landing would spread with lightning speed, and all that was left to him was to act with determination, and make the appearance of his force as formidable as possible. The order of march was reformed so that, moving upon a wide front, the three battalions had the semblance of twice their real strength, and the pace was quickened in order to gain a good military position before an enemy's force should show itself. Onward they pressed, till they found themselves close to the bank of the mighty Mississippi, and, wheeling to their right, they were on the main road leading to New Orleans.

They faced towards the city on a narrow plain, about a mile in width, with the river on their left, and the marsh which they had quitted on their right. A spot of comparative safety had been reached, the little column halted, piled arms, and its bivouac was formed. It was late in the afternoon before the moment of repose came, but the

soldiers prepared to make the most of it: outposts were placed to secure them from surprise, foraging parties collected food, and fires were lighted.

The evening passed with one slight alarm, caused by a few horsemen who hovered near the picquets, and darkness began to set in. In the twilight a vessel was seen dropping down the current, and roused curiosity among those who had not stretched themselves by the fires to seek much needed sleep. It was thought that she might be an English ship, which had managed to pass the forts at the mouth of the river. She showed no colors, but leisurely and silently she dropped her anchor abreast of the camp and furled her sails. To satisfy doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but no answer was returned. A feeling of uneasiness began to spread, and several musket-shots were fired at her, but still reply came not from her dimly seen bulk. Suddenly she swung her broadside toward the bank, and a commanding voice was heard to cry, " Give them this for the honor of America." The words were instantly followed by the flash and roar of guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept through the English bivouac.

The light artillery which had accompanied General Keane's advanced guard was helpless against so powerful an adversary, and nothing

could be done but to withdraw the exposed force behind the shelter of the high *levée*. The fires were left burning, and in the pitch-dark night those who were uninjured were forced to cower low while the continued storm of grape whistled over their heads, and they could hear the shrieks and groans of their wretched comrades who had been wounded by the first discharge. Thus they lay for more than an hour, when a spattering fire of musketry was heard from the picquets which had been able to hold their position. Whether this fire was only the sign of slight skirmishing at the outposts, or whether it foreboded a serious attack, was for some minutes doubtful, but a fierce yell of exultation was heard, the blackness of night was lighted by a blaze of musketry fire breaking out in a semi-circle in front of the position, and the certainty came that the enemy were upon the advanced guard in overpowering numbers.

The situation seemed almost desperate. Retreat was impossible, and the only alternatives were to surrender or to beat back the assailants. General Keane and his followers were not the men to surrender, and at once assumed the bolder course. The 85th and 95th moved rapidly to support the picquets, while the 4th were formed as a reserve in the rear of the encampment. In the struggle that followed there was no opening

for tactics, none for the supervision and direction of a general, or even of the colonels of battalions. The darkness was so intense that all order, all discipline was lost. Each man hurled himself direct at the flashes of musketry; if twenty or thirty united for a moment under an officer, it was only to plunge into the enemy's ranks and to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonet against bayonet, sword against sword. In the dire confusion of the bloody *mêlée* it soon became impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The British field-artillery dared not fire for fear of sweeping away Americans and Englishmen by the same discharge. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and often released at once by the sudden rush of assistance. As both armies spoke the same tongue a challenge was of no avail, and till the deadly thrust or shot came no man could be certain who stood in front of him.

In the nature of things such fighting could not be of long continuance. The Americans, astonished by the vigor of the assault, gave way, and were followed up for some distance; but the English officers strove to rally their men, and to make them fall back to their first position; and soon all but those who had fallen were re-formed and concentrated. The Americans had been repulsed on all sides, but the fight had cost the English dearly, as, including the loss from the

fire of the ship, 46 were killed, and 167 wounded, besides 64 taken prisoners. The miserable night wore on, but with the morning's dawn there came a renewal of inglorious peril. The schooner whose fire had been so disastrous on the preceding evening still lay off in the river, and had now been joined by another vessel. They were the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*. Safe from any retaliation, their guns covered the shore and effectually precluded any movement of the English, who were obliged — hungry, cold, and wearied — to seek shelter under the *levée* from the shower of projectiles which swept the plain.

But meanwhile the rest of the army was landing, and hastening to join their comrades. The roar of the cannon had been heard far over the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and had added energy to the strong arms that were pulling the boats. By nightfall on the 23d the two brigades had both arrived on the scene of battle, and had taken up their ground between the morass and the river, but throwing back their left, so as to avoid the fire of the ships. The advanced guard could at last be extricated from the trap into which it had fallen, and the night of the 24th was passed in quiet and in disheartened speculation whether the advance could be resumed or not. The responsibility of decision was, however, re-

moved from General Keane by the unexpected arrival on the morning of the 25th of Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs, who had been sent from England as first and second in command.

Let us see what had been the course of affairs in New Orleans while the events just related were occurring. At the time that the English army was concentrating at Pine Island the defence of the city still depended alone on the small, half-organized force which General Jackson had found under his hand on his first arrival. But on the 21st the long-expected reinforcements began to pour in. General Coffee — the numbers of his following terribly reduced by the toils of an unprecedentedly rapid march — came at the head of mounted Tennessee sharpshooters, hunters and pioneers from their youth. Colonel Hinds brought the Mississippi Dragoons. On the 22d General Carroll's flotilla arrived with a further body of Tennesseeans, and, what was almost more important, a supply of muskets.

The different corps were not yet, however, actually united in one body, and when the sudden report came that General Keane had actually landed, there was no military cohesion among them. If the English advanced guard had pushed at once on the city, instead of bivouacking during the afternoon of the 23d, they might possibly have encountered no combined resist-

ance, and have overthrown the Americans in detachments. But Keane's halt, however much it may possibly be justified, gave Jackson the opportunity he required, and enabled him to put all his men in line. The *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were sent down the river, with what result we have seen. The land troops were hurried to meet the enemy in the field, and the bitter struggle on the night of the 23d took place.

When Sir Edward Pakenham took over the command of the English army he found himself in as unsatisfactory a position as could well fall to the lot of any general. He found himself committed to a course of action which he had not initiated, and of which possibly he did not approve. He found his force in a cramped position which offered no scope for the operations of highly trained and disciplined soldiers, and he learned that its advanced guard had suffered, if not a defeat, at least a very serious check. If the end of the campaign was failure, he certainly should not be laden with all the blame.

Carefully he reconnoitred the situation, and carefully he considered the state of affairs. It was evident that no advance could be made as long as the *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were able to pour forth their murderous fire, and the night of the 25th was employed in erecting on the *levée* batteries armed with

heavy ship-guns sent from the fleet. When these opened with red-hot shot on the morning of the 26th, the doom of the *Carolina* was sealed, her crew escaped in their boats, and she blew up. The *Louisiana* effected her escape while her consort was the sole object of the English artillery. Now that the river was thus cleared, and the left flank of his force was no longer exposed to destruction if it moved forward on the road to New Orleans, Pakenham made his dispositions for decisive advance. He reorganized his army, dividing it into two columns. That on the right — consisting of the 4th, 21st, 44th, and one West India regiment — he placed under command of General Gibbs; the other — comprising the 95th, 85th, 93d, and the other West India regiment, with all the available field-artillery, now increased to ten guns — remained under General Keane, and was to take the left of the line, while the dragoons, few of whom were yet mounted, furnished the guards to hospitals and stores.

But there was still much to do. Heavy guns, stores, and ammunition had to be brought from the distant fleet, the wounded had to be disposed of, and the numberless requirements of provision and protection for an army in the field had to be attended to. For two days the English lay perforce inactive, though their outposts were ex-

posed to constant harassing and deadly attack from the American sharpshooters and partisans. In European war, by tacit convention, picquets and sentries confined themselves to the duties of watchfulness alone; but the riflemen of America saw in every enemy's soldier a man to be killed at any time, and they stalked individuals as they would have stalked deer in their own backwoods, slaying and wounding many, and causing anxiety by the never-ceasing straggling fire.

At length all was ready for the long-delayed advance, and on the bright, frosty morning of the 28th the army began its march. Confidence in a new commander of high reputation had restored spirits to the men; cold, wet, hunger, and broken rest were forgotten, and as the enemy's advanced corps fell back before them, hopes of conquest were renewed. Four or five miles were traversed without opposition. On the dead flat of the plain nothing could be seen far in advance of the columns, and they had no cavalry to scout in front and say what lay in their path. Suddenly, where a few houses stood at a turning in the road, the leading files came in view of the foe's position. In their front was a canal, extending from the morass on their left towards the river on their right. Formidable breastworks had been thrown up, powerful batteries erected, while the *Louisi-*

ana and some gunboats moored in the Mississippi flanked their right.

Sudden and tremendous was the cannonade, withering the musketry fire that burst upon the English column and mowed down their ranks. Red-hot shot set fire to the houses which were near to them. Scorched by flame, stifled with smoke, shattered by the close discharge, the infantry were, for the time, powerless, and had to be withdrawn to either side of the line of attack, and the artillery were hurried forward to reply to the American guns. To no purpose. The contest was too unequal. The heavy guns in the batteries and the broadsides of the *Louisiana* destroyed the light English field-pieces almost before they could come into action.

The infantry again pressed forward, only to find themselves hopelessly checked by the canal. Staggered, shaken, and disordered, the English columns reeled under the blows which they had received. A halt was ordered, and then, slowly, sullenly, with sorrow, the whole force fell back. Again Sir Edward Pakenham found himself obliged to bivouac by the river side instead of occupying New Orleans, again he had to consider how the determined American resistance was to be overcome. The English bivouac was formed two miles from the American lines. A sorry place of rest it was. Once more the out-

posts were exposed to the stealthy attacks of an ever-vigilant, cunning, and active foe. Even the main body was hardly secure, for, by giving their guns a great elevation, the Americans were occasionally able to pitch their shot among the camp-fires.

The possibility of turning the enemy's left by penetrating the morass which protected it was contemplated, but the idea had to be abandoned as soon as conceived. In the meanwhile General Jackson was vigorously at work in strengthening his already strong position. Numerous parties could be seen laboring upon his lines, and daily reinforcements came in to swell the numbers of their defenders. By the suggestion of Commodore Patterson, a strong field-work was constructed on the opposite bank of the river, and armed with heavy ship-guns, from which a flanking fire could be poured on all the space over which the English must attack. In view of the many difficulties which presented themselves, General Pakenham called a council of war, which was attended by all the English naval and military leaders. It was impossible to carry the American lines by assault, for their powerful artillery would deal certain destruction to infantry columns. To turn them was impossible, and their defenders could not be induced by any manœuvring to leave their protection. The council de-

cided on the only other possible alternative — to treat them as a regular fortification, and, by breaching batteries, to try to silence some of their guns, and to make in them a practicable gap, through which an entrance might be effected.

To give effect to this resolution the 29th, 30th, and 31st December were employed in bringing up heavy cannon, accumulating a supply of ammunition, and making preparations as for a regular siege. When these arrangements were complete — arrangements which demanded the most strenuous and unremitting toil from every one, from the general in command to the humblest private soldier — hesitation had no place and delay was at an end. Under cover of night, on the 31st, half of the army stole silently to the front, passing the picquets, and halted within 300 yards of the American lines. Here a chain of works was rapidly marked out, the greater part of the detachment piled their firelocks, and addressed themselves vigorously to work with pick and shovel, while the remainder stood by armed and ready for their defence. So silently and to such good purpose was the work performed, that before the day dawned six batteries were completed, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy ordnance.

The morning of the 1st January, 1815, broke dark and gloomy. A thick mist obscured the

sun, and, even at a short distance, no objects could be seen distinctly. The English gunners stood anxiously by their pieces, and the whole of the infantry were formed hard by, ready to rush into the breach which they hoped to see made. Slowly, very slowly, the mist at length rolled away, and the American camp was fully exposed to view. As yet unconscious of the near presence of the thirty muzzles which were ready to belch forth their contents, the Americans were seen on parade. Bands were playing, colors flying, and there was no preparation for immediate deadly struggle.

Suddenly the English batteries opened, and the scene was changed. There was a moment of dire confusion, a dissolution of the ordered masses which stood ready for review by their general. The batteries were unmanned, the pieces silent. But, though the English salvo was unexpected, there was no real unreadiness to resist and to reply to its stern challenge. The American corps fell quickly into their positions in the line of defence, their artillery, after brief delay, opened with rapidity and precision, the furious cannonade on both sides rent the air with its thunder, and battery answered battery with storm of shot and shell. Heavy as was the attackers' fire, however, it produced comparatively little effect on the solid earthworks of the defence, while

the numerous guns which Jackson had mounted, aided by the flanking fire from the works on the opposite bank of the river, were crushing in their power. Hour after hour the duel continued, and yet no advantage was gained which would warrant Pakenham in hurling his infantry at the fortifications that stood in their front. The English ammunition began to fail and their fire slackened, while that of the Americans redoubled in vigor; and towards evening it became evident that another check had been suffered, and that again the invading army must fall back.

Dire was the mortification in the English ranks, bitter the murmurs that spread from man to man. The army had endured hardships with cheerfulness, they had undertaken severest toil with alacrity, but they had thought that victory was their due, and still they encountered repeated defeat. Now their encampment was open to the enemy's unremitting fire, and advance or retreat seemed equally impossible. But Pakenham had some, at least, of the best qualities of a leader. He refused to lose heart, and adopted a plan which well merited success by its boldness, and whose ultimate failure was in no way to be credited to any laxity on his part. He had recognized that the enemy's flanking battery on the right bank of the Mississippi was his greatest obstacle, and he conceived the idea of sending a

strong force across the river, which should carry this battery by assault and turn its guns against he Americans themselves, while a simultaneous attack should be delivered directly upon the entrenchments. To do this, however, a sufficient number of boats must be provided, and it was necessary to cut a canal from the Bayou Bienvenu wide and deep enough to float the ships' launches now in the lake.

Upon this arduous undertaking the whole of the force was at once set to work. Day and night the labor was carried on; relay after relay of soldiers took up the task, and by January 6th it was accomplished. No better means could have been taken to restore the spirits of the men than the imposing of work, however hard,which seemed to promise a definitely favorable influence on their fortunes. Discouragement and forebodings were still further dissipated by the unexpected arrival of Major-General Lambert with the 7th and 43d, two fine battalions, each mustering 800 effective men. Further reinforcements of marines and seamen also joined, bringing the English fighting strength up to nearly 6,000. At the same date, General Jackson had probably about 12,000 under his command.

It has been said that the canal from the bayou to the river was finished on the 6th, and no time

was lost in carrying out the plan of which it was so great a factor. Boats were ordered up for the conveyance of 1,400 men, and Colonel Thornton, with the 85th, the marines, and a party of sailors, was appointed to cross the river. But ill-fortune still dogged the English general, still it seemed fated that his best-laid plans should be frustrated by accident. The soil through which the canal was dug being soft, part of the bank gave way, choking the channel and frustrating the passage of the heaviest boats. These, in turn, impeded others, and, instead of a numerous flotilla, only sufficient for about 350 men reached their destination, and even these did not arrive at the time appointed.

It was intended that Colonel Thornton's force should cross the Mississippi immediately after dark on the evening of the 7th. They were to carry the enemy's battery and point the guns on Jackson's lines before daybreak on the 8th. The discharge of a rocket was to give them the signal to commence firing, and also was to let loose the rest of the army in a direct attack.

The disposition for this direct attack was as follows: — General Keane, with the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, and the two West India regiments, was to make a demonstration on the enemy's right; General Gibbs, with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93d should

force their left; whilst General Lambert, with the 7th and 43d, remained in reserve. Scaling-ladders and fascines were provided to fill the ditch and mount the wall; and the honorable duty of carrying them to the point of attack was allotted to the 44th, as being the regiment most experienced in American war. It was hoped that the fate of New Orleans would be sealed on the 8th January.

While the rest of the army laid down to sleep on the night of the 7th, Colonel Thornton, with 1,400 men, moved to the river's brink. But the boats had not arrived. Hour after hour passed before any came, and then so few were they that only the 85th, with about 50 seamen — in all 340 men — could be embarked. The duty admitted of no hesitation or delay, and Colonel Thornton, with his force thus sadly weakened, pushed off. The loss of time was irreparable. It was nearly dawn ere they quitted the canal, and they should have been on the opposite bank six hours earlier. In vain they made good their landing without opposition; day had broken, the signal rocket was seen in the air, and they were still four miles from the battery which ought long before to have been in their hands.

Before daylight the main body was formed in advance of the picquets, ready for the concerted attack. Eagerly they listened for the expected

sound of firing, which should show that Thornton was doing his work; but they listened in vain.

Nor did Pakenham's plan fail in this respect alone. The army, in its stern array, was ready for the assault, but not a ladder or a fascine was in the field. The 44th, who had been appointed to bring them, had misunderstood or disobeyed their orders, and were now at the head of the column without the means of crossing the enemy's ditch or mounting his parapet. Naturally incensed beyond measure, the general galloped to Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, and bade him return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity for using them was lost, and when they were at last brought up they were scattered useless over the field by the demoralized bearers.

The order to advance had been given, and, leaving the 44th behind them, the other regiments rushed to the assault. On the left a portion of the 21st, under the gallant Rennie, carried a battery, but, unsupported and attacked in turn by overpowering numbers of the enemy, they were driven back with terrible loss. The rest of the 21st, with the 4th, supported by the 93d, pushed with desperate bravery into the ditch, and, in default of the ladders, strove to scale the rampart by mounting on each other's shoulders — and some, indeed, actually effected an entrance into

the enemy's works. But, all too few for the task, they were quickly overpowered and slain, or taken prisoners. The withering fire that swept the glacis mowed down the attacking columns by companies. Vainly was the most desperate courage displayed. Unseen themselves, the defenders of the entrenchments fired at a distance of a few yards into the throng that stood helplessly exposed, while the guns on the other side of the river — yet unmenaced — kept up a deadly cannonade. Never have English soldiers died to so little profit, never has so heavy a loss been so little avenged.

Sir Edward Pakenham saw his troops in confusion and the wavering in effort which ever precludes hopeless flight. All that a gallant leader could do was done by him. The 44th had come up, but in so great disorder that little could be hoped from such a battalion. Riding to their head, he called for Colonel Mullens [1] to lead them forward, but he was not to be found at his post. Placing himself at their head, the general prepared to lead them in person; but his horse was struck by a musket-ball, which also gave him a slight wound. He mounted another horse, and again essayed to lead the 44th, when again he was hit. Death took him before he had tasted the full bitterness of defeat, and he fell into the arms

[1] Colonel Mullens was subsequently tried by court martial and cashiered.

of his aide-de-camp. Nor did General Gibbs and General Keane fail to do their duty as English soldiers. Riding through the ranks, they strove to restore order and to encourage the failing energy of the attack, till both were wounded and were borne from the field. Their leaders gone, and ignorant of what should be done, small wonder if the troops first halted, then began slowly to retire, and then betook themselves to disordered flight. Great as was the disaster, its results might have been even more crushing than they were but that the 7th and 43d, presenting an unbroken, steadfast front, prevented any attempt on the part of the enemy to quit the shelter of their lines in pursuit.

We left Colonel Thornton and his 340 men on the right bank of the Mississippi, and four miles from the battery which they had been detailed to take, and whose power was so severely felt by the main body of the English army.

They had seen the signal-rocket which told that their comrades were about to attack, and late though they were, they pressed forward to do their share of the day's operations. A strong American outpost was encountered, but it could not withstand the rush of the 85th, and fled in confusion. The position where the battery was mounted was reached, and to less daring men than Colonel Thornton and his little following

might have seemed impregnable. Like their countrymen on the other side, the Americans, 1,500 in number, were strongly entrenched, a ditch and thick parapet covering their front. Two field-pieces commanded the road, and flanking fire swept the ground over which any attack must be made. The assailants had no artillery, and no fascines or ladders by means of which to pass the entrenchment.

But, unappalled by superior numbers, undeterred by threatening obstacles, the English formed for immediate assault. The 85th extended across the whole line; the seamen, armed with cutlasses as for boarding, prepared to storm the battery, and the few marines remained in reserve. The bugle sounded the advance. The sailors gave the wild cheer that has so often told the spirit and determination of their noble service, and rushed forward. They were met and momentarily checked by a shower of grape and cannister, but again they pressed on. The 85th dashed forward to their aid in the face of a heavy fire of musketry, and threatened the parapet at all points. From both sides came an unremitting discharge; but the English, eager to be at close quarters, began to mount the parapet. The Americans, seized with sudden panic, turned and fled in hopeless rout, and the entrenchment,

with eighteen pieces of cannon, was taken. Too late!

These very guns had been able already to take their part in dealing destruction to Sir Edward Pakenham's morning attack, and if they were now taken — if their defenders were dispersed — they had done all that they were wanted to do. Even yet, if the disaster to the British main body had not been so complete and demoralizing, they might have been turned upon Jackson's lines and covered a second assault; but this was not to be. General Lambert, on whom had fallen the command of all that remained of the army, resolved — perhaps, under the circumstances, with wisdom — to make no further attempts on New Orleans. To withdraw his army was, in any case, difficult; another defeat would have rendered it impossible; and, as the Americans had gained confidence in proportion as the English had lost it, defeat was only too probable. In the last fatal action nearly 1,500 officers and men had fallen, including two generals, for General Gibbs had only survived his wound for a few hours. The English dead lay in piles upon the plain — a sacrifice to faulty generalship, and even more to a course of relentless ill-fortune. Of the Americans who had so gallantly defended their country, eight only were killed and fourteen wounded.

Alas! that electricity did not then exist to prevent so great a sacrifice of honor and life; for the preliminaries of peace between England and the United States had been signed in Europe before the campaign of New Orleans was begun.

XX

The Battle of Ligny, June 16, 1815

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

HAVING quitted Elba, the place of his temporary exile, on February 26th, 1815, Napoleon landed in the Gulf of St. Juan on March 1st; and on the following day he began his march on Paris at the head of a single weak battalion, General Cambronne, with forty grenadiers, moving as an advance-guard. After the week immediately following his debarkation, his march was an ever-swelling triumph, and he entered Paris on March 21st, only a few hours after Louis XVIII. had hurriedly quitted the Tuileries. With characteristic energy he at once set about the stupendous task of the reorganization of the French army, the strength and character of which had been greatly impaired in his later campaigns, as well as during the short period of the first Restoration of the Bourbons. Such was the marvellous vigor and capacity of this extraordinary man that by June 1st he had organized forces amounting in all to about 560,-

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000 men, capable of taking active part in the national defence against the openly declared determination of the allied Powers of Europe to combine all their efforts towards the accomplishment of the complete overthrow of the resuscitated military strength of Napoleon, with whom they had resolved to enter into neither truce nor treaty. Of this number the effective strength of the troops of the line reached a total of about 217,000 men, of whom there were available for an immediate campaign in Belgium an estimated grand total of 122,400 men, consisting of 84,235 infantry, 21,665 cavalry, 10,900 artillerymen, and 5,600 train and engineers.

The troops constituting the Grand Army with which the Emperor resolved on taking the field against the allied forces in Belgium consisted of five army corps.

The junction of the several corps on the same day (June the 13th), and almost at the same hour, was a triumph of Napoleon's skill in the combination of movements. The Emperor himself, who had quitted Paris at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th and had passed the following night in Laon, was now with the army. On the 14th, the French army was concentrated at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philippeville. In all those three positions the troops bivouacked under cover of low hills within a short distance

behind the frontier, so dexterously hidden that the enemy remained unaware of the proximity of the large masses of troops almost within striking distance. The headquarters were at Beaumont, in the centre of the army, the force there consisting of the corps of Vandamme and Lobau, the Imperial Guard, and the reserve cavalry, amounting altogether to about 66,000 men. The left, consisting of D'Erlon's and Reille's Corps (1st and 2d), aggregating about 44,000 men, was in position on the right bank of the Sambre at Solre-sur-Sambre. The right, composed of Gérard's corps and a division of heavy cavalry, amounting to about 16,000 men, was in front of Philippeville. On the evening of the 14th the army received from its chief the following spirit-stirring appeal:

"Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us, then, march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight,

dangers to encounter; but, with firmness, victory will be ours. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or to die!"

The Prussian army which Napoleon was to fight and defeat at Ligny on the 16th was commanded by the gallant old warrior Prince Blücher. Its total strength amounted to about 117,000 men, and was composed of 99,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry, 5,300 artillerymen, train, and engineers, with 312 guns. It was divided into four army corps.

From a tactical point of view, the Prussian position was unquestionably defective. Nearly the whole of the terrain between the line of villages of Ligny, St. Amand, and Wagnelée, and the great Namur *chaussée,* was in full exposure to the view of the enemy; and as there was a virtual certainty of protracted village-fighting along the front of the position, the supports and reserves required to feed a struggle of that character would obviously be subjected to the full play of the batteries on the opposite more commanding heights. Upon the sloping ground of the Prussian position every movement could be discerned from the French side; on which, on the contrary, the undulations admitted of the concealment of considerable bodies.

It was this defect which chiefly caused Well-

ington — who had ridden over from Quatre Bras to consult with Blücher at the windmill at Bussy before the battle of Ligny began — to regard Blücher's dispositions for battle as objectionable. "If old Vorwärts fights here," was his comment to Hardinge, "he will get most damnably licked!" The same defect was strikingly manifested later, by the fact that the gradual weakening of the Prussian centre and left for the purpose of reinforcing the right was closely observed by Napoleon, who took advantage of the insight thus obtained into his adversary's designs by collecting the force with which, when he discerned that the Prussian reserves were expended, he so suddenly assailed and broke the centre of Blücher's lines.

The preliminaries of the battle began about noon, when the French light artillery cannonaded the Prussian cavalry posts. Von Röder, as soon as he saw the advancing French array, ordered the retreat of his cavalry to the further side of the stream, remaining himself until withdrawn with two regiments near the Tombe de Ligny. Meantime the main body of the French army advanced imposingly in columns of corps. Vandamme, with Girard's division attached, moved forward against St. Amand, the most salient point of the Prussian position. While deploying, the corps was fiercely cannonaded by the Prus-

sian batteries behind the village. Girard prolonged Vandamme's corps to the left, and Domont's light cavalry division took post beyond Girard. The centre column, under Gérard, moved out along the Fleurus high-road, and presently manned the heights fronting the village of Ligny, its left near the Tombe de Ligny, its right resting on a knoll south of Mont Potriaux. The right column, comprising Pajol's and Excelmans' cavalry corps, took post on Gérard's flank along with Morin's light cavalry of the 4th corps, the whole showing a front to the eastward against the villages of Tongrines, Tongrenelle, Boignée, and Balatre, to watch any hostile movements on their left and to divert their attention from the centre.

Soon after three o'clock Napoleon gave the signal for his troops to advance to the attack; and for the next five and a half hours a continuous and desperate struggle was carried on in and about the villages bordering the ravine. There remained out of action in the earlier phases of the fighting, the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's cuirassiers halted in reserve, the former on the left, the latter on the right of Fleurus. Those troops were held back for the final stroke, which Napoleon himself was intending to administer. Lobau had not yet come up, and his command never fired a shot.

When his assailants came on, Blücher was quite ready for them. He had marshalled his forces betimes.

The actual battle was begun by an attack on St. Amand on the part of a division of Vandamme's corps. Made in three columns with great vigor, it proved successful, and after a stubborn resistance the Prussians were driven from the village. But when the French attempted to debouch from it, they were met by showers of grape and canister from the Prussian guns; the Prussian infantrymen hurled themselves forward strenuously, and, as the result of a prolonged and bloody *mêlée,* regained possession of the village, and held it for a while.

This, however, was but a prelude, bloody though it was. St. Amand was a place of great importance, constituting as it did the strength of the Prussian right, and, from the intersection of gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. Continued desperate fighting for two hours had the result that the French were in possession only of half the village. But Vandamme was not content with this half success. Before the furious onset he now made the Prussian troops, who had lost most of their officers, gave way with a loss of 2,500 men, and withdrew into position between

Brye and Sombref, while loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" proclaimed the triumph of the French infantry.

The village of Ligny was long and stubbornly held by the Prussians. Its defenders, sheltered by stone walls, hollow ways, and banked-up hedges, remained quiescent under the hurricane of French shot and shell; but as the French in- infantry were visible descending the slope, they quitted their concealment, sent forward their skirmishers, and once and again threw into disorder with their fire the advancing adversaries. Column after column forced its way into the village, only to be hurled back. Gérard himself headed one of the French attacks, and almost penetrated within the precincts of the old castle in the upper part of the village: but he was repulsed again and again with great slaughter by the four Prussian battalions of Henkel's brigade, which gallantly maintained the post of Ligny.

As the discomfited French troops withdrew, their batteries played with redoubled energy on the village, and fresh columns prepared for another assault. That presently came, and a desperate struggle ensued. Mingled with the din of musketry-fire throughout the whole extent of the village rose from the French fierce shouts of "*En avant!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" responded to by the Prussians with counter-cries of "*Vor-*

wärts!" and the wild "*Hourra!*" whilst the batteries on the heights poured destruction into the masses descending either slope to join in the desperate struggle in the valley, out of which arose from the old castle volumes of thick dark smoke with occasional flashes of lurid flames. Once again the Prussian defenders succeeded in clearing the village of the French, who in retreating abandoned two guns; and four fresh Prussian battalions were thrown into shattered and bloodstained Ligny, whose streets and gardens were heaped with the slain.

Vandamme, on the French left, held possession of St. Amand, but was unable to debouch from it. Napoleon then ordered General Girard, on the extreme left, to carry the village of St. Amand la Haye, which he accomplished after a bitter struggle. Blücher then ordered General Pirch II. to retake the place; but his brigade, closely pressed by the French occupants, and having got into great confusion, was forced to withdraw its scattered remnants and to re-form. In this combat Girard, whose division had so gallantly held the village, fell mortally wounded. Blücher resolved on a renewed attack; and when the preparations therefor were accomplished, aware how much depended on the result, he galloped to the head of his column, and addressed some rough, stirring words to his young soldiers.

"Now, lads!" he shouted, "behave well! Don't let the *grande nation* get the better of us again! Forward — in God's name — forward!" Pirch's battalions dashed into the village at a charging pace, sweeping the enemy completely before them. Sallying forth on the other side, they pursued the enemy with an impetuosity which the officers had difficulty in restraining; and many plunged into the very midst of the French reserves. The cavalry caught the enthusiasm of their brethren of the infantry, and supported the attack on the village by a headlong charge on the enemy's cavalry. Almost simultaneously the adjacent village of Wagnelée was assailed by the Prussians; but the attempt, although sustained with vigor, ultimately failed. For hours a constant struggle was maintained until darkness, on the Prussian right flank, every village taken and re-taken with immense slaughter.

Meanwhile the village-fighting in Ligny was at its hottest. The place was utterly congested with combatants ablaze with excitement, and its streets and enclosures were choked with dead, dying, and wounded. Every house that was not in flames was the scene of a hand-to-hand contest. Order had long been lost, and men fought furiously in little groups; the bayonet, and even the butt, being freely used in adding to the dreadful carnage. A dense pall of smoke overhung

the whole village and settled on it with a darkness almost of night; but the incessant din of musketry, the crashing of burning timbers, the smashing of doors and gateways, the yells and imprecations of the combatants, gave dread indication to the reserves on the slopes beyond the gloom of the savage and ruthless character of the bloody struggle being waged under the overhanging darkness. Long did this desperate strife continue without material results on either side. Then fresh Prussian batteries from the rear came into action; as did also a reinforcement, on the French side, from the artillery of the Imperial Guard. The earth trembled under the tremendous cannonade; and as the flames from the burning houses shot upwards through the volumes of smoke, the spectacle seemed some violent convulsion of nature, rather than a conflict between man and man.

Neither in the villages on the right nor in the key of the centre at Ligny did the contest slacken for a moment during this long afternoon of blood and death. Fresh and eager masses from both sides poured into the blazing villages as soon as the diminished strength and utter exhaustion of the combatants required relief. So equally balanced were the courage, energy, and devotion of either side that the obstinate struggle seemed likely to desist only when the utter exhaustion of

the one should yield to the greater command of reserves possessed by the other.

Napoleon's eagle eye discerned that the Prussian reserves were nearly exhausted; and he considered it was time to end the sanguinary fighting along the chain of villages, and to bring the battle to an issue by breaking in upon the centre of the Prussian front with the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps of cuirassiers in support. Soon after 5.30, these troops were in march towards Ligny, when they were suddenly halted by an order from the Emperor. At two o'clock Soult had despatched an officer to Ney at Frasnes, carrying the order that the 1st corps (D'Erlon) should join Napoleon in the Ligny position. The messenger on his way to Ney had already given the order to the head of the column to wheel to its right; and the new direction had been taken up by D'Erlon about 4.30. Several officers about an hour later had reported to the Emperor the appearance of a column of about 25,000 men, marching apparently in the direction of Fleurus. It did not seem to have occurred to any one about Napoleon that this distant body might be D'Erlon's corps; and the suspicion arose, confirmed by the reports of several of Vandamme's officers, that the column was English. The Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps were therefore kept

in hand, and several staff-officers were sent off at a gallop in the direction of the unknown army corps. According to Sir Evelyn Wood their intelligence was simply that "the column had disappeared"; whereas Siborne states that the Emperor's aide-de-camp, returning from his reconnaissance, reported that the column which had caused uneasiness proved to be D'Erlon's corps.

The strange adventures of D'Erlon's corps on the afternoon of Ligny are narrated by Sir Evelyn Wood. Having first got on the wrong road, D'Erlon eventually took up a position in rear of Brye, so near to the Prussians that the men at the head of the column could read distinctly the numbers painted on the backs of the Prussian soldiers' knapsacks. D'Erlon's artillery came into action and was just about to open fire, when General D'Elcambre, Ney's chief-of-staff, arrived with a positive order from Ney to D'Erlon to bring his corps back immediately to Quatre Bras. Had D'Erlon disobeyed and fallen on Blücher's rear while Napoleon was attacking him in front, nothing could have saved the right wing of the Prussian army.

As the twilight was gathering on the lurid scene, the fortune of the battle was gradually becoming adverse to the Prussians. It was only by dint of extraordinary exertions that the defenders of Ligny were holding out against an adversary

who was continually throwing in fresh reinforcements. In reply to their appeal came Gneisenau's stern reply, that at whatever sacrifice the village must be held for half an hour longer. Then came tidings to Blücher that the brigade in St. Amand la Haye had expended the whole of its ammunition, and that even from the pouches of the slain the last cartridge had been taken. Blücher curtly answered that the brigade must not only maintain the post, but take the offensive with the bayonet. But there is a limit even to the most resolute endurance. Officers and men, overcome by long exertion, were falling from sheer exhaustion. The protracted struggle in the villages took on a yet more savage and relentless character. The animosity and exasperation of the combatants were uncontrollable. Every house, every court, every wall was the scene of bitter fighting. An ungovernable rage had seized on the soldiers of both sides — a strife in which every man sought an opponent in whose slaughter he might glut the hatred and revenge which were maddening him. Quarter was neither begged nor granted.

At about eight o'clock Napoleon arrived near the lower extremity of Ligny with eight battalions of the Imperial Guard, the regiment of the Grenadiers à Cheval of the Guard, and Milhaud's eight regiments of cuirassiers — a force perfectly fresh, having hitherto been in reserve.

When the Emperor noted the comparatively bare space in rear of Ligny, he remarked to Gérard, "They are lost: they have no reserve remaining!"

The defenders of Ligny saw, on the French right of the village, a massive column issuing from under the smoke of the batteries which had opened on them, and whose fire was tearing lanes through their ranks; and as the mass rapidly descended the southern slope they could not fail to realize by its order and solidity, as well as by the dark lofty front of bearskins, that this new adversary was the redoubted Imperial Guard. Ligny was turned; and it only remained for its defenders to effect an orderly retreat from the bloodstained ruins which they had held so long and so staunchly. But their courage was not daunted, notwithstanding their exhausted condition and their knowledge that a body of fresh and chosen troops was advancing against them. The battlefield would soon be in darkness; hence they needed but a brief term of perseverance to secure the means of effecting a retreat unattended with the disastrous consequences which an utter defeat in the light of day would have entailed on them.

The Prussian infantry, compelled to evacuate Ligny, effected its withdrawal in squares with perfect order although surrounded by the enemy,

stoutly repelling the hostile attacks made in repeated but vain attempts to scatter it in confusion. One battalion withstood the assault of Milhaud's cuirassiers, which had crossed the stream on the other side of the village. Blücher, panting to stem the further advance of the enemy, called to him the three cavalry regiments immediately at hand — the 6th Ushlans, the 1st West Prussian Dragoons, and the 2d Kurmark Landwehr Cavalry. General von Röder sped the Uhlans to make the first charge. It was led by Colonel von Lützow, the chief of the famous "night-riders" of the War of the Liberation. As his squadrons were galloping down the slope against the French infantry, they encountered a hollow way hidden by the standing corn. The formation was broken up, and during the check caused by this obstacle the colonel, eleven officers, and some seventy men were shot down. A second volley completely repulsed the attack, and as the regiment went to the rear it was followed up by the French cuirassiers, and Lützow was captured.

Another attack made by the Prussian Dragoons and Landwehr Cavalry was on the point of penetrating a battalion of French infantry, when the Prussian regiments were suddenly struck in flank by Milhaud's cuirassiers and completely dispersed. Later a mass of twenty-four squadrons was collected, but

the attack which this body made was without success. Blücher, realizing that the only hope depended on the possibility of his cavalry still succeeding before the darkness in hurling the French columns back into the valley, rallied his troopers, and placing himself at their head charged in his old hussar style *ventre à terre.* The French stood fast and the charge failed, Blücher and his horsemen hotly pursued by the French cuirassiers. His charger, a fine gray — a present from the Prince Regent of Great Britain — was mortally wounded and began to falter in his stride. Looking back at the pursuing cuirassiers Blücher exclaimed to Nostitz, his staff-officer: "Now I am done for!" Presently the gallant horse went down and rolled over on its rider. Nostitz promptly alighted and with drawn sword stood over his revered chief. As the struggling masses surged backwards and forwards in the *mêlée,* Blücher was several times trampled on by galloping horses. Nostitz threw a cloak over his master, who lay half-stunned for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the devoted staff-officer, with the help of some dragoons, pulled aside the carcass of the gray, and eventually in the darkness got Blücher up on another horse and led him out of the focus of the strife.

Meanwhile Excelmans and Pajol rode through St. Amand and fell on the flank of the Prussian

infantry while simultaneously attacked in front by Vandamme's regiments. Spent by long fighting, there was little resistance left in them; and by 9.30 the Prussians were everywhere in retreat and resistance ceased in the open country, although Brye, Sombref, and Point du Jour were occupied by rear-guards until after midnight. The French did not push a pursuit — they did not even cross the Namur-Nivelle *chaussée;* and by daybreak of the 17th the Prussian army was several miles away from the battlefield on which it had fought gallantly if unsuccessfully. The Prussian losses in the battle of Ligny were over 12,000; those of the French about 8,000.

XXI

The Battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815

From the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE scene of this celebrated action must be familiar to most readers, either from description or recollection. The English army occupied a chain of heights, extending from a ravine and village, termed Merke Braine, on the right, to a hamlet called Ter la Haye, on the left. Corresponding to this chain of heights there runs one somewhat parallel to them, on which the French were posted. A small valley winds between them of various breadth at different points, but not generally exceeding half a mile. The declivity on either side into the valley has varied, but on the whole a gentle slope, diversified by a number of undulating irregularities of ground.

The field is crossed by two high-roads, or causeways, both leading to Brussels, — one from Charleroi through Quatre Bras and Genappe, by which the British army had just

retreated, and another from Nivelles. These roads traverse the valley, and meet behind the village of Mont St. Jean, which was in the rear of the British army. The farmhouse of Mont St. Jean, which must be carefully distinguished from the hamlet, was much closer to the rear of the British than the latter. On the Charleroi causeway, in front of the line, there is another farmhouse, called La Haye Sainte, situated nearly at the foot of the declivity leading into the valley. On the opposite chain of eminences, a village called La Belle Alliance gives name to the range of heights. It exactly fronts Mont St. Jean, and these two points formed the respective centres of the French and English positions.

An old-fashioned Flemish villa called Goumont, or Hougomont, stood in the midst of the valley, surrounded with gardens, offices, and a wood, about two acres in extent, of tall beech-trees. Behind the heights of Mont St. Jean, the ground again sinks into a hollow, which served to afford some sort of shelter to the second line of the British. In the rear of this second valley, is the great and extensive forest of Soignes, through which runs the causeway to Brussels. On that road, two miles in the rear of the British army, is placed the small town of Waterloo. . . .

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, when the British came on the field, and took

up their bivouac for the night in the order of battle in which they were to fight the next day. It was much later before Napoleon reached the heights of Belle Alliance in person, and his army did not come up in full force till the morning of the 18th. Great part of the French had passed the night in the little village of Genappe, and Napoleon's own quarters had been at the farm-house called Caillou, about a mile in the rear of La Belle Alliance.

In the morning, when Napoleon had formed his line of battle, his brother Jerome, to whom he ascribed the possession of very considerable military talents, commanded on the left — Counts Reille and D'Erlon the centre — and Count Lobau on the right. Mareschals Soult and Ney acted as lieutenant-generals to the Emperor. The French force on the field consisted probably of about 75,000 men. The English army did not exceed that number, at the highest computation. Each army was commanded by the chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world.

So far the forces were equal. But the French had the very great advantage of being trained and experienced soldiers of the same nation, whereas the English in the Duke of Wellington's army did not exceed 35,000; and although the German Legion were veteran troops, the other soldiers under his command were those of the

German contingents, lately levied, unaccustomed to act together, and in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged; so that it would have been imprudent to trust more to their assistance and coöperation than could not possibly be avoided. In Bonaparte's mode of calculating, allowing one Frenchman to stand as equal to one Englishman and one Englishman or Frenchman against two of any other nation, the inequality of force on the Duke of Wellington's side was very considerable.

The British army thus composed was divided into two lines. The right of the first line consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Nassau, having the Guards, under General Cooke, on the right, and the division of General Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert, and Kempt. The second line was in most instances formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the 16th to be again exposed until extremity. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade, but sustained much loss from shells during

the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear, distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre, to the east of the Charleroi causeway. The farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, in front of the centre, was garrisoned, but there was not time to prepare it effectually for defence. The villa, gardens, and farm-yard of Hougomont formed a strong advanced post towards the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities, particularly on their right, drawn considerably backward.

The plans of these two great generals were extremely simple. The object of the Duke of Wellington was to maintain his line of defence, until the Prussians, coming up, should give him a decided superiority of force. They were expected about eleven or twelve o'clock; but the extreme badness of the roads, owing to the violence of the storm, detained them several hours later.

Napoleon's scheme was equally plain and decided. He trusted, by his usual rapidity of attack, to break and destroy the British army before the Prussians should arrive on the field; after which, he calculated to have an opportunity of destroying the Prussians, by attacking them on their march through the broken ground inter-

posed betwixt them and the British. In these expectations he was the more confident, that he believed Grouchy's force, detached on the 17th in pursuit of Blücher, was sufficient to retard, if not altogether to check, the march of the Prussians. His grounds for entertaining this latter opinion, were, as we shall afterwards show, too hastily adopted.

Commencing the action according to his usual system, Napoleon kept his Guard in reserve, in order to take opportunity of charging with them, when repeated attacks of column after column, and squadron after squadron, should induce his wearied enemy to show some symptoms of irresolution. But Napoleon's movements were not very rapid. His army had suffered by the storm even more than the English, who were in bivouac at three in the afternoon of the 17th June; while the French were still under march, and could not get into line on the heights of La Belle Alliance until ten or eleven o'clock of the 18th. The English army had thus some leisure to take food, and to prepare their arms before the action; and Napoleon lost several hours ere he could commence the attack. Time was, indeed, inestimably precious for both parties, and hours, nay, minutes, were of importance. But of this Napoleon was less aware than was the Duke of Wellington.

The tempest, which had raged with tropical

violence all night, abated in the morning; but the weather continued gusty and stormy during the whole day. Betwixt eleven and twelve, before noon, on the memorable 18th June, this dreadful and decisive action commenced, with a cannonade on the part of the French, instantly followed by an attack, commanded by Jerome, on the advanced post of Hougomont. The troops of Nassau, which occupied the wood around the château, were driven out by the French, but the utmost efforts of the assailants were unable to force the house, garden, and farm-offices, which a party of the Guards sustained with the most dauntless resolution. The French redoubled their efforts, and precipitated themselves in numbers on the exterior hedge, which screens the garden wall, not perhaps aware of the internal defence afforded by the latter. They fell in great numbers on this point by the fire of the defenders, to which they were exposed in every direction. The number of their troops, however, enabled them, by possession of the wood, to mask Hougomont for a time, and to push on with their cavalry and artillery against the British right, which formed in squares to receive them. The fire was incessant, but without apparent advantage on either side. The attack was at length repelled so far that the British again opened their communication with Hougomont, and that important garrison was rein-

forced by Colonel Hepburn and a body of the Guards.

Meantime, the fire of artillery having become general along the line, the force of the French attack was transferred to the British centre. It was made with the most desperate fury, and received with the most stubborn resolution. The assault was here made upon the farmhouse of Saint Jean by four columns of infantry, and a large mass of cuirassiers, who took the advance. The cuirassiers came with the utmost intrepidity along the Genappe causeway, where they were encountered and charged by the English heavy cavalry; and a combat was maintained at the sword's-point, till the French were driven back on their own position, where they were protected by their artillery. The four columns of French infantry, engaged in the same attack, forced their way forward beyond the farm of La Haye Sainte, and, dispersing a Belgian regiment, were in the act of establishing themselves in the centre of the British position, when they were attacked by the brigade of General Pack, brought up from the second line by General Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of British heavy cavalry wheeled round their own infantry, and attacked the French charging columns in flank, at the moment when they were checked by the fire of the musketry. The results were decisive. The

French columns were broken with great slaughter, and two eagles, with more than two thousand men, were made prisoners. The latter were sent instantly off for Brussels.

The British cavalry, however, followed their success too far. They got involved amongst the French infantry, and some hostile cavalry which were detached to support them, and were obliged to retire with considerable loss. In this part of the action, the gallant General Picton, so distinguished for enterprise and bravery, met his death, as did General Ponsonby, who commanded the cavalry.

About this period the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sante, cutting to pieces about two hundred Hanoverian sharpshooters, by whom it was most gallantly defended. The French retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells.

Shortly after this event, the scene of conflict again shifted to the right, where a general attack of French cavalry was made on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the British right, or between that and the causeway. They came up with the most dauntless resolution, in despite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, placed in front of the line, and compelled the artillerymen, by whom they were served, to retreat within the squares. The enemy had no

means, however, to secure the guns, or even to spike them, and at every favorable moment the British artillerymen sallied from their place of refuge, again manned their pieces, and fired on the assailants, — a manœuvre which seems peculiar to the British service. The cuirassiers, however, continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping them before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back.

The French authors have pretended that squares were broken and colors taken; but this assertion, upon the united testimony of every British officer present, is a positive untruth. This was not, however, the fault of the cuirassiers, who displayed an almost frantic valor. They rallied again and again, and returned to the onset, till the British could recognize even the faces of individuals among their enemies. Some rode close up to the bayonets, fired their pistols, and cut with their swords with reckless and useless valor. Some stood at gaze, and were destroyed by the musketry and artillery. Some squadrons,

passing through the intervals of the first line, charged the squares of Belgians posted there, with as little success.

At length the cuirassiers suffered so severely on every hand, that they were compelled to abandon the attempt, which they had made with such intrepid and desperate courage. In this unheard-of struggle, the greater part of the French heavy cavalry were absolutely destroyed. Bonaparte hints at it in his bulletin as an attempt made without orders, and continued only by the desperate courage of the soldiers and their officers. It is certain, that in the destruction of this noble body of cuirassiers, he lost the corps which might have been most effectual in covering his retreat. After the broken remains of this fine cavalry were drawn off, the French confined themselves for a time to a heavy cannonade, from which the British sheltered themselves in part by lying down on the ground, while the enemy prepared for an attack on another quarter, and to be conducted in a different manner.

It was now about six o'clock and during this long succession of the most furious attacks, the French had gained no success, save occupying for a time the wood around Hougomont, from which they had been expelled, and the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which had been also recovered. The British, on the other hand, had suffered very se-

verely, but had not lost one inch of ground, save the two posts now regained. Ten thousand men were, however, killed and wounded; some of the foreign regiments had given way, though others had shown the most desperate valor. And the ranks were thinned, both by the actual fugitives, and by the absence of individuals, who left the bloody field for the purpose of carrying off the wounded, and some of whom might naturally be in no hurry to return to so fatal a scene.

But the French, besides losing about fifteen thousand men, together with a column of prisoners more than two thousand in number, began now to be disturbed by the operations of the Prussians on their right flank; and the secret of the Duke of Wellington was disclosing itself by its consequences. Blücher, faithful to his engagement, had, early in the morning, put in motion Bulow's division, which had not been engaged at Ligny, to communicate with the English army, and operate a diversion on the right flank and rear of the French. But although there were only about twelve or fourteen miles between Wavre and the field of Waterloo, yet the march was, by unavoidable circumstances, much delayed.

The rugged face of the country, together with the state of the roads, so often referred to, offered the most serious obstacles to the progress of the Prussians, especially as they moved with an un-

usually large train of artillery. A fire, also, which broke out in Wavre, on the morning of the 18th, prevented Bulow's corps from marching through that town, and obliged them to pursue a circuitous and inconvenient route. After traversing, with great difficulty, the cross-roads by Chapelle Lambert, Bulow, with the 4th Prussian corps, who had been expected by the Duke of Wellington about eleven o'clock, announced his arrival by a distant fire, about half-past four. The first Prussian corps, following the same route with Bulow, was yet later in coming up. The second division made a lateral movement in the same direction as the fourth and first, but by the hamlet of Ohain, nearer to the English flank. The Emperor instantly opposed to Bulow, who appeared long before the others, the 6th French corps, which he had kept in reserve for that service; and as only the advanced guard was come up, they succeeded in keeping the Prussians in check for the moment. The first and second Prussian corps appeared on the field still later than the fourth. The third corps had put themselves in motion to follow in the same direction, when they were furiously attacked by the French under Mareschal Grouchy, who, as already stated, was detached to engage the attention of Blücher, whose whole force he believed he had before him.

Instead of being surprised, as an ordinary gen-

eral might have been, with this attack upon his rear, Blücher contented himself with sending back orders to Thielman, who commanded the third corps, to defend himself as well as he could upon the line of the Dyle. In the meantime, without weakening the army under his own command, by detaching any part of it to support Thielman, the veteran rather hastened than suspended his march towards the field of battle, where he was aware that the war was likely to be decided in a manner so complete, as would leave victory or defeat on every other point a matter of subordinate consideration.

At half-past six, or thereabouts, the second grand division of the Prussian army began to enter into communication with the British left, by the village of Ohain, while Bulow pressed forward from Chapelle Lambert on the French right and rear, by a hollow or valley called Frischemont. It became now evident that the Prussians were to enter seriously into the battle, and with great force. Napoleon had still the means of opposing them, and of achieving a retreat, at the certainty, however, of being attacked upon the ensuing day by the combined armies of Britain and Prussia.

His celebrated Guard had not yet taken any part in the conflict, and would now have been capable of affording him protection

after a battle, which hitherto he had fought at disadvantage, but without being defeated. But the circumstances by which he was surrounded must have pressed on his mind at once. He had no succors to look for; a reunion with Grouchy was the only resource which could strengthen his forces; the Russians were advancing upon the Rhine with forced marches; the Republicans at Paris were agitating schemes against his authority. It seemed as if all must be decided on that day, and on that field. . Surrounded by these ill-omened circumstances, a desperate effort for victory, ere the Prussians could act effectually, might perhaps yet drive the English from their position; and he determined to venture on this daring experiment.

About seven o'clock, Napoleon's Guard were formed in two columns, under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance. They were put under command of the dauntless Ney. Bonaparte told the soldiers, and indeed imposed the same fiction on their commander, that the Prussians whom they saw on the right were retreating before Grouchy. Perhaps he might himself believe that this was true. The Guard answered for the last time, with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur,* and moved resolutely forward, having for their support four battalions of the

Old Guard in reserve, who stood prepared to protect the advance of their comrades.

A gradual change had taken place in the English line of battle, in consequence of the repeated repulse of the French. Advancing by slow degrees, the right, which, at the beginning of the conflict, presented a segment of a convex circle, now resembled one that was concave, the extreme right, which had been thrown back, being now rather brought forward, so that their fire both of artillery and infantry fell upon the flank of the French, who had also to sustain that which was poured on their front from the heights. The British were arranged in a line of four men deep, to meet the advancing columns of the French Guard, and poured upon them a storm of musketry which never ceased an instant. The soldiers fired independently, as it is called; each man loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could.

At length the British moved forward, as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French gallantly attempted to deploy, for the purpose of returning the discharge. But in their effort to do so, under so dreadful a fire, they stopped, staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass,

and at length gave way, retiring, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat; to protect which, he had now no troops left, save the last four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares, and stood firm.

But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance, so that whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they also were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who having had his horse killed, fought sword in hand, and on foot, in the front of the battle, till the very last. That Mareschal, whose military virtues at least cannot be challenged, bore personal evidence against two circumstances, industriously circulated by the friends of Napoleon. One of these fictions occurs in his own bulletin, which charges the loss of the battle to a panic fear, brought about by the treachery of some unknown persons, who raised the cry of "*Sauve qui peut.*" Another figment, greedily credited at Paris, bore, that the four battalions of Old Guard, the last who maintained the semblance of order, answered a summons to surrender, by the magnanimous

reply, "The Guard can die, but cannot yield." And one edition of the story adds, that thereupon the battalions made a half wheel inwards, and discharged their muskets into each others' bosoms, to save themselves from dying by the hands of the English. Neither the original reply, nor the pretended self-sacrifice of the Guard, have the slightest foundation. Cambronne, in whose mouth the speech was placed, gave up his own sword, and remained prisoner; and the military conduct of the French Guard is better eulogized by the undisputed truth, that they fought to extremity, with the most unyielding constancy, than by imputing to them an act of regimental suicide upon the lost field of battle. Every attribute of brave men they have a just right to claim. It is no compliment to ascribe to them that of madmen. Whether the words were used by Cambronne or no, the Guard well deserved to have them inscribed on their monument.

Whilst this decisive movement took place, Bulow, who had concentrated his troops, and was at length qualified to act in force, carried the village of Planchenoit in the French rear, and was now firing so close on their right wing, that the cannonade annoyed the British who were in pursuit, and was suspended in consequence. Moving in oblique lines, the British and Prussian armies came into contact with each other on the heights

so lately occupied by the French, and celebrated the victory with loud shouts of mutual congratulation.

The French army was now in total and inextricable confusion and rout; and when the victorious generals met at the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, it was agreed that the Prussians, who were fresh in comparison, should follow up the chase, a duty for which the British, exhausted by the fatigues of a battle of eight hours, were totally inadequate.

END OF VOLUME I.

NOTES

The following brief résumé of the Wars of the first fifteen years of the Nineteenth Century, their causes and results, will give an idea of the historic setting, so to speak, of the famous battles described in this volume.

1801—April 2: Denmark having joined league of Northern Powers against England, Hyde Parker and Nelson attack Copenhagen; British victory.

1802—Egypt.—British Expedition to expel French. March 8: Abercromby lands at Aboukir in spite of French opposition. March 21: Battle of Alexandria; French defeated; they agree to evacuate Egypt.

1803—India.—Mahratta War; British victories: August 12, Ahmednuggur; September 23, Assaye—Wellington's first great victory; November 1, Laswaree; November 29, Argaum.

1804—November 17, Furruckabad.

1801–1804—The vessels of the Barbary States, being engaged in piracy, attacked American shipping, seized and destroyed the cargoes and sold the crews into slavery. The United States, with other nations, paid a yearly tribute to escape this injury to her commerce; but more being demanded from us, we refused, and the Dey of Tripoli declared war on the United States. The war lasted until 1804, when Tripoli was forced to make a treaty of peace.

1803–1805—Napoleon's plans for invasion of England are defeated by his failure to obtain command of the sea;

to keep him employed on Continent England forms coalition with Russia and Austria; Austria declares war before Russia is ready, August, 1805.

1805—October 5: Nelson destroys French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar.

War between France and Austria.—August 27–September 24: French Grand Army under Napoleon marches from Boulogne into Germany; Mack with Austrians advances to Ulm, in Bavaria; French close on Ulm and cut Mack off from Austria, defeating Austrians (October 8) at Wertingen; (October 9) Günsburg; (October 11) Haslach; (October 14) Elchingen (Ney commands French); and (October 15) Michelberg. On October 17 Mack capitulates at Ulm.

October 30-November 5: Napoleon advances on Vienna, Austrians and Russian auxiliary corps retiring before him and fighting rear-guard actions at Ried, Lambach, Steyer, and Amstetten. November 8: Davoust's victory at Maria-Zell. November 11: Mortier defeated at Dürrenstein. November 13: Murat seizes bridges of the Danube by stratagem. November 28: Napoleon enters Vienna.

Events in South of Austrian Empire.—In Italy Massena opposes Archduke Charles. October 30 and 31: Battle of Caldiero, indecisive; Archduke retires into Illyria. On news of Ulm, Austrians under Archduke John evacuate Tyrol, retiring eastwards and fighting three actions, all claimed as French victories—November 2, Mittenwald; November 4, Scharnitz; November 11 and 12, Gries. November 24: Austrians under Rohan surrender to St. Cyr after defeat at Castelfranco.

Campaign of Austerlitz, against Russians and Austrians. November 11: Russians under Alexander I and Kutusoff unite with Austrian army at Olmütz. November 28: Murat surprised by Russian vanguard

at Wischau. December 2: Battle of Austerlitz; decisive defeat of allies by Napoleon. December 4: Armistice between French and Austrians. December 24: Peace of Pressburg; Austria abandons Russian alliance, and cedes extensive territories to France and her tributary states.

India.—April 2: Bhurtpore besieged by Lake.

1806—South America.—June 27: Buenos Ayres taken by British under Popham.

Mediterranean.—British expedition to South Italy. Stuart lands in Calabria, and (July 4) defeats French under Reynier at Battle of Maida, but, failing to excite rising against French, retires to Sicily.

Central Europe.—Campaign of Iena and Auerstadt. Napoleon tries to make peace with Russia at expense of Prussia; Prussia mobilizes her army, and Russia breaks off negotiations. Napoleon strikes at Prussia before Russia is ready to help her. August 9: Prussia declares war. August and September: Concentration of the armies. October 10: Lannes defeats Prussians at Saalfeld. October 14: Battles of Iena and Auerstadt; complete defeat of Prussians. October 25: Napoleon enters Berlin. Prussians pursued northward by Murat. October 28, surrender of Hohenlohe's army; October 29, fortress of Stettin; November 7, Blücher's army; November 8, fortress of Madgeburg. On November 30, French occupy Warsaw. December 24: They defeat Russians at Czarnovo, in Poland.

1807—January 1: French go into winter quarters. January 18: Russians march into East Prussia to help remains of Prussian army holding Königsberg. January 25: They defeat Bernadotte at Mohrungen. Napoleon marches against Russians. February 3: French victory at Bergfried. February 7 and 8: Battle of Preuss-Eylau, claimed by French as victory, by

Russians as drawn battle. February 16: French return to winter quarters. May 25: Dantzig surrenders to French. Russians retire towards their own frontier pursued by French. June 10: They check French pursuit at Heilsburg. June 14: They accept battle at Friedland, and are completely defeated. July 9: Treaty of Tilsit; Prussia loses half her territory; the Grand Duchy of Warsaw formed out of part of old Polish kingdom.

South America.—February 3: Whitelock takes Montevideo, but (July 5) is defeated at Buenos Ayres.

Danish War.—In consequence of information that Napoleon and the Czar had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, the British Government demands surrender of the fleet to England, and, on refusal (September 25), Cathcart attacks and bombards Copenhagen, enforcing surrender.

Napoleon's Intervention in Spain.—October 29: Treaty of alliance signed between France and Spain against Portugal, in virtue of which a French army under Junot marches through Spain, seizes Lisbon, and expels Portuguese royal family. Other French troops, entering Spain nominally to support Junot, treacherously seize fortresses of the North. Result, Spanish risings against the French and Peninsular War of following year.

1808—May: Risings against French in Spain and Portugal. July 15: Battle of Medina del Rio Seco; defeat of Spaniards. July 20: Battle of Baylen. Spaniards force 18,000 French under Dupont to surrender. July 24: Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Spain.

Russo-Swedish War.—February: The Czar declares war against Sweden, and Russian troops enter Finland. March 2: They take Abo, the capital. March 8: They besiege Sweaborg. April 6: The fortress surrenders. May: Aland and Gothland retaken from

Russians by Swedish fleet supported by British squadron. May 17 and July 7: Swedes under Klingsporr defeat Russians in East Bothnia. July 29: Russian fleet driven into harbor by Swedes and British. July 17: Finland ceded to Russia by a convention confirmed by formal treaty of peace the next year.

THE PENINSULAR WAR begins in August.—British under Wellesley land in Portugal (at Mondego Bay). August 17: They defeat French under Laborde at Rorica. August 21: Battle of Vimiera; Wellesley defeats Junot. French agree (Convention of Cintra) to evacuate Portugal. September 30: Evacuation completed.

November 30: Spaniards defeated at Tudela. British army under Sir John Moore advances from Portugal into Spain. December 22: It joins a force under Baird from Corunna, but not being properly supported by Spaniards, and being threatened by superior force under Napoleon and Soult, Moore retires on Corunna.

1809—January 16: Battle of Corunna; British beat off French and secure reëmbarkation of the army (for Lisbon).

February 21: Saragossa taken by French.

April 22: Wellesley again in command at Lisbon. May 12: Passage of the Douro. He enters Spain with mixed British and Spanish force. July 27 and 28: He defeats French at Talavera. Not receiving reinforcements he retires on Almeida.

July and August: Walcheren expedition.

November 20: Spanish defeat at Ocana; French overrun South of Spain. In the winter Wellington forms the fortified lines of Torres Vedras to cover Lisbon and provide a secure base, resting on the sea, for his army.

Meanwhile Napoleon's difficulties in Spain encourage Austria to renew the struggle with France.

CAMPAIGNS OF ECKMÜHL AND WAGRAM.—April 9: Aus-

trians defeat Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, at Pordenone. The Austrian main army under Archduke Charles invades Bavaria, and on April 16 defeats Bavarians (French allies) at Landshut. Austrians under Archduke Ferdinand invade Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and on April 19 defeat Poles and French under Poniatowski at Raszyn. April 20: Ferdinand enters Warsaw. Napoleon reoccupies Landshut on April 21, and on April 22 defeats Archduke Charles in battle of Eckmühl. Austrians retreat by Ratisbon; Napoleon advances on Vienna, which he occupies on May 13.

The Archduke Charles having approached Vienna from northwards, Napoleon crosses the Danube to meet him. June 21 and 22: Battles of Aspern and Essling; French defeated; recross the river. June 14: The Viceroy Eugene defeats Archduke John at Raab. July 4 and 5: Napoleon having been reinforced, crosses to north shore of Danube. July 5 and 6: Battle of Wagram; Napoleon defeats Archduke Charles, who retreats to Znaim. July 11: Battle of Znaim; Archduke again defeated. July 12: Armistice, followed by Treaty of Schönbrunn.

August to December: Tyrolese War.—The Tyrolese under Hofer and other leaders rise against French and Bavarians. August 14: Hofer enters Innsbruck in triumph. Eventually the Tyrolese are everywhere defeated, and Hofer is captured and shot.

War between Russia and Turkey.—September 26: Turks defeat Russians at Silistria. Failure of Russian attempt to invade Bulgaria.

1810—Peninsular War *(continued)*.—July: French under Massena again invade Portugal. July 11: They take Ciudad Rodrigo. September 27: Battle of Busaco; Wellington defeats French. After the battle he retires slowly on lines of Torres Vedras. Novem-

ber 14: Massena, unable to attack the lines, or to maintain himself longer in front of them for want of supplies, begins to retreat towards Spanish frontier.

1811—February 19: Battle of Gebora; Soult defeats Spaniards; he then takes Badajoz. March 5: Battle of Barossa; Graham defeats Victor; Wellington, having been reinforced, follows Massena. April 3: Battle of Sabugal; Massena is defeated and retires from Portugal; Wellington besieges Almeida. May 5: Battle of Fuentes de Oñoro; Massena, advancing to relief of Almeida, is again defeated by Wellington; Almeida surrenders. Wellington then besieges Badajoz, but fails to reduce it. May 16: Soult, marching to relief of Badajoz, is defeated at Albuera. September 10: Battle of Ximena; Spaniards defeat French. October 28: Hill defeats French at Merida.

1812—January 4: Battle of Albufera; Suchet defeats Spaniards. January 19: Wellington takes Ciudad Rodrigo by storm. April 6: He takes Badajoz by storm, and then advances into Spain. April 6: Defeat of Soult at Llerena. July 12: Battle of Salamanca; Wellington defeats French under Marmont. August 12: Wellington enters Madrid. Unable to maintain himself here through Spaniards failing to guard his communications, he retires to borders of Portugal.

French Invasion of Russia.—Campaign of Moscow. —Russian jealousy of French alliance with Austria, and refusal of Czar to join Napoleon's "Continental System" against England, leads to war between France and Russia. In the early summer Napoleon concentrates the Grand Army, 600,000 strong, on the western borders of Russia. June 24: He crosses the Niemen, near Kowno. July 23: Battle of Mohilev; Davoust defeats Russians. July 25 and 26: Russian defeat at Ostrowno. August 12: Schwarzenburg, with right of Grand Army (Austrians, etc.), defeats Rus-

sians at Gorodeczno. August 18: Napoleon defeats Russians at Smolensk. On same day St. Cyr wins battle of Polok. August 19: Rearguard action at Valutinagora fought by Russians to cover their retreat on Moscow. September 7: Battle of Borodino (or of the Moskowa); Napoleon defeats Russian main army under Kutusoff. September 15: French enter Moscow; the Russians retire along the Moscow-Kaluga road.

Moscow is set on fire by the Russians. Napoleon, after attempting to dictate a peace to the Czar, finds he cannot maintain himself in such an advanced position for the winter. October 15: French march out of Moscow southwest by Kaluga road, in order to retire by a line of country not laid waste in the advance. October 18: Battle of Winkowo; Murat surprised by Kutusoff. Same day: Second battle of Polok; St. Cyr, guarding left of French communications, defeated by Russians. October 24: Battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz; indecisive on actual field, but resulting in Napoleon's giving up attempt to retreat by a more southerly line, and falling back through country already wasted. Kutusoff moves parallel to him a few miles off; Cossacks harassing French. November 3: Battle of Wiasma; Russians repulsed. Heavy snow begins. November 15, 16 and 17: Battle of Krasnoi; repeated attacks by Kutusoff on French columns; final attack repelled by Napoleon at head of the Guard. November 21: Tchitchagoff seizes bridge of Borisov, by which Napoleon hoped to cross the Beresina. November 23: Battle of Borisov; Oudinot surprises the town, but the Russians burn the bridge and hold opposite bank. Napoleon secretly prepares a bridge at Studianka. November 27 and 28: Battle of the Beresina; Napoleon crosses at Studianka and gains the Wilna road with heavy loss. He then resigns command to Murat,

and hurries back to Paris. December 15: Murat reaches Kowno with 5,000 men, and then recrosses the Niemen. December 18: Russians enter Wilna, with army reduced to 40,000 men.

North America.—Second American War begins (arising out of American resistance to English claim of right to search United States ships for British deserters). October 13: Battle of Queenston Heights; Americans defeated by Canadians.

1813—Peninsular War *(continued)*.—April 13: Battle of Castalla; Murray defeats Souchet. June 21: Battle of Vittoria; Wellington defeats King Joseph. July 28-August 2: Battles of the Pyrenees; Wellington defeats Soult. August 31: St. Sebastian stormed by Graham. November 10: Wellington defeats Soult at Wivelle and enters France. December 9-13: Passage of the Wive by Wellington.

Uprising of Europe against Napoleon.—Campaign of Leipsic.—January: Remains of various corps of Grand Army retreat into Prussia, slowly followed by Russians. February 17: Prussia allies herself with Russia. March 6: French evacuate Berlin. April 15: Battle of Möckern; Eugene defeats Russians. May 2: Battle of Lützen; Napoleon defeats Allies and occupies Dresden. May 19: Battle of Königswartha; Ney defeats Russians. May 20 and 21: Battle of Bantzen; Napoleon defeats Allies. May 30: Armistice, June and July; unsuccessful peace negotiations. August 11: Armistice ends, Austria joins negotiations. August 21: Battle of Lowenberg. August 22: Battle of Katzbach; Napoleon twice defeats Prussians. August 23: Battle of Gross-Beeren; Reynier defeated by Prussians. August 26: Second battle of Katzbach; French defeated by Prussians. August 27: Battle of Dresden; Napoleon defeats the Austrians. August 29 and 30: Battle of Kulm; French under

Vandamme defeated by Allies. Napoleon defeats Blücher (September 4) at Hochkirch and (September 5) at Markersdorf. September 26: Ney defeated at Dennewitz. October 3: Bertrand defeated at Wartenberg. October 14: Great cavalry action at Liebertwolkwitz; Murat fails to prevent junction of Allies near Leipsic. October 16-18: Battle of Leipsic; Napoleon defeated by Allies and retreats westward. October 13: Battle of Hanan; Napoleon defeats Bavarians, who try to intercept his retreat to the Rhine. December 21: Austrians and Russians cross the Rhine.

North America.—Second American War *(continued)*. January 22: Frenchtown taken by Americans. May 27: They take Fort George. June 6: Americans defeated at Burlington Heights. October 26: Action at Chateaugay. November 27: Battle of Chrystlers Farm, Canada. December 8: Battle of Black Rock.

Napoleon's "Campaign of France."—January 1: Blücher crosses the Rhine. January 25: Napoleon takes command of the army at Chalons (about 50,000 men). January 29: He surprises Blücher at Brienne. February 1: He defeats Allies at La Rothière. February 7: Victory of Allies at Bar-sur-Aube. Napoleon defeats Blücher at (February 10) Champanbert, (February 11) Montmoral, (February 12) Château-Thierry, and (February 13) Vauchamps. February 17: He defeats Russian vanguard at Mormant. February 18: He defeats Allies at Monteran. March 7: Battle of Craonne; French victory. Marche Marmont fails in attack on Prussians at Laon. March 13: Napoleon surprises Russian corps under St. Priest at Rheims. March 1: He makes unsuccessful attack on Schwarzenburg at Arcis-sur-Aube. The Allies now take advantage of their superior numbers to oppose Napoleon with a portion of their forces, while they push on to Paris with the rest. Napoleon leaves Mar-

mont and Mortier with 30,000 men to cover Paris and tries to operate against communications of the invaders. March 25: Battle of "La Fére Champenoise." Marmont and Mortier defeated. They return to suburbs of Paris. March 30: Allies storm French positions in the suburbs (battle of the Barriers). March 31: They enter Paris. April 30: Napoleon assembles a force at Fontainebleau to attempt recapture of Paris, but is persuaded to accept armistice already signed by Marmont and Fortier.

WELLINGTON'S INVASION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. February 27: He defeats Soult at Orthez and (March 30) at Tarbes. April 10: Battle of Toulouse; final defeat of Soult by Wellington. May 30: Peace of Paris. Napoleon, having abdicated, is given island of Elba. Bourbons restored in France.

NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR *(continued)*. —May 21: Battle of Longwood and (July 6) Chippewa. British defeated. July 25: Battle of Lundy's Lane, or Niagara Falls; British victory. August 15: British repulse at Fort Erie. August 24: Battle of Bladensburg; General Ross defeats Americans and captures Washington. September 12: British victory at Baltimore.

INDIA.—NEPAUL OR GURKHA WAR begins this year. British at the outset are unsuccessful.

1815—CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.—February 28: Napoleon leaves Elba. March 1: He lands in France. March 20: He reaches Paris, the army declaring for him. The Allies declare war against him. Murat, King of Naples, begins a war against the Austrians, but is defeated at Ferrara (April 12) and Tolentino (May 2). June 15: Napoleon marches into Belgium. June 16: Battle of Ligny; he defeats Prussians under Blücher. Same day: Battle of Quatre Bras; British hold their own, but on hearing of Prussian defeat retire to posi-

tion of Waterloo. June 18: Battle of Waterloo; Napoleon defeated by Allies under Wellington and Blücher. Same day: Battle of Wavre; French under Grouchy defeat Prussians under Thielmann. On hearing of Napoleon's defeat, Grouchy makes good his retreat to France. June 21: Napoleon abdicates. July 3: Paris surrenders to Wellington and Blücher.

SECOND AMERICAN WAR *(continued)*.—January 8-15: British repulse at New Orleans.

INDIA.—GURKHA WAR *(continued)*.—Battle of Malaun.